NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW.

J. R. ORR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS : $1.50 ; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE

25TH YEAR.—No. 35. **Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, September 5, 1901.** POSTAGE PREPAID

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C. D. McDONALD, Recorder.

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I. O. O. F.

MEETS in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening, at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

WM. BROOKS, Noble Grand
Rec. Secretary. WM. SINCLAIR, Fin. Secretary.
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D. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Dated at Madoc this 21st of November, 1899.

JAMES C. DALE,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

OFFICE—J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.

MONEY TO LOAN.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN AND COMMISSION AGENCY.
MADOC, — ONT.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.,

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OFFICE—Opposite Methodist Church.

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Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE—Durham street, opposite Brown's Carriage Shop, Madoc.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.,

Graduate and Gold Medalist of Trinity Medical College, Toronto, Graduate and Silver Medalist of Trinity University, Toronto, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.

OFFICE—In O'Flynn's Block, south of the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, Ont.

G. ERNEST CORK

(Former pupil of A. S. Vogt and J. Humphrey Anger, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.)

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PIANO, ORGAN AND THEORY,

Organist Madoc Methodist Church, will be in Madoc from

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Of each week. Concert engagements accepted. For terms, etc., call at Mrs. Moon's, Prince Albert Street, or address Tweed, Ont.

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Professional Men,
School Teachers,
Clergymen, Etc.

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Some Spring or Summer Announcement is wanted—a circular, booklet or dodger—perhaps some Billheads or Statements—Labels or Tags.

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Deposits of $1 and upward received and interest allowed half-yearly at 4 percent. per annum.

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DEALER IN

GROCERIES
and PROVISIONS,

MADOC. — ONTARIO.

Crops in Ontario and in Manitoba.

The Prairie Province Beats All Previous Records.

Has 27,800,000 Bushels More Wheat Than Last Year—Ontario's Showing Not So Good—Her Wheat Yield is 7,500,000 Bushels Less Than Last Year.

Ottawa, September 2.—Official returns from the Department of Agriculture, Manitoba, based upon crop estimates of the latest date, indicate that the yield for the principal grain crops will be :—

	Acres.	Bus. per Acre.	Total Yield Bus.
Wheat	9,011,835	24.28	48,807,356
Oats	699,000	43.78	30,306,775
Barley	191,009	33.68	6,433,919

The total grain crop for the year is thus estimated at 85,497,949 bushels.

The wheat crop is over 20 million bushels more than the average for the period 1891-1900.

It surpasses the highest previous year by more than 19 million bushels, and is 27,800,000 bushels over the yield of 1900.

The yield of oats is 6 million bushels more than the average of the ten years preceding; and has only been exceeded twice in the history of the province.

ONTARIO'S CROPS.

The crops in Ontario do not give so favourable a showing as those of Manitoba. The wheat crop, which has been a constant crop—averaging during 10 years 23,765,424 bushels, and in 1900 yielding 23,399,737 bushels—will not be more than sixteen million bushels.

The yield for oats is estimated at somewhat less than the normal of 80,000,000 bushels per annum during ten years.

The hay and clover crop is estimated at 4,638,317 tons—a yield of 1,881,110 tons per acre, compared with 1,351,100 tons, the average of the ten years 1891-1900.

Taking wheat, barley, oats, peas and beans, rye and hay and clover, the yield for 1901 is 85,691,296 tons, compared with 6,508,526 tons in 1900, and 6,497,498 tons in 1891-1900 (ten years).

The proportion of wheat was in 1901 only 8.60 per cent., as compared with 13.97 per cent. in 1900, and 12.50 per cent. in the ten years 1891-1900.

A mode of comparison may be found by taking the export prices and applying them to the several years' crops.

By using the export prices of 1900 for the crop of 1900 and the average of 1891-1900 for the crop of that period, and also for the crop of 1901, the following results for Ontario are obtained :—

	1901.	1900.	1891-1900.
Wheat	$15,997,034	$21,830,150	$17,215,432
Barley	7,410,293	8,647,583	6,277,526
Oats	27,155,423	27,804,936	26,859,968
Peas	7,436,012	10,381,623	7,117,117
Beans	1,078,477	877,800	931,054
Rye	1,814,016	1,291,004	1,149,156
Hay & Clover	40,354,358	25,259,347	30,074,917
	$101,005,623	$95,275,443	$89,624,180

The totals for 1901 will be less or more according as the actual prices obtained are less or more than the average of the export prices of 1891-1900.

Apples in Ontario give an estimated yield of 13,834,224 bushels, or a little more than two bushels to each tree of bearing age.

This is less than 40 per cent. of last year's yield. The National Shippers' Association recently estimated the yield of apples for this year in New England at 25 per cent. of a normal crop; other parts of the United States, 45 per cent.; Ontario, 33 per cent., and Nova Scotia, 75 per cent. The last named has an exceptionally fine quality of apples this year.

News From The District...

Interesting Jottings from our own Correspondents and Culled from Exchanges for Review Readers.—All the Happenings of the District.

QUEENSBORO.

From Our Correspondent.

Queensboro will be well represented at Buffalo this week as Mr. and Mrs. N. McIlroy, Mr. and Mrs. James Rhodes, Miss Minnie Howe and Mrs. E. Johnson are spending the week there.

Miss Allie Thompson has returned from visiting her brother in Toronto.

Miss G. Weir and Miss L. Eldridge spent a couple of days last week at Mr. A. Howe's.

Mr. and Mrs. M. McKinnon, of Renfrew, paid a short visit at Mr. N. Gray's as they were returning from the Pan-American.

Bishop Mills, of Kingston, arrived at Queensboro last Tuesday and confirmed a class of six candidates. He was accompanied by rural-dean Bogart of Belleville, Rev. Mr. Burton, of Madoc, and Rev. Mr. Wright, of Flinton.

Mrs. R. Moore and children are the guests of her mother, Mrs. Lynn, of Belleville.

BANNOCKBURN.

(From our Correspondent.)

One of the most violent electric storms of the season passed over this neighborhood early on Friday morning last. The rainfall accompanying it was extremely heavy. No damage is reported in the immediate vicinity.

A fishing party from here spent a few days last week at one of the northern lakes, but do not report the fishing as anything extraordinary.

Miss R. F. Jameson and Miss Mabel Jameson left on Thursday morning last for a visit to Toronto. They also intend taking in the Pan-American.

Confirmation services were held in the Church of England here, on Thursday morning last.

The grist mill is again running by steam, the water in the river having fallen, so that it is of no use in running the mills.

Two painful accidents occurred during the past week. While at play on Wednesday last little Finlay Harris aged 5 years, son of Mr. James Harris, had the index finger of the right hand chopped off by an axe in the hands of a playmate of the same age. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Jos. Jackson was also very unfortunate in having the thumb of his right hand badly shattered in the saw mill. While cutting a shingle bolt, it slipped in some way, and his thumb came in contact with the saw and was badly torn. It will cause him to be laid up for some time.

The C.P.R. is building a branch line from Carleton Place to Sharbot Lake, by which the distance between Toronto and Ottawa will be reduced by about thirty miles.

COE HILL MINES.

From our Correspondent,)

An interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday evening, the 14th of August, at the home of Mr. D. Y. Gunter, one of the pioneer settlers of Wollaston township, when his only surviving daughter, Margaret Louisa, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Arthur E. Day, of Westford, Mass., U. S. A.

At a quarter to eight, the bride, assisted by her cousin, Miss Goldie Gunter, who acted as bridesmaid, and supported by her father, and the groom, who was attended by Mr. Henry Gunter, another cousin of the bride, in the capacity of best man, took their places for the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. H. C. Garbutt, of Coe Hill Mines. The esteem in which Mr. Gunter's family is held is shown by the way in which their spacious rooms were crowded by their friends and relatives from all parts, there being upwards of 110 guests assembled to give the couple a "God-speed" at their embarkation on the journey of wedded life.

The bride was charmingly natural and self-possessed during the trying ordeal, and her fluffy white bridal robes, contrasting with her dark hair, made an elegant frame for a face whose natural good looks were enhanced by the unmistakeable happiness that beamed all over it. The bridegroom was evidently more nervous than the bride, which was not to be wondered at since he was a stranger in a strange land, but the kindly way in which he was received by his new relatives evidently reassured him, and by the time he had saluted his new-made bride, he had thoroughly recovered his poise.

After the ceremony the assembled guests sat down to an elegant supper in Mrs. Gunter's tastefully furnished rooms. The supper proved that Mrs. Day was at any rate a good cook, an accomplishment not to be despised in a wife, and all appeared to be thoroughly satisfied with themselves and their surroundings as those who had assisted in a good work. After refreshing the inner man (and woman) pertinent and congratulatory speeches were made by Messrs. W. H. Nugent, Geo. Henessey, Chr. Jones, R. B. Henthorn and Wm. H. Stephenson, which were suitably acknowledged by the bridegroom.

The bride was the recipient of many handsome and useful presents, among them being a gold piece from the bride-groom, from whom the bridesmaid and groomsman also received souvenirs.

Prominent among the guests we noticed the following :—

Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gunter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Blackburn, Mr. and Mrs. John Short, Mr. and Mrs. S. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Tivy, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Blackburn, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nugent, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Henessey, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Gunter, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Nix, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henthorne, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Henthorne, Mr. and Mrs. T. Gunter, Rev. and Mrs. Garbutt, Mrs. J. Vassaw, Mrs. F. Landon, Mrs. Chas. Wilson and Mrs. Geo. Seaborn, of Coe Hill, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rusaw, Mr. and Mrs. C. Rusaw, of Glen Alda, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jones, of Rose Island, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Foster, and Mrs. A. McCoy, grandmother of the bride, from Tweed, Miss McCoy, Queensboro, Messrs. C. and A. Gunter, Millbridge, and many others from near and far.

After the ceremony the happy couple took their departure for the Pan-American and Niagara Falls.

Mr. Arthur E. Day, the bridegroom, whose honest face and pleasant manners proclaim the gentleman, is a rising young American citizen. He is the office manager and paymaster at C. G. Sargent's Sons Machine Works, Graniteville, Mass., also a Notary Public of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He should be proud of having commenced on the lowest rung of the ladder with this firm, and has in the short space of three years risen by his own energy and assiduity to his present high position. He is a member of the Westford Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, and is also an active member of the Union Congregational Church at Westford, and is held in high esteem in the community. His genial manners have made him many friends here who all join in wishing him and his bride many years of happiness and prosperity.

WEDDING BELLS.

Bennett—Brownson.

A happy event took place at the home of Mr. Lewis Brownson at eight o'clock on August 28th, when his eldest daughter, Annie E., was united in marriage to Mr. J. W. Bennett, of Unionville, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Caverly, of Madoc village. The bride was prettily attired in cream lustre with silk trimmings, and carried a bouquet of cream dahlias. Miss Annie Devolin, of Madoc township, who acted as bridesmaid, was dressed in white pique and carried a bouquet of geraniums. The groom was assisted by Mr. H. Bailey, of Madoc township. After the marriage about fifty guests adjourned to the supper-room where they partook of a sumptuous repast. The presents were rich and numerous, and showed the high esteem in which the bride was held. The groom's presents to the bride and bridesmaid were gold brooches set with brilliants. Among the guests were Miss Mabel Sandford, of Fenelon Falls, cousin of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Hollidge, of Edgincourt, the latter being a sister of Mr. Bennett. The bride's going-away gown was of castor ladies' cloth with grey silk trimmings and grey toque to match. The happy couple left next day for Toronto, Unionville, and other western places. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett have the best wishes of their many friends for a prosperous married life.

Peters—Remion.

On Thursday evening last a quiet wedding took place at the residence of the bride, when Mr. R. H. Peters, of Selby, and Mrs. Alice Remion were united by the Rev. E. A. Sanderson. The ceremony was conducted in the presence of only a few relatives, after which a wedding supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Peters took the Friday morning train for a short visit to Toronto, Niagara and Buffalo, returning the following Tuesday. The bride has been a resident of Madoc for over twenty years, and will be greatly missed by her many friends, who all join in wishing her much happiness. Amid the good wishes of friends and relatives, the happy couple left on Wednesday for their home at Selby.

Madoc Township Council.

TOWN HALL, Eldorado,
Aug. 26th, 1901.

Madoc Township Council met on the above date.

Members present, Reeve Nicholson, Councillors Tumelty, Rollins, Fox and Nickle.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Mr. Tumelty introduced a by-law to issue debentures to borrow money to erect a new school house in school section No. 12.

Said by-law was passed through its several readings, signed, sealed and numbered.

On motion of Tumelty and Rollins $10 was granted on William T. Brown's road beat instead of $5 granted at a previous meeting.

$4 was also ordered paid Jacob Holmes for building two new culberts on John McCoy's road beat.

On motion of Rollins and Fox $10 was granted on Samuel Wannamaker's road beat, to be laid out by road surveyor.

The necessary by-law to meet the liabilities and expenses of the township for year 1901 was passed through its several readings, signed, sealed and numbered.

Council adjourned to meet Sept. 30th.

Never Say Die.

You may be weak, miserable, nervous, sleepless, your digestion may be poor, and you despair. Fever say die, until you have used Ferrozone, the wonderful blood maker, nerve strengthener and brain invigorator. It tones up the whole system. You can eat anything and digest it if you use Ferrozone. You sleep well. You make blood quickly, strength increases daily, in a short time you're well. Try Ferrozone, which you can obtain at Atkins drug store.

ODE TO THE POTATO.

(After Witman—a long way.)

All hail, O Potato!
Tuber ineffable,
Viand delectable,
Esculent fryable,
Boilable, bakeable,
Stewable, chewable,
Always agreeable,
The mainstay of Ireland,
The fount oratorical,
The father of tropes
And flights metaphorical,
All hail! I repeat it.
Lyonnaise, Saratoga,
Jacketed, jacketless,
Warmed over, savory,
Sliced cold in the salad,
With unions and vinegar,
Browned with the pan roast
Or soft in podrida!
Atlas, for economy,
I must cut you out,
O delight of gastronomy!
All hail for the third time!
Good-by! An revoir!
When you come off the ladder
I'll eat you once more,
Farewell, Early Rose,
White Mountain, adieu
Plymouth Rock and Buff Cochin
My heart is with you!
My adjectives falter,
I mix you up with the hen,
But forgive the misnomer
Till I meet you again,
When I think of your peeling
I'm choked with real feeling
With rubies and diamonds
I put you on a parity,
But a man can't eat jewels,
On account of their rarity.

Labor Day Holiday.

A Quiet Day in Madoc—Fire Company Practice with Steam Engine—Tennis Games—Fishing, etc.

Madoc has not been over-burdened with sporting events this season, and therefore our citizens have even appeared to lose their old-time interest in public holidays. An evidence of this is the fact that we have had no civic holiday this year—in fact the Council were not asked for this boon, and are therefore not likely now to set apart any date for this object. A sporting reaction seems to have hit the town hard during the past year, and even Bob. Colling's enthusiasm cannot rouse to life a "team" of anything more formidable than bucking bronchos.

Labor Day, Monday Sept. 2nd, was a Dominion Government public holiday, and had to be "observed." During the forenoon the members of Alert Fire Co. varied the monotony by engaging in a practice and competition with the steam engine. The steamer was taken from the Fire Hall to the platform in rear of D. W. Wright's and under charge of engineer Wm. Hill and fireman James White, was soon throwing beautiful streames of water around the streets. At one time a splendid one-and-a-quarter inch stream was thrown 20 to 30 feet higher than the cupola on the post office block. The official competition for the firemen, as arranged by chief McDonald, was as follows :

Run out 400 feet of hose, put on 1¼ nozzle, and threw 152 feet; at same time run out another 50 feet of hose, 1 inch nozzle, and threw this stream 162 feet. Five men run out 400 feet of hose, then take out one length, putting another in its place; time, 1½ minutes.

At the next practice the competition will be as follows :—Seven men on each hose cart will run out 450 feet of hose, break one length, put in another; carts run together.

During the day a lawn tennis tournament was held by a number of players, and some well-contested games was the result. This appears to be the only athletic sport in vogue this season, and new interest is being taken in the game. The following events were played on Monday :—

DOUBLES.

Ford Sutton and J. R. Orr beat H. H. O'Flynn and Herb O'Flynn 6-2, 3-6, 6-3.

R. R. Casement and F. W. O'Flynn beat W. Cross and H. Ross 4-6, 6-1, 7-5.

Final :—Sutton and Orr beat F. W. O'Flynn and Casement 6-4, 6-4.

SINGLES.

1st round :—Cross beat Ross 6-1, 6-3. Herb O'Flynn beat Ivey 6-1, 6-2. Casement beat F. W. O'Flynn 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.

2nd round :—Sutton beat Cross 6-1, 7-5. Herb O'Flynn beat Casement 6-1, 6-2.

Final :—Herb O'Flynn beat Sutton 6-2, 7-5.

Canada and Others.

(Vancouver Province.)

An interesting comparison of the position which the Dominion of Canada now holds in the family of nations may be formed by a glance at the following figures :

	Population.
Canada	5,338,883
Scotland	4,471,967
Ireland	4,456,545
Argentine Republic	4,086,492
Denmark	2,185,159
Holland	4,511,415
Portugal	4,308,555
Sweden	4,774,409
Norway	1,999,178
Switzerland	2,939,612
Greece	2,187,208

Mayor Huycke, of Cobourg has presented the town with a fine portrait of Queen Victoria.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There is no doubt that the relations of France and England are just now much more friendly than they were a short time ago, when the baser Parisian newspapers teemed with caricatures of Queen Victoria, and when the Fashoda incident seemed likely to have an incendiary effect. Nevertheless, we can see but little ground to hope for the fulfilment of a lately mooted project, to wit: a treaty of arbitration by which all future controversies between the two countries named shall be amicably adjusted. It has been hard enough to bring about such a treaty between England and the United States. The interests of France, on the other hand, owing to her expansive colonial policy, run counter to those of England in many parts of the world. Nor is this all. The association of France with Russia has gradually become so intimate that she is likely to become a party to the contest for supremacy in Asia which may break out at any hour between her ally and England.

It is true that Great Britain seems to have acquiesced in the acquisition of Tunis and Madagascar by France, although in each instance British interests were sensibly affected. It is also true that France has ceased to clamor for the performance of England's promise to evacuate Egypt. At many other points of the earth's surface, however, French interests are hard to reconcile with those of Great Britain or of British Colonies. There is the New Hebrides question, for example, in which the Australian Commonwealth is deeply concerned. There is the French Shore question, which is of vital importance to Newfoundland. In North Africa the French Colony of Algeria as regards westward extension at the expense of Morocco as its manifest destiny, but England will never permit it to secure the Mediterrancan coast of the Shereefian empire. In the basin of the Niger, and throughout the region of the Sahara, the French and English possessions, or spheres of influence, are to a large extent conterminous, a state of things which in the New World proved incompatible with peace. In Farther India the French have been allowed by the British Foreign Office to make some gains at the cost of Siam, but the French will not be satisfied with anything short of the extinction of that nominally independent kingdom. For the trade of Yunnan and the whole of southwestern China the English and French are competitors, the former aiming to penetrate that part of the Middle Kingdom from Burmah, and the latter from Tonquin. Thus we see that her colonial policy makes France a rival of Great Britain in many quarters of the globe, and history shows that rivalry is apt to drift into enmity.

As if France had not enough germs of trouble of her own, she has of late evinced a disposition to embrace the aims and animosities of her Russian ally. Originally the Franco-Russian League had a specific and narrow purpose, and, so far as that purpose was embodied in a written document, we believe the document to be unchanged. It was agreed that Russia would assist France, should the latter country be attacked by two or more enemies, while France, on her part, was to help Russia should the Czar be assailed by Germany and Austria. This agreement did not bind either of the parties to co-operate with the other in agressive acts in Europe, much less to further the other's policy in distant parts of the earth.

But national combinations do not remain stationary; either they grow lukewarm and weak, as is now manifestly the case with the Triple Alliance, or they become firmer and of wider scope, like the Franco-Russian League. France has no interest in wresting from the Mikado the most valuable fruit of his successful war with China; nevertheless, at Russia's request, she joined in exacting the retrocession of the Liaotung Peninsula. Throughout the protracted negotiations, which have followed the relief of the legations at Pekin, France has invariably sided with Russia, although Russia has in view the permanent acquisition of Manchuria, whereas France has more to gain by upholding China's territorial integrity. It is probable that the Tokio Government would fight Russia tomorrow but for a well founded conviction that sentiment would impel France to take part in the conflict, and to throw her fleet into the scale. Neither is there much room to doubt that, should Russia become involved in war with England, the demand that France should aid her ally would be urged in Paris with an overwhelming ardor that no ministry could resist. Under all circumstances there is but little reason to expect that the well-meant efforts to arrange a treaty of arbitration between France and England will be attended with success.

About the ....House

THE SELECTION OF FISH.

The average housekeeper knows very little about fish, aside from the "panfish" caught from our small inland lakes and streams—the sunfish, perch, black and rock bass and pickerel that are the usual results of a fishing excursion on part of "the men folks." Put her in the fish market and she is confused and uncertain. Her experience has been with fish "from water to pan" and she learns she doesn't know how to protect herself from the dealer, willing enough to take advantage of her inexperience.

To tell a fresh fish says an authority on the subject, see that the flesh is firm—too firm to admit of pressure leaving a dint; that the eyes are full, the scales bright, the fins stiff, and the gills not pale or dark liver-colored, and that there is no marked odor. When it answers to those tests it is fresh, and in the right season for eating.

As a general thing large fish should be boiled; medium-sized ones baked or broiled and small ones fried. The best size for broiling is three pounds for baking from five to eight, and for planking from six to ten pounds. Do not boil whitefish.

Whitefish is one of the best of our lake fish, and the best come from Lake Superior or the Soo river.

Brook trout is delicious eating, but always high priced. Next in flavor is ranked black bass, a fish the sportsman enjoys taking on account of its game fight for life and liberty. This fish is always found in clean water.

The season for fish, especially the lake fish, is spring and summer. Generally speaking a frozen fish is a spoiled fish. A frozen fish should always be thawed in ice water. Fish should not lie in water after they are cleaned. Invert an old plate in a pan and lay the fish on it. Do not put fish in a refrigerator; butter and milk will taste of it.

Utensils used in cooking fish are apt to get "fish tainted," therefore a boiler, baking pan, etc., should be reserved for fish exclusively.

As for the sea fish sold in our large markets, they are sent through packed in ice and are in good condition when received. Fresh cod can be had almost any time; mackerel is excellent, but is in season in spring and early summer, and should be broiled. Halibut is bought in steaks, which are boiled or broiled, so, too, is sturgeon, which has a rather strong flavor, due perhaps to the fact that it is the scavenger fish of our waters. Salmon is in market all the year; it is boiled or baked.

Finnan haddie is smoked haddock, and requires only to be spread with butter and warmed through in the oven. It may be served with a white sauce also, and baked potatoes should accompany it.

There is a good deal in cleaning fish properly. They should be carefully scaled—if panfish—and put through several waters.

FOR THE COOK.

Grape Marmalade.—This is made of the grape pulp with the juice, unless that has been used for jelly. When fruit is not abundant marmalade may be prepared at the same time with jellies. Pick the grapes from the stems and rinse, then add a little water and cook till soft. Drain off the juice and rub the mass through the sieve, to remove all skins and seeds. Add to the pulp an equal weight of sugar and boil slowly with the juice half or three-quarters of an hour. If the fruit is extra juicy, or too much water has been added in cooking them, only half the juice need be added. Stir very often to prevent burning and be careful to not cook too long. I have found by experience that a cheaper, and to some more desirable dish is obtained by using less sugar. To the pulp and juice of 1 gallon stemmed grapes use 2½ cups sugar. Follow the above directions and the result will be delicious.

East India Preserve.—Weigh equal quantities of brown sugar and good sour apples, pare and core the apples and chop fine. Make a clear syrup of the sugar, add the apples and the juice and grated rind of sufficient number of lemons to give it a good lemony taste, and then add ginger root, about ¼ lb to 5 lbs fruit, though this is according to taste. Boil till the apple looks clear and yellow. This will keep indefinitely by putting in ordinary jars, air-tight ones not necessary.

Preparing Ginger Conserves.—Wash and pare the roots, and cook them in enough water to cover them, until they are just tender. Do not allow them to become so soft that they will break in pieces. Drain, make a syrup of the water they were boiled in and sugar, using to every pound of ginger 1 lb sugar and 1 pint of water. Drop the roots into the boiling syrup, and keep them boiling for half an hour. Pour into small jars, and be sure there is plenty of syrup to cover them. When cold, cork and seal. They will keep for years. Cut in cubes they are added to cakes, puddings, ices, etc. A tablespoon of the syrup gives a fine flavor to a pudding sauce. The ginger is eaten also as it is, with a bit of cake or wafer. A good confection for the little folks is made by preparing the ginger in syrup as above, then dip it out, lay on tins and place in the sun to dry. Reduce the syrup by rapid boiling until it is thick, and pour into a bowl or jar. Each day pour a little over the ginger, until all has been absorbed. When the ginger is dry, store it in boxes, placing a piece of waxed paper between each layer. It will keep for years, and is an excellent sweetmeat.

Nut and Apple Salad.—This is very dainty for a luncheon, especially if served in cups of ripe, ruddy tomatoes. Boil together for 10 minutes, 1 cup English walnut meats, ½ teaspoon salt, a slice of onion, 1 bay leaf and a blade of mace. Then cool the nuts in cold water. Pare, core and chop into small pieces 2 large or 3 small sour apples. Mix with the nuts and cover and garnish with a cooked dressing made as follows: Beat the yolks of 2 eggs and to them put 1 tablespoon cold water, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard and a dash of red pepper. Stir constantly over hot water until very thick. Then remove from the fire and add 2 tablespoons butter creamed extremely soft. Chill thoroughly and lastly mix in 2-3 cup whipped cream. This delicious dressing may also be used for other salads by those who object to oil.

FUSSING OVER CHILDREN.

The coachman's rough and ready rule is not a bad one to judge by; if his horse eats he thinks there is not much wrong. If your young hopeful takes food well no great alarm need be felt; for in children the stomach is a quick-acting index to the general condition. Even with healthy and strong children there is danger if they are asked to much about how they feel, or bear too much about the wholesomeness or possible ill effects of this or that diet. Some of the foretold effects will very likely soon be observed by a sensitive child, more fussing follows on the part of an anxious parent, and the prophecy is presently in a fair way to fulfilment.

STAINS ON TABLE LINEN.

This is the season for guarding against permanent injury to the table linen from fruit stains and the like. Removal of the discoloration or weakening the damage before putting the articles in the wash will be found satisfactory. A little salt applied on the instant, supplemented by the pouring on of boiling water will remove wine stains. To efface grass stains, dampen the spot and apply cream of tartar, rubbing it well in. Javelle water is effective in removing fruit and berry stains. Its use should not be left to the discretion of an inexperienced laundress, however, since if in too great strength it will eat into and destroy the fabric.

Javelle water may be made as follows: Carbonate of potassium, four ounces; chlorate of lime, six ounces; water one gallon.

USEFUL HINTS.

Iron pieces of manilla paper, then paint them, and you will find you have something quite as good as oilcloth to tack behind your sink.

Do not keep ironed clothes on bars in the kitchen any longer than is necessary for thoroughly drying. They gather unpleasant odors.

Try turning a pan over your flatirons while they are on the stove. It is an excellent way to save fuel, as you can keep them hot with one-half the fire.

TO DESTROY ANTS.

Grease plates with lard, and set them where the insects abound. They prefer lard to anything, and will forsake even sugar for it. Place a few sticks around the plate for the ants to climb up by. Occasionally turn the plate bottom up over the fire, and the ants will fall in with the melting lard. Reset the plate, and in a short time the plague should have disappeared.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.

A System by Which Repose May Be Obtained.

Firstly, the room must not be too warm; the bed clothes must not be too numerous, and the would-be sleeper must not have eaten unwisely of untimely. Then let him lie on his back and stretch to the utmost, trying to touch the head-board with his head and the foot-board with his feet, acts which will bring into use many muscles which have not been actively employed during the day.

While in this position raise the head half-an-inch and keep it there, breathing slowly and deeply about half as often as normally. So soon as the head becomes too heavy to hold in this position, which will happen at first in from one to two minutes, it should be dropped on the pillow and the right foot raised about half-an-inch while the full deep breathing is continued as well as the stretching for the two ends of the bed. When the fatigue of holding up the right foot becomes too great it should be dropped and the left foot raised in the same way. So soon as fatigue compels this to be dropped the trunk of the body must be raised while the weight is supported on the shoulders and heels.

So soon as this new position is the cause of too much fatigue turn on the right side and raise the head half-an-inch. Then, when the muscles of the neck are fatigued, and the head drops down, raise the feet as before and then turn to the left side and begin all over again.

In most cases sleep will come before all these movements have been gone through, but if it does not, then the sleepless individual must begin all over again, and by keeping up this system it will not be long before he succeeds in obtaining the desired repose.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

"There's another thing Carnegie might do."

"What?"

"Start free ice-cream soda water fountains all over the country."

TIRESOME WORK.

May—Mr. Huggard called on you last evening, didn't he?

Fay—Yes, and he made me very tired.

May—I suppose he tried to kiss you.

Fay—Yes, and every time he kissed me I had to slap him.

NICKEL FROM ONTARIO.

Our Mining Exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition.

The interest taken by Edison in the Ontario exhibit of nickel-copper ore at the Pan-American Exposition, and his subsequent researches in the Sudbury district, have led to frequent inquiries concerning the amount of ore obtainable in Ontario and the advantages to be gained by using a certain percentage in the manufacture of boiler plates, pistonrods, tool steel, etc. Mr. Speller, the superintendent, on being interviewed on the subject gives the following report concerning the nickel-copper ores of Ontario and their uses:—

To one acquainted with the important bearing of nickel in modern life the exhibit of ores and the various products from the Sudbury district of the Province of Ontario is full of interest. All the important mines of the copper-nickel belt including those of the Canadian Copper Co., Ludwig Mound Co., Great Lakes Copper Co., and the Lake Superior Power Co., are represented by massive blocks of their characteristic ores, the whole collection aggregating many tons in weight, one piece amounting to 10,000 lbs. Besides these well known producing mines samples from many promising locations now under development are shown, thus completing the comprehensive character and economic importance of the exhibit.

A full series of samples from the works of the Canadian Copper Co., Sudbury and the Orford Copper Co., New York, illustrate the process of treatment and show the various mattes, nickel oxides, nickel shot, nickel wire bars, nickel ribbon, etc. The exhibit is enclosed on the front sides by a railing of cast nickel, probably the most intricate piece of casting ever attempted in the pure metal.

An analysis of each block is given on the label, the ores may thus be divided into three groups as:— (1) Those high in copper and low in nickel. For example, certain ore from the Canadian Copper Co.'s mine No. 2 which runs 13.76 per cent. copper, 1.8 per cent nickel. (2) Those high in nickel and low in copper such as the "Gertrude" ore of the Lake Superior Power Co., carrying 5 per cent. nickel and but a trace of copper. This ore is now used to supply sulphur dioxide for the sulphite pulpmill of this company at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Ferro nickel is made from the roasted residues in an electric furnace. (3) Average ores such as the block from the Victoria mines carrying 4.5 per cent. copper and 3.5 per cent. nickel. Many of these ores on being mined are divided by inspection into a high copper and high nickel grade before roasting and smelting. The Sudbury region in which these nickel bearing ores occur is included within an elliptical area measuring 70 miles by 50 miles. Owing to the increased demand for nickel the work of prospecting and developing new properties is being vigorously prosecuted at present.

With the development of the new Edison storage battery a new use for nickel has been found with limitations hard to imagine. The great inventor has lately made a personal visit to the Sudbury district and has started a thorough search for nickel ore to be used in the construction of his battery. In this connection Ontario should be congratulated, also in having large quantities of high grade graphite, another essential element in the new storage cell. In 1900 there was produced from Sudbury ores 3161 metric tons of nickel, about 40 per cent. of the world's production.

At present the use of nickel in the manufacture of nickel steel absorbs the largest portion of the nickel produced. Last year in the United States 10,639,857 tons of steel was produced for all purposes; in almost every use to which this material is put a higher efficiency and a greater degree of safety would be obtained by the use of 3 to 5 per cent. nickel. In low carbon steels it appears that each 1 per cent of nickel added, up to 5 per cent, causes an increase of about 5,000 lbs elastic limit and 4,000 lbs. tensile strength. The effect of nickel increases as the carbon increases.

Comparing caebon and nickel steels of the same tensile strength nickel steel shows an increase of 10 to 20 per cent in the elastic limit, and an increase of 20 to 30 per cent. in elongation. The benefit derived from an increase in nickel contents, up to about 8 per cent. is best shown in the greater working capacity of the metal under strain or its power to withstand fatigue. In this respect nearly pure iron with 8 per cent. nickel has 3.8 times the elastic strength of the iron per se. Many mysterious breaks in the propeiler shafts, car axles, etc., have been caused by the breaking down of the metal under rapid alternating strains, though the actual amount of load was actually below the elastic limit of the iron in question. The gain obtained in elastic strength and ductility has made nickel steel invaluable for boiler plates, shafting, engine forgings, railway axles, railway tires, hull plates, armor plates, structural beams and shapes, rivets, piston rods, bicycle tubing, tool steel, hydraulic cylinders, and small arms, and for many more special uses. Steels of the same low carbon contents show an increase of 40 per cent in the tensile strength with an addition of 3 per cent. nickel.

CAUSTIC MEANNESS.

"Apples, raw apples, are now said to be good literary diet."

"Yes; and for some poets I'd prescribe green apples—to keep them from writing."

Russia, Austria, and France all have field-guns capable of 15 shots a minute. Ours fire 4 to 6 only.

The London Parks Committee has 3,815 acres under its control, with 800 gardeners.

LUCK OF THE FIRST-BORN.

QUITE A NUMBER OF THEM BECAME FAMOUS MEN.

Philosophers, Inventors, Statesmen, Actors and Authors Are the Eldest Sons.

The law is by no means alone in favoring the first-born of a family and comparatively neglecting later comers, for a careful examination of the biographies of our most eminent men will prove that quite a preponderating number of them owe their fame largely to the fact that they made their entry into the world in advance of their brothers and sisters, says London Tit-Bits.

To such an extent does this appear to be the case that, if a dozen names of distinguished men are taken at random, it would be quite safe to assert that four of them (or possibly five) are first sons, of the remainder three are second sons, while the younger sons, ranging from No. three downwards, must be content with dividing the small remnant of celebrity among them.

Occasionally a very late comer acquires fame; but the odds are all against him. Thus, Benjamin Franklin, the great natural philosopher and politician, had no fewer than fourteen brothers and sisters in front of him; Sir Richard Arkwright, the famous inventor, was the thirteenth child of his parents; and Sir Joshua Reynolds was number seven in his family.

But by far the majority of the world's distinctions are shared between first and second sons, the lion's share

GOING TO THE FIRST-BORN.

Fame in the world of letters has gone in quite undue proportions to the eldest born. If we may take Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, and Milton as the four greatest names in the history of the world's literature we find that all four, with the exception of Shakespeare, the greatest, it is true, of them all, were eldest sons.

This privilege of the first-born is claimed for Shelley, and Byron, and Heine; and in modern times, to mention names without regard to relative merit, by Ruskin, Max Muller, Lecky, Professor Jebb, Sir Lewis Morris, Frederick Harrison, Sir John Lubbock, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Pinero and others far too numerous to mention.

Confucius and Mohammed, Talleyrand and Rossini, Charlemagne, Luther, and Raphael, were all eldest sons; as also are such eminent statesmen of to-day as Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Brodrick, Lords Rosebery and Goschen, and Mr. John Morley.

Among great soldiers we have Lord Wolseley and Lord Kitchener; among lawyers, Sir Francis Jeune and Sir Edward Clarke; in the Church the late Bishop of London, and on the stage Sir Henry Irving.

OF FAMOUS SECOND SONS

the list is distinguished, if comparatively short, for we find such giants of the past as Michael Angelo and Beethoven; the Pope, Garibaldi, and Pascal; Wallace and Sheridan; John Wesley and Montaigne. Of famous statesmen of our own time we have Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Asquith, as well as Lord Salisbury, to mention only three names.

The list of second sons contains a great soldier in Sir Redvers Buller, an eminent judge in Lord Alverston, still better known as Sir Richard Webster; a clever actor in Mr. Beerbohm Tree; an artist in Mr. Phil May; and men of letters in Grant Allen and Sir Edwin Arnold.

Nor are the third sons by any means to be despised in point of quality, although their number is relatively very small.

They include the greatest soldier of modern times, the Duke of Wellington; the greatest author of any time, Shakespeare; and the most famous fiction-writer of the last century, Sir Walter Scott.

Voltaire was a third son; and so were C. J. Fox, the famous statesman and orator, Lord Lytton, and Sir Robert Walpole; while Lord Halsbury has proved that a third son can fill with distinction the highest place in the law, and the late Sir Walter Besant that he can win laurels in the field of letters.

A CHINESE JOKE.

An Incident of the Recent Boxer Troubles.

A strange state of mind evidently prevailed in Pekin during the Boxer outrages outside the walls, outrages which were momentarily expected to be repeated within the city limits. Everybody was preparing for a catastrophe, and nobody could be sure why. It all seemed like a huge practical joke, which could not be taken seriously, and yet it was serious, and everybody knew it was. There was apparent peace, with a certainty of coming trouble. The foreigners were gathering in places of safety, and the compounds they had left remained unmolested.

One incident curiously shows the combined lightness and frenzy of the public mind. On a certain evening a boy of about sixteen walked down a street, marking a door here and there with a circle of white chalk, before which he bowed solemnly.

Presently all the people came to their doors in a great state of excitement, and began to discuss the proceeding and debate as to what it might mean. The marked houses might belong to the friends or foes of the Boxers, the saved or lost.

Suddenly a man went up to the boy, seized him by the pigtail, and asked him what he meant. The bystanders were amazed at a courage which dared interfere with an emissary of the Boxers, and the boy himself tried to swagger a little, and brazen it out.

"What were you doing it for?" insisted the man. "Tell, or I take you to the police station."

Then the boy fell on his knees and owned that he was only doing it for a joke, to frighten the people. His success had exceeded his hopes.

PRISON CITY OF THE VELDT

THE TEMPORARY DWELLING PLACE OF THE BOERS.

The British Government Anticipates Their Every Need.—Clothing Required.

About twenty minutes' drive from the centre of Bloemfontein, across the railway line, and adjoining the new jail, is "Barbed Wire City," where those who one time nursed dreams of a United States of South Africa, and who now, after a long and bitter struggle, gradually—but surely, nevertheless—are being brought to the knowledge that dreams are not always realizable, are located. The local prison of war camp, although small, has already housed, or tented, rather, thousands of captured and surrendered burghers, most of them heartily sick of fighting Tommy Atkins, and in many instances pleased to throw themselves on the good will and unprecedented generosity of the British Government. No prisoners of war are kept here for any length of time. The several columns operating in the Orange River Colony gather their prisoners and send them into town in small parties, as soon as a reasonable number of them have been collected, they are despatched to shores where—for the present, at any rate—they will be unable to do any more mischief. The population of Barbed Wire City therefore, is an ever-changing one, and seldom do any remain there for a longer period than two or three weeks.

Among the prisoners may be noticed the well-to-do Boer, the bijwoner, members of the renegade and foreign element—in fact, the local prisoner-of-war camp has accommodated men of almost every European nationality. The camp—which since the first of February last has been under the superintendence of Color-Sergeant H. Hill, 2nd Gloucesters—affords its inmates a view of Naval Hill, Thaba N'Chu, Monument Hill, and nearly the whole of Bloemfontein. It may easily be imagined that those confined may find wide scope for thought when idling away their time, and from within the barbed wire fence, contemplating the surrounding country. That these cannot always be pleasant is evident; for they must at times lead many of them back to

HAPPIER DAYS,

when the idea of conquering South Africa had not entered into their minds, when the Free State flag waved over the fort on Monument Hill, and when the intrigues of the Government of the late South African Republic had not yet lured them into an alliance which has proved fatal to the independence of both States. They see—for the first time—that their "vier kleur" has given way to the Union Jack, which may be seen fluttering to the breeze at several points from where they are camped. They realize now that their leaders were destroyers, and that they must make the best of their future situation.

During their stay in Bloemfontein prisoners of war are considerately cared for and supplied with every thing they need—in many instances with more than they have been accustomed to. Their daily rations consist of 1¼ lb. of bread, 1 lb. of meat (fresh), 3 ozs. of sugar, 1 oz. of coffee, 1-12th part of a tin of condensed milk, and vegetables and potatoes; in addition to which a 1 lb. tin of jam is served out to four men four times a week. Wood and coal for their cook-house is also provided in liberal quantities, and one camp kettle is provided for each ten prisoners. Prisoners of war, when first entering the camp, are often in a very miserable condition indeed—half starved, ill-dressed, and often without boots. Instances are known when a prisoner entered a prisoner of war camp with bits of carpet or sheepskin wound round his feet in lieu of boots, and his clothes, of which little only remained of the original, patched up with material such as sacking, carpet, sheepskin, or, in fact, anything adaptable to fill up holes, and many arrive without blankets. The generous British authorities, with an unequalled lavishness, serve warm suits of clothes (such as are given to time expired soldiers) out to them, ammunition boots (the sizes ranging from 8 to 12; smaller sizes are not required), slouched hats (same as worn by Tommy Atkins), underpants and flannel shirts (few of them ever wore them before), socks—in fact, Great Britain provides her prisoners of war with a complete and respectable outfit.

LIQUOR PROHIBITED.

The following figures will give an idea of what it must cost to provide for war prisoners on the liberal plan adopted by the Imperial Government. Since the 17th of February last not less than 350 complete suits of clothes, 200 shirts, and 200 pairs of socks have been served out to them. The number of hats, boots, etc., naturally, will be about the same. If prisoners of war wish to proceed to town to buy tobacco or other luxuries, an escort is provided for them, and they are then permitted to visit friends, who, in their turn may visit the prisoners on Wednesdays and Saturdays, on obtaining a permit from Captain Salmon, the Assistant Provost-Marshal. It goes without saying that they are not allowed to purchase or receive liquor from friends, and newspapers are also mentioned on the small—very small, indeed, too—list of prohibitions. Boer prisoners of war in our "Barbed-wire City" may be described as a lazy, dirty, and generally slovenly set, but, on the other hand, it must be said that in the course of their captivity, through social intercourse and perhaps other reasons, many have demonstrated that they are at least receptive, and these have acquired much knowledge and skill which may in the future prove serviceable. Many a prisoner of war, captured rough, unpolished, and unwashed, will, when the war is over, return to his home-land a totally different character.

NO. 17's Wife.

No. 17 sat in his cell, white and despairing. He had endured two years of prison life uncomplainingly, cheered by the knowledge that he was innocent of the crime with which he had been charged—and cheered also by the visits of his sweet-faced wife Elsie, who came regularly to the gaol as often as the cast-iron regulations of the establishment would permit. But of late Elsie's visits had ceased, and to-day the convict knew the reason for their cessation. She was ill—very ill—and the letter from her sister which lay in his hands told him that the doctors feared the worst. This is how the note ran :—

Dear Arthur, I have some rather sad tidings to give you, but we must both be brave and hope for the best. Poor Elsie is dangerously ill, and though all that we could possibly do has been done, the medical man holds out small hope of her ultimate recovery. He states that she is suffering from no particular illness, but simply from a general debility, brought about by fretting over your absence. If only you could come to her, it would probably be the means of saving her life; but, alas! that is impossible. She is in God's hands, as we all are. I am praying to him to spare to us the life that we both love—it is for you to pray also. Good-bye, and God bless you. May he give us strength to bear the blow that seems so near.

Your loving sister-in-law—KATE.

Arthur Desparde was no coward—no weakling. The humiliation and suffering of penal servitude he had borne like a man, but those few simple words bowed his head to earth and brought the salt tears to his eyes. To feel that his absence was causing Elsie's decline—to feel that one short hour of liberty would in all probability be the means of preserving her, and to know at the same time that the prison walls stood between him and her—to feel and know all this would have maddened any man. The feeling and the knowledge maddened Arthur Desparde now.

"I will go to her," he muttered hoarsely, "come what may! Let them retake me afterwards—let them serve me as they will—but go to her I must, and . . . I will."

A file lay at his feet. He had found it the day previous whilst laboring in the yard, and he had secreted it in his clothing, believing that some day he might require its aid. Climbing the narrow wall of his cell, he discovered that the small window thereof was guarded merely by two iron bars of medium thickness. Without an instant's hesitation he proceeded to file these bars, hoping with ardent hope that no warder might intervene to abruptly terminate his labors.

Fortune favored him, and the work was completed without interruption. Two minutes later he was sliding down a pipe which led from the cell to the courtyard, and to scale the low wall of the yard was but the work of an instant. Then with a muttered prayer for the protection of Heaven on his journey he set out for the house where his wife lay between life and death.

* * * * *

"Arthur! Is it possible it can be you? How ever have you contrived to come here?"

It was Elsie's sister who spoke, and she stood, fully dressed, in the doorway, scanning the escaped convict's features with amazement.

"Yes. It is I, and you shall hear afterwards how I managed to make good my flight. . . . But tell me, first of all—how is she?"

There is little change. At times she is unconscious, and during such periods she mentions your name incessantly. When she is conscious she talks of you to me, saying that the one desire left to her is to see you at her side again."

"Thank Heaven," said the convict in a low tone; "thank Heaven she is still alive. I am not too late."

Then he explained to the wondering girl how he had contrived to escape from gaol, adding also that there was every chance of his being retaken in the morning. "But let them come," he said sullenly; "when once I have held my darling in my arms again, and cheered her sickness, I care little what happens. And now, it will be well for you to tell her I am here; but break the news to her as gradually as you can."

Kate nodded, and left the room on tip-toe. Presently she returned, her eyes swimming with tears.

"She knows all, Arthur, and is waiting for you. Pray God that your coming may woo her back to life—"

"Amen!" said the convict, huskily, as he went slowly up the stairs towards his wife's chamber.

She lay very white and very still, but there came a warm glow of joy upon her faded cheek as he entered. She put out her thin hand to him, and a moment later they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I knew you would come to me, darling," she sobbed, "for I have prayed day and night that I might see you once more—and Heaven has heard my prayer. Oh, Arthur, dear, dear Arthur, life has been very hard without you—without your love."

"Poor girl. Only too well can I realize what you have felt—knowing what I have endured myself . . . But, come. Let us talk of other things. You have been ill, they tell me, very ill."

"Yes, for I wanted you. Now that you are here I shall soon be well."

A terrible pang shivered through the convict's soul. How was he to tell her the truth? How was he to tell her that before many hours had passed he would in all likelihood be taken back to prison to be separated from her once more? He could not bring himself to confide to her

the cruel truth, and he resolved to let her remain in ignorance of his peril. Perchance she believed that he had been released; he would not undeceive her.

All through the long night husband and wife went on talking in low, confiding tones, happy in each other's society, desiring no other joy on earth. Through the long night they remained with hands clasped, all-in-all one to the other. Then morning came and Kate entered. She whispered gently to Arthur :—

"The doctor is here, and he must not see you in your prison dress. Come away for a few minutes."

Kissing his wife, and telling her he would return soon, the young man quitted the apartment. The doctor entered, with a cheering "good morning. Well, and how do you find yourself to-day, Mrs. Desparde?" he asked briskly.

"Much, much better, doctor," she replied, gratefully; "in fact, I think I shall soon be off your hands."

"Bravo," cried the good-natured physician, as he felt the patient's pulse. "Do you know, my dear madam, I believe that your prediction is about correct. Your pulse has gone up most wonderfully, and already your eyes seem stronger—more healthy. My physic is doing wonders."

But it was not the physic that had wrought this mighty change in the invalid. It was the presence of a certain figure, clothed in the hideous grey that marks the garb of Her Majesty's prisons. It was the presence of that figure and the sound of his voice that had changed Elsie Desparde from a dying woman into one in whom the will and the ability to live were now predominant.

The doctor took his leave after a short interval, promising to look in on the following day. Then Arthur was allowed to return to the sick room, and once more he took up his position beside his wife. Towards noon Kate entered the apartment, trembling violently. Controlling her voice with an effort so as not to alarm her sister, she said :—

"Arthur, will you come outside for a moment? I want to speak to you."

Arthur Desparde guessed what it was that the white-faced girl had to communicate. He kissed his wife very tenderly and then turned towards the door.

"They have come for me, have they not? he asked in a whisper, as he followed her out of the room.

"Yes. They are in the parlor. I begged them to behave very quietly, as there was illness in the house."

"Good, brave girl. God will reward you for your devotion. Now listen to me. Elsie must not know that I have been retaken until she is quite strong enough to bear the news—until, in fact, her health is restored. Promise me that she shall not know."

"She shall not know."

"God bless you, Kate."

He wrung her hand, raised it to his lips, and then went downstairs with firm steps. A warder in uniform stood in the sitting-room, and another person was beside him. It was the Governor of the gaol, and with swiftly beating heart the convict wondered why this official had come to the house. It was not usual for the Governor of a prison to accompany his warders on such a mission as the recapture of a runaway convict.

"Gentlemen," he cried, in a low voice, "I surrender myself to you freely. I have only one request to make. Let me be taken away quietly so that my wife who lies ill upstairs may not know of my departure."

The Governor smiled.

"No. 17," he said, gently, "it is certainly my duty to have you taken back to the gaol, but at the same time it is my duty also to give you some very pleasant news."

There was a pause. Desparde stood rooted to the floor, his eyes on fire. What was coming next? What was the news that the Governor had come to communicate?

"My tidings," continued the latter, "are simply these. A man named Charles Morrison died last night in Chilton Gaol. Before he passed away he sent for the chaplain and made a confession. He confessed that the forgery for which you were condemned was committed by himself, and that he alone was guilty. The confession was sent by special messenger to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, with the result that a telegram reached me two hours ago authorizing your release as soon as the necessary papers can be made out. You will return with me to the gaol, but not as a prisoner—and I think you may take it from me that before the week is out you will be a free man."

Then very simply and very courteously the white-haired Governor held out his hand and Desparde grasped it with a mighty grip of gratitude, whilst from his lips there came the choking words :—

"At last—at last—thank God—thank God!"

* * * * *

Three days later there arrived at the gaol an important-looking document bearing at the top the magic letters, "V. R.," and beneath those letters it was written that Her Majesty had been pleased to grant a free pardon to Arthur Desparde from that day forward. And within a little space he who had been known as "No 17" stood once more upon the threshold of his home.

Kate met him at the door—a smile upon her bonnie face. "Elsie has heard all," she said, gently; "and she is nearly well. The good news has saved her life. She is asking for you at this moment."

Desparde waited to hear no more. An instant later Elsie's face was pressed close to his own; and husband and wife were re-united after their bitter separation.

"God has been very good to me," she whispered through her sobs, "and He has given you back to me."

"Yes," said Desparde, gently—"to remain together till death shall part us."

"And afterwards," whispered Elsie; "God willing."

UP-TO-DATE GRINDSTONES.

Made With Ball Bearings Now and With Other Improvements.

"Nay," says a dealer in such things, "anybody had told our grandfathers that the time would come when we should have ball-bearing grindstones I suppose they would have thought he was crazy; but we have them now and they are not very costly either.

"If the grindstone is one that is worked with a treadle there are ball-bearings on the crank, where the treadle-rod is connected, as well as on the shaft on which the grindstone turns. Really, it is a pleasure to see that homely old tool, the grindstone, mounted on ball bearings, and it is a positive delight to see how easily such a grindstone turns.

"But the ball bearings are not the only modern improvement in grindstone equipment. There are nowadays grindstone frames and attachments that are patented. The old, old way of turning a grindstone was with a crank, or a single treadle; but nowadays we have double treadles, one for each foot, and the frame that supports the grindstone has upon one end of it a seat like the seat you see on a mowing machine or anything of that sort, this being by no means a device for a lazy man, but a convenient means of enabling the man using the grindstone to get at it to the best advantage.

"If you, knowing the grindstone of ancient times, will picture to yourself a man sitting in a comfortable seat so placed on the end of the frame that he can get square at the face of the stone, which he turns by means of two treadles, one under each foot, the stone itself turning on ball bearings throughout, a grindstone yet to be sure, but with every working part distinctly modernized, you will get some idea of the difference between the old grindstone and the new."

MARRIED BY NEWSPAPER.

Strange Story of Miss Creydt's Wedding in London.

In October last Miss Helene Creydt who was living at Cologne, inserted an advertisement in the Frankfurter Zeitung, to the effect that she was an orphan possessing some means, and desired to correspond with an honorable gentleman with a view to matrimony.

Franz Von Berger, alias Dr. Emmanuel Egon Borges, who is an Austrian by birth and an American citizen, replied to this in a letter written from an address in Cockspur street, London. He described himself as a professor of Harvard University, with a salary of 60,000 francs.

Correspondence ensued, and on December 23 the lady came to England and was met at Southampton by Berger, who brought her to London, and after telling her that she came up to all his expectations, and that he would marry her, placed a ring on her finger and asked her to accompany him to a registry office. They then went to a private house, where they went through a form of marriage in the presence of three men; but there was no trace of the marriage in the records of Somerset House.

Miss Creydt, believing that she had been legally married, handed to him some bank notes and shares to the value of £150, and he also induced her to pawn some of her jewellery. He then persuaded her to write and ask her brother for £50 on account of her interest under her father's will, and when the cheque came took it away and cashed it.

On April 1 she received a draft for £543, and placed it in her desk This draft Berger is alleged to have stolen, as he cashed it the following day at the Dutch Bank.

He then disappeared, but was traced to New York, and at Bow street, London, where the above facts were recounted, was remanded on a charge of stealing the £543 cheque.

PAYING FOR A PLEASANTRY.

It was a prisoner of great activity of speech who recently faced the magistrate in the Philadelphia Central Police Court.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Michael O'Halloran," was the reply.

"What is your occupation?"

"Phwat's that?"

"What is your occupation? What work do you do?"

"Oi'm a sailor."

The magistrate looked incredulous.

"I don't believe you ever saw a ship," he said.

"Didn't Oi, thin?" said the prisoner. "An' phwat do yez t'ink Oi come over in—a hack?"

The Philadelphia Record says that it went hard with Michael O'Halloran after that.

Out of every 100 pounds of paper manufactured in the world, only six pounds is made into books.

Only one man in 203 is over 6 feet in height.

England uses annually 33,000 tons of hops, but grows only 27,000 tons.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

GREAT PRIZES THAT ARE LOOKING FOR OWNERS.

$60,000 Reward for a Navigable Airship—Something for the Peacemaker.

If Dumont, the young Frenchman who has just invented a steerable airship, were a Briton, he would be entitled to a prize of $60,000, besides his own profits. He would have won the "Melton Payne" award and a committee would now be settling up the conditions prior to handing him the money.

When Melton Payne, the famous amateur aeronaut died, he left a legacy of $60,000 in trust for the first British subject who should invent a practicable navigable airship. The prize has been tried for unsuccessfully by over a dozen men, and a good many thousands spent in the process. The nearest to success was Captain Green's attempt, which ended, however, in the serious accident to the inventor at Exeter, when

HE AND HIS MACHINE

collapsed.

A committee of experts is to be chosen to decide on the genuineness of any airship; and it is said that, strictly, the machine has to be heavier than air, and not floated by a gas balloon, and, if that is so, even Dumont's vessel would be barred. There will be a good many tumbles before that $60,000 is won.

There is $15,000 a year for life, and the residue to your heirs, waiting for you, if you are anything of a peacemaker. That is the prize offered by an eminent Swede—Mr. Edmond Neillssen—to anyone who shall be instrumental in persuading the Powers to give up war for good and all, and do away with armaments of every kind. It will take a great orator with very strong and original views to bring this off, and, according to rules, he must persuade Russia, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy to do away with all soldier and sailor men, except the BODYGUARDS OF THE COURTS.

Nothing is put in about the other nations, who would presumably follow suit.

A good many men have had a try for this result, the one nearest the mark being a famous London journalist. But they didn't succeed, and it looks as if that $15,000 would look for a claimant for a very long time yet. It is worth noting that the money which is held in trust is all in British Government bonds. When Mr. Neillssen dies, the money is to remain in trust till somebody wins it, no matter how long hence.

There is a certain $5,000 a year, outside all personal profits, standing ready for the man who finds a genuine cure for consumption. This is the gift of the late Sir John Bean, the famous physician and scientist. The Bean award amounts to $175,000 in Government stock. He left this legacy in trust, to be awarded to any British subject who may discover a cure that is considered genuine by a committee of the College of Physicians and the British Medical Council. The interest amounts to $5,000 per annum, and there are always plenty of starters working at the great problem, and a good many

FORTUNES HAVE BEEN SPENT

in the pursuit.

The cure, according to rules laid down by the will, must be able to heal seventeen cases out of twenty, all in the "second stage" of the malady. This is about the best bequest there is, for the great doctor calculated that, out of the 80,000 people that die of consumption every year in Britain alone, at least 68,000 would be saved. Besides that $175,000, it has been hinted more than once in high places that the man who can stamp out consumption will get a baronetcy at least, if not a peerage. For saving 68,000 lives a year he ought to get a dukedom.

A British prize, open to all the world, and "no favors," is the $25,000 offered by Mr. Henry Scudamore, the famous mountaineer, for the ascent of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. Mr. Scudamore died two years ago, but the $25,000 is still open to be climbed for—balloons barred—by any man of any nation.

Everest, which is 29,000 feet high, or nearly as tall as two of Mount Blancs piled one on top of the other, has killed seven would-be climbers during the last twenty years, and has baffled many scores more. That expert mountaineer, Mr. Wymper has made the best record, though not necessarily for the $25,000; but the summit has never been reached by mortal man, and it is doubtful if any human being could live for half an hour at such an altitude, even if he got there. But every now and then somebody has a try, seldom getting much more than half way up, however. The ascent, if successful, would cost about $1,000, and

TAKE A WEEK.

Although there is a cash prize for a practical submarine boat, it is not such a large one—$5,000; but it is intended to help an inventor, without much money of his own, to get his invention patented and exploited. Mr. Graham Shaw dedicated this prize for all time, ten years ago.

The rules are that the submarine must be able to stay under water at least two hours without rising, must travel seven knots an hour, and be able to carry and discharge torpedoes. It must also accomodate at least three men, must be independent of any other vessel, and steam as a motive power is barred. The prize is restricted to British subjects. There have been three or four attempts at a really sound submarine boat, but none have come off in England; and the boat that wins the prize must not be, in the opinion of experts, a copy of any foreign invention.

One of the oddest awards ever offered, and which is likely to stay an offer for a good

MANY YEARS YET,

is the $15,000 offered by the late Murray Price, the well known writer on "sociology." He left $15,000 in cash, to be awarded to any man who should be instrumental in bringing about the abolition of the Game Laws, which were Mr. Price's pet bugbear.

He also left a perfect library of manuscripts and information on the subject, which are at the service of anyone who likes to try for the prize and start the litigation. This is the will so strongly fought in the Probate Court by Mr. Price's heirs, who thought they could find better uses to put the money to; but the will was upheld, and the $15,000 is at the disposition of any energetic gentleman who can prevail on British Parliament to quash the Game Laws.

But among humanitarian awards—and there are plenty of them—the $25,000 dedicated by Mrs. Vaughan Pritchard is about the best. That sum will be paid over by the trustees to any man or woman who invents a substitute for the bit in a horse's equipment, and

MAKES IT UNIVERSAL

in Britain, in place of the present variety.

Hundreds of people have made "shots" at this prize, but they have not been able to get their ideas taken up, and it is said that there is absolutely no other way of controlling a horse. It is a rule that the substitute must not enter the beast's mouth in any way, and must not be spiked or studded.

In parts of Italy the horses wear a sort of bar across their noses instead of a bit; but though a few samples have been seen in Britain, the old bit holds its own, and that $25,000 is still waiting.

NO PLACE LIKE THE SLUMS.

London Gamins Prefer Town Excitement to Rural Peace.

The children of London's slums think there is no place like home, be it ever so squalid and poverty-stricken, says a recent London paper.

"They miss the flaming naphtha lamps, the winkle barrows, the hokey-pokey man, and all the other things that have been their life-long companions," said Father Stanton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, when asked how the children of the slums take their summer outings in the country.

"Then, too, they are afraid of the dark at night, and are lost in the daytime, in the country," continued the kindly-faced, great-hearted friend of thousands of street arabs and gutter-gamins.

"They have all sorts of reasons for preferring the city to the country, and some of them are perfectly inexplicable. One little boy wrote to me after his outing last year and said he didn't like the country because while there a wasp had stung him.

"Another youngster took a day at Brighton with me in preference to two weeks in the country, and could give no reason for his choice." It never entered the modest mind of this favorite of the slum children why it was.

"They like going out in vans best of all," the Father went on, "and then they eat green fruit and thoroughly enjoy themselves.

"But though they like the hubbub of the city best, and are really glad to get back to it, their brown cheeks and bright eyes tell a merry tale when they return. Then you should hear the amusing stories they tell, and you would see how their cramped, warped, and stunted little minds have been opened out by a glimpse of the green wonderland they know so pitifully little about. Never mind what they say about it, it's the good the outing does them that we are after."

NOT GOING FISHING.

A citizen with a fishing rod over his shoulder was going up the street yesterday when a stranger called out :

Have any luck?

Fifty feet further on a second inquired :

Are they biting now?

At the next corner a third stopped him and asked :

I say, what'll you take for a ton of 'em?

A fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh had their say, and the eighth bore down upon him with :

Look here, old chap, you may laugh at the idea of crossing your bait, but it brings luck and I can prove it.

Speaking to me? queried the man with the rod.

Certainly.

What do you take me for?

Why, you are going fishing.

Who said so?

Haven't you got a fishing rod?

Suppose I have? If I saw you carrying a bar of soap home, would I argue that you were going to do the family washing?

But aren't you going fishing?

No, sir! This rod is to knock the sparrows' nests out of the eaves of my house. Funny how many people there are in this world who are interested in other folks' business.

CRUEL PARENTS.

A girl in Italy, aged eighteen, was found in a dark, underground pigsty, where she had been imprisoned by her parents for fifteen years. She stands only 3 feet in height, and was totally bereft of speech and reason. She can now begin to stand, and efforts are being made to restore her reason.

NOT "BURKE'S PEERAGE."

What's the name of that book that shows the social standing of the aristocratic families? inquired the seeker after knowledge.

'Bradstreet's,' promptly replied the man who knew.

The world's record sugar plantation contains 13,000 acres, has 30 miles of railway, and employs 1,500 people.

MEN WHO HATE MONEY.

SEE SO MUCH OF IT THAT IT LOSES ALL VALUE.

The Croupiers Employed at Monte Carlo Lose All Sense of the Value of Cash.

The croupiers are the most remarkable people in Monte Carlo. Apart from their wonderful powers of mental arithmetic, which are the result of years of patient training, they may be said to be the only men on the face of the earth who hate money.

They handle thousands of pounds in gold, silver and notes every day of their lives. They see it flung down on the green cloth by gamblers and raked to and fro as though it were so much dirt. In a few years after a croupier has been employed at Monte Carlo he loses all sense of the value of cash. He is absolutely indifferent to the sight of it. He performs his duties of gathering in, or paying out, with the mechanical calmness of an unthinking machine.

Every croupier is searched carefully when he leaves the Casino, to see that he has not stolen anything. The searching, however, is a mere formality, for nobody has ever been known to attempt to carry off even the smallest coin. The croupiers have plenty of chances of stealing, but they never think of taking them.

"Swell mobsmen" who have gone to Monte Carlo for the Express purpose of swindling the bank have over and over again tried to bribe the croupiers.

ONLY ONE INSTANCE

is on record of anyone having succeeded. A man called Ardisson enlisted the aid of a croupier, and induced him to deal out a previously-arranged pack at the "Trente-et-Quarante" table. "Trente-et-Quarante" is played with a big pack of cards which are shuffled in the presence of the players, and therefore no cheating is possible. In this case, the substituted pack was introduced on to the top of the real one after the shuffling was over.

The swindler, who of course knew in what order the cards would appear, placed his stakes accordingly, and managed to win no less than 180,000 francs, or $36,000. Immediately afterwards he cleared off, and was never seen again. When the cards were counted at the end of the game it was of course found that there were more than usual, and the fraud was revealed.

Now comes the extraordinary part of the story. The croupier who had committed the fraud had not gained a single penny by it. He had substituted the forged pack simply as a favor to his friend. He hardly realized what he was doing. His friend had not paid him anything to do it, nor had he proposed to share his spoils. The croupier actually did not want to share in them. He had

NO USE FOR THE MONEY.

The Administration of the Casino only sent the offending croupier to prison for two months, though his action—done with childlike innocence—had robbed them of such a large sum of money. They knew it was no use punishing him heavily. And, strange to say, they gave him work again when he came out of prison, though not at his old employment.

The croupiers at Monte Carlo receive a salary of from $2,500 to $3,500 per annum, according to the length of time they have been in the Administration's service. No croupier has even been known to ask for a rise in his salary. As long as they have enough they don't care for more. When they receive money they often mislay it, because they are as careless of it as gamblers.

But the croupiers never gamble. It never occurs to them to try and increase their money by any means whatever. They are so tired of seeing money that they literally hate it.

Their life is a curiously uneventful one. They never travel. Monaco, which is the loveliest land in Europe quite satisfies them. There are no drunkards amongst them. Their life costs them very little. They pay no taxes. Their children are educated free of charge, the boys generally become croupiers like their fathers.

The croupiers have a kind of club room where they can meet to talk and play chess. Many of them spend their whole lives either in this room or at their work. The only time they are out of doors is when they go home at night. Notwithstanding the quietness of their existence, they rarely live to any very great age.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

"Ever sit down at table where there was just thirteen?" asked the man in the shabby ulster.

"Once," replied the man with the white spot in his moustache.

"Well, you never observed that any bad luck followed it, did you?"

"Well—haw—yes. Bad luck for most of the thirteen."

"Any of them die?"

"Not that I know of. Never heard of any of them dying."

"Not enough victuals to go around?" queried the man with the snub nose.

"Who's talking about victuals? There wasn't any victuals."

"I thought you said you sat down to a table where there were thirteen persons?"

"That's what I said. The table was in a lawyer's office. It was a meeting of creditors. There were twelve of them: I was the other man."

There was a long pause and then the man with the baggy trousers inquired :—

"In what way did the meeting prove unlucky, if I may ask?"

"None of 'em ever got a brass button out of me," answered the man with the white spot on his moustache, heaving a deep sigh.

Kangaroo have been known to jump a height of 11 feet. A deer's best record is 9 feet, 6 inches.

There are 17 metals which are more valuable than gold.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

"Reggie! How are you? Stop a minute, man!"

The speaker was hurrying into Victoria Station, in the entrance to which he encountered a gentleman who was just leaving. The latter stopped short and allowed the speaker to grasp his hand.

"'Pon my word I hardly knew you without your beard and moustache," said the first. "How's your wife?"

"By Jove, I hardly know you at all," was the reply. "And I am not aware of the state of health my wife enjoys, as I'm not married. I may add that my name's not Reggie."

"What on earth—I really beg your—Do you really mean——"

"I do indeed. You are evidently confounding me with my brother, whose name is Reginald."

"I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure, for the mistake, if it is a mistake. But are you serious?"

"Perfectly. My name is Robert Wakefield, and I bear—or used to—a strong resemblance to my brother Reggie."

"Marvellous! With his beard and moustache you'd pass for him anywhere. I had no idea he had a brother."

"Very likely not; he was never particularly voluble about me. I'm the fool of the family."

"Since you introduce yourself I must do the same. My name's Dick Cassen. I'm an ugly duckling myself, but I may turn out a swan yet."

"Perhaps you can tell me my brother's address?" Wakefield suggested. "I have only arrived from New Zealand—or, more strictly speaking, from Paris—a few minutes ago just to look up a few friends while I am in Europe on business."

"Ah, now I seem to remember Reggie telling me he had a brother somewhere out New Zealand way; he wasn't quite sure where."

"I'm not surprised; I wasn't quite sure where I was myself for a long time. And I didn't want anyone else to know till I had done something to demonstrate that it isn't always the fool of the family who is the failure."

"Struck oil, eh? Reggie will be delighted to see you. Shall I take you round to his office?"

"No, thanks very much. I've a more important call to make first. By the way, you implied that Reggie was married?"

"So he is; been married—I forget how long exactly," replied Cassen. "At all events, a son and heir turned up some time ago."

"Reggie with a son and heir, eh?" said Wakefield. "Well, I'm hanged! Do you know whom he married?"

"Oh, a Miss—Miss Fenshaw—Fershaw."

"Farcour?" suggested Wakefield, sharply.

"Farcour, of course," said Cassen. "Florence Farcour."

"Florence—Farcour!"

Wakefield's face suddenly grew very pale, and a strange, wistful expression came into his eyes.

"Know her? Jolly fine girl!" Cassen exclaimed. "And she's most awful spoons on Reggie. But I've a train to catch. Awfully pleased to have met you, Mr. Wakefield. Hope I shall meet you again. Must go!"

Wakefield said nothing. He stood limply, watching the traffic around him like a man in a dream, until a porter's "By yer leave, sir," aroused him, and he went slowly back into the station.

"This comes of being the fool of the family and afraid to ask a woman to wait," he muttered. "What a fool I have indeed been that I never dreamt it would end like this. . . . I'll get straight back again—I'm out of place here. . . . Married, and a mother. And married to him; to Reggie. . . . I'll get straight back."

* * * * *

All was hurry and scurry aboard the Princess Charming. She was due to leave in twenty minutes.

A tall man, with a red face, clean-shaven, a bundle of rugs on his arm and a small bag in his hand, was just stepping up the gangway when a man accosted him.

"Excuse me, sir, but can I speak with you a moment?"

The traveller looked the stranger over, and nodded his assent.

"Not here, sir; it is a private matter. Will you walk a few paces down the quay with me?"

Somewhat reluctantly the traveller allowed himself to be led out of earshot of the small crowd waiting to see the boat sail on her journey to France.

"You are Reginald Wakefield," said the stranger. "I am Detective-Inspector Morris, and arrest you for fraud."

"I am not."

"Pooh, sir, it is useless to deny it. I know your face well, and I recognised you in spite of your having shaved your beard."

The traveller started and looked keenly at the detective. It was evident from his expression that he was thinking deeply.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose it is no use arguing the matter here, as I can hardly expect you to accept my explanation. There is a mistake somewhere."

"Very well, sir. I must now warn you that anything you may say will be repeated at your trial."

"My trial," said the stranger, with some surprise. "Then I am not arrested merely on suspicion?"

"I can't go into that, but I may say that there is a very strong case against you, and that in attempting to leave the country you have done a very foolish thing. You must please come to London with me. It wouldn't do you any harm now; at the same time it would oblige me if you would admit your name's Wakefield."

"My name is Wakefield," the traveller replied, with a faint smile.

* * * * *

"I suppose it's all right," said the Inspector-in-charge, who had just sent the prisoner Wakefield to the cells; "but you know there are two Mr. Wakefields, and they're generally supposed to be very much alike?"

"I know that," replied Detective-Inspector Morris. "Caine, who has this case in hand, told me so. But Mr. Robert Wakefield has been in New Zealand for years now, or else he's dead. I understand no one has heard anything of him for a long while."

"I suppose it's all right, then. How did he take it?"

"Pretty cool. I don't think he twigged what I wanted. When I told him he went very white and looked a good deal put out. He turned moody and thoughtful, and hardly spoke to me all the way up. But he made no attempt to deny he was Reginald Wakefield—in fact, he admitted it."

"I suppose it's all right, then."

"Besides, the three chief witnesses identified him the moment he entered this room."

"That is so."

Later in the day Reginald Wakefield was taken before the magistrates and charged with defrauding three persons for whom he had acted as legal adviser. Only formal evidence of arrest was taken, and he was remanded to Holloway for a week.

He had not been under arrest a full day when he was informed by a prison warder that a visitor had presented an order to see him, and was waiting for an interview.

Wakefield nodded his consent to the interview, and a few minutes later was alone, face to face, with the wife of his brother.

She was dressed plainly in black, which accentuated the pallor of her complexion. But, despite these disadvantages, she was as lovely as when Wakefield had first known her.

Robert Wakefield gazed at her and she at him. Neither spoke for some seconds, but the silence was more eloquent than words.

"You did not expect to meet me?" he suggested. "Perhaps you have even forgotten me?"

"Oh, no," she replied slowly. "I thought it must be you, for I knew it was not Reggie. He has gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes. He heard the night before last that a warrant had been issued for him, and he went away at once."

She put her face in her hands and began to sob softly to herself.

"Then he is not prepared to defend himself?" he said gravely, in a tone of mild reproach.

"No," she said in a whisper. "No; he confessed everything to me before he left."

"How came he to do it?"

"Oh, in desperation," she replied, dropping her arms to her sides in a way which emphasized the words. He was in difficulties—dreadful difficulties. Things have been going very badly with him ever since our marriage. He thought he could refund the money before he was discovered. He couldn't, he couldn't!"

"I see," said Robert, thoughtfully. "But you; how is it that you, whom everybody believed to be on the other side of the earth, come to be arrested for Reggie? That is what I came to ask you. Tell me that."

"Because I was mistaken for him," he responded. "I was in Paris on business, and I came over to see all my old friends just for an hour or so. When I arrived in London I changed my mind and decided to get straight back." He paused, as if his explanation hurt him. "I was going back, just getting aboard the Channel steamer, when a detective, who was watching the boats in the hope that Reggie might attempt to leave the country by that port, stopped and arrested me."

"Why did you let him? Why did you not tell him who you were?"

"Firstly, because he would not have believed me; secondly, because I wanted to give Reggie a chance to get away if he were guilty; thirdly, because—oh, perhaps I didn't care."

"You have allowed yourself to be arrested, charged, and brought here to give a chance of escape to your brother?" she said.

"And your husband."

She raised her eyes to his and read in his expression something which gave her understanding. She turned aside, sadly, asking:—

"And what are you going to do now?"

"It rests with you, Florence—let me call you that. As your husband's brother I have a right to call you Florence."

"You have a greater right than that," she replied. "You have done for Reggie and for me a thing no one else would have done."

"I would do more to save you any suffering, and I think I can," he said tenderly. "So long as the police are satisfied that I am the man they want, Reggie is safe if he keeps out of the country; but the moment they learn that I am Robert Wakefield Reggie will be pursued, and the world will not be big enough for him to evade capture."

"I know, I know!"

"His disgrace would be your disgrace, Florence; and your child would grow up to learn he was the son of an ex-convict."

"Oh, don't—don't! How can you say such things?" she said, burying her face in her hands.

"I want you to understand the position of things," he replied earnestly. "On the other hand, I have no wife, no child, no friends to share a shame which may befall me."

"What do you mean by this?" she cried, laying a hand upon his arm and gazing eagerly into his face.

"I mean that I love you, Florence—"

"Stop!"

"That I left England to make a fortune that I might be in a position to ask you to be my wife," he went on, passionately. "I have not yet made a fortune, but I have done very well, and the fortune is only waiting to be made. Well, I am here, charged with my brother's crime, and for your sake, Florence, I am ready to pay the penalty in his stead. You can doubtless find him. Go to him and tell him. Take your child with you. Take them to New Zealand, and let him take my place while I take his. There will be no difficulty in that. In this way you will benefit by my hard work; and all my lonely hours of labor and all my dear dreams of its being all for you will not have been wasted—not quite wasted."

"I couldn't do it—I couldn't."

"Not to save the man you love—the father of your child? Not to save yourself and them from ruin and disgrace?"

"Why should I let so great an injustice be done to you—you who have just shown yourself to be the noblest of men?"

"Do you think that the injustice and the imprisonment—if it comes to that—will be all wretchedness for me?" he said, taking one of her hands. "It's not the reward I thought my love would bring; but it is for you—for you alone; and for your sake I would do it gladly. That is why you must and shall agree. You will prepare to leave England to-morrow, to join Reggie. Send your lawyer to me in the meantime and I will arrange everything with him and he will see you before you leave."

"Oh, Robert! How can you tempt me to be so selfish? How can I—thinking what it means to Reggie and our boy—how can I refuse?"

"Then agree and go, or we may be surprised when it would least suit us. A new home, fortune, and future are waiting for you in New Zealand—a home and fortune which are really yours, for they were made for you. Stay there until you hear from me, and may Heaven bless you."

"Oh, and may Heaven bless you!" she cried, seizing both his hands passionately.

There were sounds of feet approaching the door. The woman hesitated. Her face was radiant with hope, her eyes glistened with tears. She bent forward suddenly and kissed both his hands.

"For Reggie," she murmured. She quickly drew down his head and kissed him fervently on his brow. "For my baby boy," she sobbed. "As for me—my whole life shall reflect my gratitude."

At that instant the door opened and, crying gently to herself, she went out.

* * * * *

". . . Throughout the proceedings the demeanor of the prisoner has been callous to an extraordinary degree. Despite his plea of innocence he has refused all offers of legal assistance, and he has appeared absolutely indifferent to the evidence. Even when the sentence of three years' imprisonment was passed upon him he made no sign that he heard or cared. The only words he has been heard to utter in court were his low-murmured 'I am innocent.'"—London Tit-Bits.

WHOLESALE VACCINATIONS

SOME DOCTORS WITH CURIOUS RECORDS.

Remarkable Operation by a London Surgeon.—Man With an Artificial Tongue.

In a recent railway accident, a resident at Brighton was so shockingly injured that all hope of saving his life was abandoned. The bone of his spine was crushed and splintered so that the least movement would result in the breaking of the spinal cord and instant death. A London surgeon was called down to the Brighton Hospital, where the man lay, and proceeded to lay bare the spine, and fit over the bone a steel casing. The patient can now walk and ride a bicycle as well as ever.

The first man who ever dared to go to the root of consumption, and cut out the diseased lung, was Professor Molle, demonstrator in surgery to the Madrid University Hospital. The patient was the wife of Rear-Admiral Ferry. Her left lung was in such a state that her case had been pronounced hopeless. The affected lung was laid bare, and the diseased portions cleansed with antiseptic solutions, and cauterised. The operation was successful.

There need be no more hunchbacks. Not, at any rate, if children affected with curvature of the spine can be submitted to the head of the new Rothschild Hospital, London. He has straightened the backs of

THIRTY-SEVEN CHILDREN.

His method is most simple. It consists in pressing down the curved hump of the backbone until the vertebræ resume their proper position, and then putting the sufferer in plaster-of-Paris.

A Welsh quarryman named Wilkes attempted to pound up some coarse blasting-powder in an ordinary coffee-mill. The explosion that resulted burnt him so shockingly that no one imagined he could survive. Drf Bailey, of Cardiff, happened to be at hand, and immediately had the man swathed in blankets soaked in picric acid. Wilkes is now very nearly well, and able to walk about. He presents rather a peculiar appearance, for his skin is quite yellow from the acid, and his hair is a greenish hue.

Artificial noses, ears, and eyes are common enough, but probably Dr. Frederick Bradley, of Edinburgh, is the only surgeon who ever fitted a man with an artificial tongue. A patient called Henderson was accidentally shot through the face. His tongue was injured, and it became necessary to remove it. He got well but could eat no solid food, as he had no tongue left to pass it back into the æsophagus. So an artificial tongue was made of red rubber. Then Dr. Bradley fitted a bar of German silver across Henderson's mouth, between two of the back teeth. Around this bar a tube of the same metal was fixed, of sufficient size to rotate easily on the bar. The new tongue was arranged on this tube, and the inner end of it placed under the base of the stump of the real tongue. Henderson can now talk and eat

WITH EASE AND FREEDOM.

When smallpox broke out at Gloucester, England, a few years ago, the doctors of the town vaccinated 400 to 700 people a day. But this record was absolutely smashed by the work of five doctors at the King's County Hospital for the Insane. Smallpox broke out one day last November among the inmates, and within twenty-four hours the medical staff had vaccinated every one of the 2,500 patients.

"It is not so much the brains of paupers, lunatics, and criminals that I want, as those of great and clever people," says Dr. Wilder, who is the possessor of a wonderful collection of over 700 different human brains. It is the first private collection in the world, and its owner has added much to medical science by studying it.

For queer prescriptions, Dr. Gruby who died recently in Paris, holds the palm. "You must walk up and down your room after each meal," he said to one stout old lady. "taking just 2,010 steps up and down the room, and 580 across it." The effort of counting did the patient's strongest mind as much good as the exercise did body.

WITHIN PRISON WALLS.

Weddings Celebrated Amid Sad Surroundings.

While weddings are usually, and very properly, associated with happiness and hilarity, there are some which have more than a little of pathos or tragedy in them.

It is not many months since the Russian town of Witebok witnessed a wedding ceremony the conditions of which were peculiarly sad. The bridegroom was a local watchmaker who had been sentenced to ten years' transportation to the Siberian mines for coining false money. At the time of his conviction he was engaged to be married to the daughter of a priest, who bravely insisted, in spite of the pleading of her father and friends, on marrying her lover at once. By permission of the authorities the ceremony was performed within the prison walls, the bridegroom wearing his chains and the bride a mourning dress. The honeymoon was spent by the bride thus strangely wed in making preparations to follow her husband into exile.

Another wedding even more dramatic than this was celebrated a few years ago in Cuba. The bridegroom was a Cuban patriot and poet, a man of rare character and abilities who had been arrested on a charge of conspiracy against Spanish rule and

SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.

At the time he was on the eve of marrying a charming young girl of Irish extraction. When their love-dream was thus cruelly shattered the devoted girl begged and won permission to be married to her lover on the very day of his execution. The ceremony was performed in the presence of gaolers and a guard of soldiers; and immediately after its conclusion, and after an affecting parting, the young husband was led out to the place of execution and shot.

In the French penal settlement of New Caledonia marriages between male and female convicts are not only allowed but encouraged by the authorities. Periodically the male deportes are allowed to inspect the female convicts who are eligible and to select wives from them. If, after a period of probabtion, they are dissatisfied with their choice they are allowed to make a fresh selection. Under such conditions of choice it is little wonder that these marriages which are celebrated in prison, are entered into with a light heart and with considerable zest.

The conditions of a recent marriage in a Berlin prison were very different. A young man who had been sentenced to two years imprisonment for embezzlement, was engaged to be married to the daughter of his employer, who was not altogether displeased at this effectual way, as he thought, of getting rid of an

UNDESIRABLE SON-IN-LAW.

Unfortunately, the convict's health broke down under prison discipline and fare, and news reached his fiancee that he was dying in the gaol infirmary. She was allowed to see him; and, finding that his case was hopeless, she determined to make his last moments happy by marrying him. Under such peculiarly sad conditions it was not difficult to get the requisite permission; and the chaplain of the prison read the marriage service by the dying man's bedside. The service was scarcely concluded when the wife thus strangely wed became a widow.

That there is no limit to the devotion or infatuation of some women was proved a very short time ago. A man had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a brutal attack (due to jealousy) on the girl to whom he was engaged. As he left the prison-gates on the completion of his sentence the first one to greet him was the very girl whom he had assaulted, and shortly after they were married by a license which she herself had procured in view of his release.

THE WATCH.

Wind your watch in the morning, and not at night, as directly after winding it works best, and can thus better stand the constant movement of its wearer during the day. Keep it as nearly as possible in the same position—that is, if worn in the pocket during the day, do not lay it down quite flat at night. Avoid sudden changes of temperature; do not wear it in a warm pocket all day, and hang it on a cold wall at night. Clean out the pocket in which it is kept frequently, or dust is certain to get into it.

Towns in the United Kingdom now own municipal property valued at over 88 millions, and make 3½ millions clear yearly on this investment.

ADVERTISING THE NAVY.

GALA DAYS AND BOAT RACES BRING IN RECRUITS.

How the Recruiting Is Carried On.—It Is Considered an Important Duty.

No business can be successfully run without advertisement. Moreover, that advertisement must be maintained both continuously and, if possible, upon a constantly increasing scale. The man who "economises" in the matter of advertisement loses money.

A certain firm of soap-makers, which originally spent $5,000 a year on advertising, resolved to reduce this amount by one-half. The result was a sudden falling off of business, which it took three years' expenditure at $7,250 a year to redeem.

It is the same in the navy; more especially in that portion of it which deals with the raising of recruits. To the non-naval man, it is always somewhat of a mystery why the navy should have more than sufficient recruits at the very time that the army authorities find themselves forced to threaten conscription. As a matter of fact the explanation is simple. The navy knows how to advertise—and does it; the army doesn't.

Naval recruiting is principally carried on in three ways. The Midlands and practically all inland centers, such as Oxford, Cambridge, Birmingham, and Glasgow, are worked by the Royal Marine Recruiting Staff, acting under the direct supervision of the Inspector of Marine Recruiting. This nighly responsible officer conducts his operations from Spring Gardens, Trafalgar Square, London, right under the shadow, as it were, of the Nelson Column.

The entire coast of the British Isles is split up into countless coastguard stations, at each of which the raising of recruits is considered an important item of duty. There are also the

GREAT NAVAL STATIONS,

at Portsmouth, Chatham, Sheerness, Devonport, Pembroke Dock, and Queenstown, and the Royal Navy Reserve drill ships at such big commercial shipping centres.

Lastly, but by no means least, come those port-to-port visitations of squadrons and signal ships, which are the best of all naval advertisements. Until within the last few years these visitations were of a more or less haphazard nature. They were chiefly confined to the vessels of the Training Squadron and Channel Fleet at such seasons as it could best be spared from its important patrol of Western Europe, for the British Channel Fleet is equally at home in Norway and Gibraltar as at Portsmouth and Chatham.

In July 1894, however, H. M. S. Northampton was experimentally commissioned at Chatham with the idea of supplying the long felt want of a vessel which would make a continuous recruiting tour of the British Isles. Her more particular quarry was to be the large class of youths between sixteen and a half and eighteen years who had hitherto been too old for the old three-decker harbor training ships and too young for entry as stokers or artisans.

The experiment has proved a great success, and the numbers recruited have so increased that two additional vessels, the Curacoa and the historic Calliope (the vessel which, thanks to British engineers and British seamanship, gallant Captain Kane brought safely out of Samoa harbor in the teeth of that terrific hurricane in the eighties which overwhelmed his German and American rivals), have since been added to

THE SAME SERVICE.

The vessels work with Chatham, Devonport and Portsmouth as their respective headquarters and make regular tours of the British Isles, visiting such widely separated places as Stornaway, Oban, Torquay and Yarmouth.

As their presence at a seaside resort is always a welcome addition to the local attractions, mayors and corporations are usually only too glad to fall in with and aid the advertisers by every means in their power. This, indeed, applies to all of His Majesty's ships, more especially to the 14,000 ton battleships of the Channel Fleet.

A visit on a gala day to one of these steel girt monsters is not readily forgotten. The children are catered for by a special arrangement of the steam capstans, which, when rigged up with spokes and chairs, form the most exhilarating roundabouts imaginable. The older folks are regaled by the sweet strains of the ship's band; whilst those of an imaginative or mechanical turn of mind will find heaps to interest them in the working of the guns, from the tiny Maxims with their 600 shots a minute, up to the huge 16-ton wire-guns which are mounted in pairs in the vessel's barbettes, and can throw a twelve-inch projectile weighing 850 pounds three parts of the way from Dover to Calais. There are few better advertisements for the British Fleet than the British battleship.

A very taking evolution when ships are anchored inshore is that of pulling round the fleet. At a given signal from the flagship, every available ship's boat is manned, the lines rattle through the davits, and a mad rush ensues round the anchored leviathans. A similar battle takes place when the ship's launches. This contest can be made very exciting. The effect of these ocean Derbys upon the sporting element of possible "recruitys" ashore is very marked.

King Edward VII. is the first British monarch to play golf since the days of James II.

Newgate Prison, which will shortly be removed, was first built in the 12th century, but was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, and again in the Gordon riots of 1780.

MARVELLOUS MYSTERIES.

IN LONDON HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE VANISH IN A YEAR

Suddenly and Uncannily Spirited Away From Under the Very Noses of Friends.

There is always a peculiar fascination attaching to the case of the man or woman who is whisked away, at a moment's notice, into the realms of the unknown. And such mysterious disappearances are, perhaps, far more common than is generally supposed. In London alone many hundreds of people vanish utterly in the course of a year. And a very large proportion of these, no doubt, efface themselves voluntarily; but there are plenty of genuine and well-authenticated instances in which the circumstances and general environment of the victims absolutely preclude the entertaining of any such supposition.

It is not more than five or six years ago, for instance, since the sensational evanishment of Mr. George Fitch, a wealthy stockbroker, startled and alarmed London. The missing gentleman was of quiet habits, with a substantial balance at his banker's and, so far as was known, no private worries whatever. He left his office for his home in the suburbs one evening at the usual time, but never arrived, nor was any trace of him seen again from that day to this, although a reward of $5,000 was promptly offered.

At about the time when half the amateur detectives in London were hunting for Mr. Fitch, another strange case of sudden disappearance under exceptionally romantic and painful circumstances, was engaging the attention of the British Foreign Office. Mr. C. Fitzgerald, an English journalist of repute, had set out on a journey from Sofia to Vienna. He never reached his destination, and, although every effort was made to trace his movements, the secret of his fate is

EVEN YET UNSOLVED.

It is said that, at the time of his disappearance, he was carrying important despatches for the Bulgarian Government, and, if this be true, he probably fell a victim to one of the numerous oath-bound political associations with which that turbulent principality has always been honeycombed.

Mr. Fitzgerald's case brings to mind a similar strange occurrence which took place in the early part of the last century. The victim was Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, a kinsman of Lord Bathurst, who was sent on a secret mission to Vienna at the time that England, before opening the Peninsular Campaign, sought to persuade Austria to declare, by way of distraction, was against France. On reaching Perleberg, in Brandenburg, a couple of sentries were told off to mount guard over the inn where he stopped, and on his setting forward on his journey towards nightfall he thanked them, and told them they might withdraw. They did so, and while all the household was on the alert to see him off he walked beyond the circle of the lantern-glare and was lost to sight at the head of the horses. This occurred on November 25th, 1804, and Mr. Bathurst was never seen or heard of more, notwithstanding that England offered $10,000 and Prussia half that sum for any evidence that would elucidate the mystery of his fate.

But there is another class of mysterious disappearance far more weird and uncanny than the foregoing. It is at least possible that both Fitzgerald and Bathurst fell into the carefully laid plot of some political adversary; but what shall be said of the case of a man suddenly and uncannily spirited away from under the very noses, as it were, of his friends and relations? A typical example of this occurred some forty years ago near the village of Haslemere, in Surrey, England.

One morning a respectable farmer named Williamson started to cross a big meadow near his house, for the purpose of giving some instructions to a man who was working on the other side. He trudged along, whistling and singing, to the middle of the field, and there suddenly and

UNACCOUNTABLY VANISHED.

There was no wall, no ditch, no bush even, which could have concealed the missing man for a moment. His wife, who was standing at the door with her baby in her arms watching him, screamed out, "He's gone! He's gone! What an awful thing!" and fell to the ground unconscious. When she revived her reason had fled, and two other women, neighbors, who witnessed the strange occurrence, received so severe a fright that they were unable to pursue their accustomed vocations for many weeks afterwards. No light was ever thrown upon this mystery, and to this day the strangest stories are afloat in the district concerning it.

A similar case to the above occurred some years back on the south coast, except that on this occasion no one was present when the actual translation, disappearance, call it what you will, took place. From a house situated on the main road between Steyning and Bramber, in Sussex, England, about nine o'clock in the evening, a lad of thirteen named Charles Ashmore was sent with a bucket to a well 100 yards or so distant to procure water. As he did not return the family became anxious, and his father set out with a lantern to seek him. A light coating of snow covered the ground, though none was falling or had fallen for some hours, and the footsteps of the boy were distinctly traced to a spot about half-way between the house and the well. At this point they suddenly ceased, nothing but the unbroken surface of the snow being visible in front and all around, nor was any trace of the unhappy lad found from that day to this. The well was thickly coated with ice, and had certainly not been disturbed for many hours.

Deaths by fire average 27 in 10,000 of all deaths.

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, September 3.—Wheat—The market is quiet. Old red and white for milling are still quoted at 66c middle freights; new is quoted at 65c for 60 pounds to the bushel middle freights. No. 2 goose is held at 64½c middle freights and No. 1 spring at 67c east. Manitoba wheat is steady. No. 1 hard is quoted at 84c grinding in transit and No. 2 hard at 82c; it is worth 2c less for local delivery, Toronto and west.

Flour—The market is easier and sales of 90 per cent. Ontario patents in buyers' bags middle freights were reported at $2.58, which is equal to $2.88 in barrels. Choice brands are held 15 to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is unchanged at $4 for Hungarian patents and $3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots, bags included, on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—The market is steady. Shorts are quoted at $11.50 to $14 and bran at $11.50 to $12 in cars west.

Barley—The market is firmer at 44c for No. 2 old middle freights and 42c for new feed west.

Corn—Is easier. Canada yellow mixed was bought to-day at 53c Toronto. American mixed is dull at 68c Toronto.

Oats—The market is easier. Old are quoted at 35c for No. 2 middle freights; new No. 2 white were bought to-day at 32½c middle freights. They are held generally at 33 to 33½c.

Oatmeal—Unchanged at $4 for cars of barrels and $3.90 for bags Toronto, and 30c more for broken lots.

Peas—The market is unchanged. Old peas are quoted at 70c middle freights and new at 67c.

PROVISIONS.

The market for all lines hog product continues strong with a good steady demand. No special feature.

Pork—Canada short cut, $21; heavy mess $20 to $21.50.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear, tons and cases, 11½c, and small lots at 12c; breakfast bacon, 15 to 16c; hams, 14 to 14½c; rolls, 12c; shoulders, 11½c; backs, 15½ to 16c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Pierces 11½c, tubs 11½c and pails 11¾c.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Receipts of grain on the street market here to-day, 2,200 bushels; wheat steady, barley higher and oats firmer.

Wheat—Two hundred bushels of red and white fall wheat sold at 73c for old and 69½c to 72c for new. One hundred bushels of goose sold higher at 69 to 69½c.

Barley—Seven hundred bushels sold at 4c higher at 52c to 55½c.

Oats—A thousand bushels sold firmer at 41½c for old and 36½ to 37c for new.

Rye—One load sold steady at 51½c.

Hay and Straw—Twenty loads of new hay sold at $9 to $11 a ton, and five loads of straw at $9 to $10.50 a ton.

The general market was quiet and prices were steady, as quoted in the table:—

We quote:—		
Wheat, white, old and new	$ .69½	$ .73
do red, old and new	.69½	.73
do goose	.69	.69½
Rye	.51½	.00
Barley	.52	.55½
Oats, old	.41½	.00
do new	.36½	.37
Hay, old, per ton	13.00	0.00
do new	9.00	11.00
Straw	9.00	10.50
Butter, pound rolls	.19	.22
do crocks	.18	.20
Eggs, new laid	.13	.16
do held stock	.12	.13
Chickens, old, pair	.50	.75
do spring, per pair	.50	.80
Ducks, per pair	.60	.75
Turkeys, per lb	.11	.13
Apples, per basket	.40	.00
Beets, per doz	.10	.15
Beans, butter, per bu	.60	.75
Cabbages, per doz	.30	.40
Carrots, per doz	.15	.00
Cauliflower, per doz	1.00	1.50
Celery, per doz	.40	.50
Corn, green, doz	.07	.10
Cucumbers, long	.75	.90
do small, per basket	.15	.00
Egg plant, each	.05	.10
Lettuce, per doz	.15	.25
Onions, green, doz	.15	.25
Parsley, per doz	.15	.20
Parsnips, per doz	.35	.00
Peas, green, peck	.35	.00
Potatoes, per bush	.60	.75
do per peck	.20	.25
Squash, each	.15	.20
Tomatoes, per basket	.15	.25
Turnips, per doz	.25	.30
Vegetable marrow, doz	.75	1.25
Dressed hogs, per cwt	9.25	9.50
Beef, hindquarters	7.00	9.00
do forequarters	4.50	6.00
do carcases, choice	6.50	7.25
do common	4.50	5.00
Lambs, yearling, lb	.06	.07
do spring	.09	.09½
Mutton, per cwt	6.00	7.50
Veal calves, light, lb	.07	08
do choice, per lb	.08	.09

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The market is toppy and many dealers look for lower prices. Dairy pound rolls are quoted steady at 17 to 18c for choice; tubs, crocks and pails of good quality fetch 16 to 17c; common is quoted at 12 to 15c. Creamery is unchanged at 21½c for prints and 20½c for packages; ordinary creamery is worth about 19 to 20c.

Eggs—There is, if anything, a firmer feeling. Select eggs hold at 12½c and fresh gathered at 11½ to 12c. Seconds are quoted at 7c to 9c.

Potatoes—The market is steady. Job lots are quoted at 60 to 70c and stock out of store at 70 to 75c.

Baled Hay—There is a good demand at $8 to $8.50 per ton for oew hay, car lots on track here.

Baled Straw—Steady at $5 per ton for car lots on track Toronto.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 3.—Trade at the Western Cattle Market to-day was fairly good. The run was pretty heavy, 68 loads—969 cattle, 1,000 hogs, 1,654 sheep and lambs and 48 calves. Prices all round were practically unchanged. The demand for all lines was steady and stock was well cleared out.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt	$ 4.75	$ 5.15
do medium, per cwt	4.25	4.05
do cows, per cwt	3.50	4.00
do bulls	3.00	3.50
Butchers' cattle, picked lots	4.50	4.75
do choice	4.00	4.50
do fair	3.50	4.00
do common	3.00	3.50
do cows	3.00	3.75
Bulls, export, heavy, per cwt	3.75	4.25
do light, per cwt	3.50	3.75
Feeders, short-keep	3.85	4.25
do medium	3.50	3.75
do light	3.25	3.50
Stockers, 400 to 600 pounds	3.00	3.25
do off-colors and bulls	2.00	3.00
Milch cows, each	30.00	45.00
Sheep, export, ewes, per cwt	3.40	3.60
do bucks, per cwt	2.50	3.00
do culls, each	2.00	3.00
Lambs, each	3.00	3.50
do per cwt	4.00	4.50
Calves, per head	2.00	10.00
Hogs, choice, per cwt	7.25	0.00
Hogs, corn-fed, per cwt	7.00	0.00
Hogs, light, per cwt	6.75	0.00
Hogs, fat, per cwt	6.75	0.00
Sows, per cwt	4.00	4.50

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, September 3.—Flour firm; good demand. Spring wheat, little doing; No. 1 northern old, 77¾c; do new, 76c. Winter wheat easier; No. 2 red 74½c; No. 1 white, 76c. Corn lower and dull; No. 2 yellow, 61c; No. 3 do, 60½c; No. 2 corn, 60½c; No. 3 do, 59½c. Oats quiet and fairly steady; No. 2 white, 38½c; No. 3 do, 38½c; No. 2 mixed, 37c; No. 3 do, 36½c. Barley, nothing doing. Rye dull; No. 2, 59c on track.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, September 3.—Flour—Receipts, 29,309 brls; exports, 5,841 brls; sales, 12,700 pkgs; firm; held at 10c above buyers' views. Rye flour steady. Cornmeal dull. Rye easier; No. 2 western, 61¼c f. o. b. afloat. Barley dull. Wheat—Receipts, 59,400 bush; sales, 2,675,000 bush futures and 240,000 bush spot; spot easy; No. 2 red, 76½c f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 red, 74½c elevator; No. 1 northern Duluth, 77¼c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 hard Duluth, 83¼c f.o.b. afloat; options opened easy on account of large northwest receipts; recovering they had a good advance on firmer cables, a demand from shorts and large seabord clearances, but finally yielded again to realizing, closing rather weak at ¼c net decline; September, 75¼ to 75¼c; October, 75¾ to 76c, closed at 75½c; December, 77 1-16c to 77¾c, closed at 77¼c. Corn—Receipts, 71,900 bush; exports, 10,600 bush; sales, 260,000 bush; spot easy; No. 2, 60¼c elevator and 61¼c f.o.b. afloat; option market opened off a little with wheat, but became strong on cables, some bullish crop advices, southwest buying and general covering; later it turned weak with wheat, closing at ¼c to ¾c net decline; September, 60¼ to 60¼c, closed at 60¼c; December, 60¾ to 62c, closed at 60¾c. Oats—Receipts, 99,000 bushels; exports, 140 bush; spot easier; No. 2, 38¼c; No.3, 38c; No. 2 white, 40¼ to 40½c; No. 3 white, 40c; track mixed western, 38 to 39c; track white, 39¼ to 47¼c; options irregular and fairly active, following corn.

BOUNDARY SURVEY.

Dominion Officials Preparing for the Fall Work.

A despatch from Grand Forks, B. C., says:—R. W. Brock, of the Dominion Geological Survey, is here for the purpose of making a geological and topographical survey of the boundary district. Last season he covered the region bounded on the south by the international boundary, on the east by the Columbia River, on the north by Fire Valley, and on the west by the north fork of Kettle River. The results will be published in a series of colored maps showing the configuration of the country, the watercourses, streams, trails, and mineral belts, etc. The maps giving the results of last season's operations are not yet available, owing to the death of the late Dr. Dawson, director of the survey.

With the boundary line as a base, the area to be surveyed this season will embrace the territory lying between the north fork of the Kettle River on the east, and the Okanagan Lake, and northward one hundred miles. There will be a good deal of triangulation work, and the height of all the peaks and ranges will be determined. Mr. Brock will also visit the recently discovered coal fields on the west fork of the north branch of Kettle River. He will begin his operations on the peaks near this city. Mr. Brock will be accompanied to the Volcanic Mine by R. A. Brown, the owner.

YOUNG BUT VICIOUS.

Gang of Boys Arrested for Tampering With Railway Appliances

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Half a dozen Ottawa boys were arrested on Wednesday, upon the arrival of the Canada Atlantic train from the west, and are held for trial charged with having tampered with seals on cars, interfered with safety appliances, and endangered the lives of employees and railway property. It appears that the boys, whose ages range from 12 to 16 years, had been stealing rides between Ottawa and Parry Sound for a week past and cutting up capers generally. They were captured at Madawaska yesterday by the conductor of a freight train, who shipped them to Ottawa.

NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Very Latest Items From All Parts of the Globe.

DOMINION.

Kingston is infested with sneak thieves.

It is proposed to bring all the surrounding municipalities into a greater Montreal.

Land speculators from the United States continue their invasions of Manitoba.

Good progress is being made in the construction of the new breakwater at Port Colborne.

Donald A. McNaughton of Kingston, has been appointed classical master of the Tunbridge school, in England.

The Canadian Government has been invited by the State Department at Washington to take part in the Good Roads Congress to be held at Buffalo September 15th to September 21st.

Ald. Pettigrew of Hamilton Council has given notice of motion that the council, if in its power, enact a bylaw to levy a license on each fire insurance company doing business within the municipality.

The next bulletin to be issued by the Census Department will give the population by sex and social condition. It is not likely to be issued for some time, as it involves a lot of compilation.

Through the efforts of the officers of the Dominion Department of the Interior there has been a great saving of timber in the west. Rangers have been appointed to guard the various districts, and the result of the vigilance of these men is that millions of feet of timber are now standing which would otherwise have been destroyed.

FOREIGN.

In Berlin there is a growing crusade against corsets.

Anarchists are being watched in anticipation of the Czar's visit to Paris.

Robert Kraus, the famous sculptor, has been adjudged insane and taken to the asylum at Danvers, Mass.

At Lima, Ohio, George Anspaugh while drunk assaulted his wife, knocked her down and poured red pepper into her eyes, blinding her for life.

Dean Cowper, of Sydney, has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday. He is hale and hearty, and takes part in the cathedral services nearly every Sunday.

There are reports of Kurdish atrocities in the hill districts of Armenia and of fighting between Turks and Bulgarians in Macedonia, several persons being killed at Pawsonwitz.

Ira Godfrey, a Bussey, Iowa, farmer, aged 60, died from carbolic acid poisoning. While under the influence of liquor the bottle of acid broke in his pocket and the liquid became mixed with the liquor.

William Woodruff, a recluse on account of disappointment in love, visited Winsted, Conn., for the first time in thirty years to buy an apple pie. He has never seen a steamboat, and has never ridden on a steam or electric car.

Statistics of the volume of Russian trade from January to June of this year show that Russia imported from the United States 16,000,000 roubles more than she exported to the United States. Imports of iron, steel, hardware, and machinery show great falling off.

The Czar and Czarina, during their sojourn in France, will be accompanied by Count Lamsdorff, the Foreign Minister, and General Frederickszz, aide-de-camp of the Emperor. The time of the visit is fixed for five days, and it is expected that President Loubet will return the courtesy in 1902.

One of the Auckland newspapers describes an interesting incident which occurred during the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to New Zealand. After the Duchess had alighted from the coach at Ohinemutu and was proceeding towards the village square there was a muddy patch in the road, and as soon as this was observed a native clergyman named Ratama Te Awe Kotuku snatched off his korowai mat, and threw it down for her Royal Highness to pass over. The graceful act was gracefully acknowledged.

A BLAZING WELCOME.

Illuminations Preparing for the Royal Visit.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—According to Mr. A. Gobeil, Deputy Minister of Public Works, who has just returned from Quebec, the Ophir with the royal party on board will easily make that port by September 16, unless delayed by bad weather. Mr. Gobeil says that arrangements have been made for bonfires to blaze on the lofty eminences around Quebec on the night of the arrival of their Royal Highnesses. These bonfires will be composed of logs having in their center combustible materials, and will be forty or fifty feet high. A rocket will be sent up from Quebec, and at this signal the bonfires will burst into flame. The spectacle will be viewed by the royal party from the bastion of the Citadel. The work of preparing the decorations in Ottawa are now well under way, and the authorities are giving consideration to the arrangements for decorating the public buildings in Toronto and other places. Mr. Curry, the architect for the Public Works Department at Toronto, has been here consulting with Chief Architect Ewart regarding the plans. It is thought that the General Postoffice in Toronto will receive the most attention, and the probability is that it will be illuminated by electricity in the same manner as the Parliament buildings here, that is to say, the main entrance and all the windows in the front of the structure will be strung with electric lights. The likelihood also is that the Venetian masts and banners displayed here will afterwards be sent on to be used in Toronto. The Ottawa Lumbermen's Committee have started work on the shanty which is to be erected in Rockliffe Park with the object of displaying for the edification of the royal visitors a picture of lumbering operations in the woods. The cabin will be constructed entirely of hewn logs, no nails or iron work being used. In it will be a huge open fire-place and bunks for the men. About 25 trees have been selected which will be felled by the axemen and cleared of their branches. Roads are to be cleared and other operations carried on as they were before lumbering became modernized. The royal party are to be taken on board cribs at Thompson's Bay above Chaudiere. These cribs will shoot the slides. They will then be towed from the foot of the slides to a point below Rockliffe. The royal visitors are to land there and proceed to the scenes of the operations referred to above.

GEN. FRENCH'S STRATEGY.

Drove Gen. Kritzinger Across the Orange River.

A despatch from London says:—Details are at length to hand in which Kritzinger was driven across the Orange River by an admirably planned movement of Gen. French. This resulted in the complete disorganization of the invaders' strength in the Colony.

On the night of the 9th inst. Kritzinger slept to the south of Naauwpoort Stormberg line, near Thebus. His forces were much scattered and demoralized. Col. Crabbe was lying the same night in close proximity to the enemy. Both pursuers and pursued were greatly wearied and exhausted. On the night of the 11th Kritzinger himself and a few followers managed to cross the line near Thebus, while the bulk of his forces crossed at Schoenbie, moving north beyond the Zuurberg.

Meanwhile, Col. Gorringe had marched to Stormfontein, via Shauks, while Kritzinger, ignorant of this new danger, led his men to Roosfontein. There, on the afternoon of the 13th, they fell into Gorringe's hands, and received severe punishment. It was in this action that Commandant Cachet was mortally wounded and Kritzinger's secretary was taken prisoner.

Escaping hurriedly, the Boers marched north-west towards Transvaalkrantz, but, hawklike, Captains Nickalls and Sandeman were watching their movements, and during the night moved north from Steynsburg, while Col. Crabbe, whose force had by this time recovered from its fatigue, marched northwards from the western spur of the Zuurberg. Col. Gorringe also continued the pursuit, and caught up the enemy on the following afternoon in the Doornkloof Mountains. Kritzinger himself just managed to escape. Col. Gorringe, however, still followed the spoor, while Col. Crabbe moved to Tygershoek, and Captains Nickalls and Sandeman extended their forces with a wide front towards Venterstadt, in order to prevent the enemy breaking back. It was intended that this driving line, by the gradual closing in of its rough crescent formation, should finally take the form of a circle; but on the morning of the 15th Kritzinger, accompanied by remnants of his force, numbering about 100 men, crossed the Orange River at Frank's Drift. The enemy were vigorously shelled from the top of a small kopje on the north bank of the river. Many of the enemy were on foot, and all appeared to be thoroughly demoralized.

The expulsion of Kritzinger from the colony, which was one of the objects of General French's movements, was thus accomplished. Only those who know the difficulties of the country, which are intensified for the British by the absence of local information owing to the disaffection of the majority of the inhabitants, can appreciate the magnitude of the task. While it is always possible that Kritzinger may return it is considered unlikely that after this first experience of a really hard pursuit he will attempt to re-enter the colony unless he is able to gather together a greater force than before.

COMMANDOES HUSTLED.

British Are Actively Pursuing The Enemy.

A despatch from Pretoria says:—General French has columns harassing every commando in the Cape Colony, with the exception of a few small bands in the Kenhardt district. A force of British will shortly be sent after these also. Beaborn is driving Scheeper's commando north of Willowmere, and other commandoes are being forced north. They suffered heavily in crossing between the blockhouses on the Rosmead and Stormberg Railway. Several columns are operating against Commandant Kritzinger in the Wepener and Rouxville districts.

Nearly every known body of Boers in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony is being actively hunted.

FEAR ANOTHER OUTBREAK.

Investigation Into Smallpox Cases in French Settlements.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Dr. Bonnier, who was sent by the Quebec Board of Health to investigate the smallpox outbreak at St. Pierre de Wakefield, in the Lievre District, made a thorough examination of the entire settlement. He found that, since June, there had been 36 cases, all of a mild type. Nearly all these have recovered, and there are now only six patients in two houses. These have been quarantined, and other houses in the neighborhood where there had been smallpox disinfected. But the doctor is apprehensive of a further outbreak of the disease in neighboring settlements.

THE ROYAL ESCORT.

Major Williams, R.C.D., Given the Command.

A despatch from Winnipeg says:—Major Williams of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, this city, has received word that he has been chosen to command the escort for their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on the occasion of their visit to Ottawa next month. Major Williams will select the escort from the Dragoons at Toronto, arriving there on September 10 from Ottawa.

Preparations at Montreal.

A despatch from Montreal says:—The plans for the reception to be tendered the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their arrival in the city are taking a more definite shape during the past few days. It is understood that at the next meeting of the Citizens' Reception Committee a proposal will be submitted for the illumination of the mountain. It now looks as if the amount of private decoration will be far more extensive and costly than was at first supposed it would be. A meeting of representatives of the various athletic organizations will be held at the Windsor on Friday evening for the purpose of arranging details in connection with the torchlight procession in honor of the royal visitors. A Torchlight Procession Committee has been appointed by the Citizens' Committee, consisting of Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, Col. Starke and Major Sims, Mr. Speaker Brodeur leaves for Ottawa to-morrow to arrange for the accommodation of the pressmen during the Ducal visit. The pressmen are desirous of receiving their visiting confreres in the House during the visit, and Mr. Brodeur will provide ample accommodation.

WOMEN SAVED MINERS.

Turned the Water in a Reservoir Into a Burning Illinois Mine.

A despatch from Belleville, Ill., says:—The lives of 20 miners were saved on Tuesday by women and children. The mine is near French Village. The entrance to it is by a sloping shaft, which descends from a hillside. An explosion happened at the lower end of this slope. It set fire to the coal and timbers of the shaft, and the flames imprisoned the miners.

Alarmed by the explosion, they ran to the slope, only to be turned back by a wall of flames. The women and children heard the explosion and ran to the opening and saw what had happened. A hundred feet from the shaft was a rude reservoir in which water had been collected for the engine. They dug a trench down to the shaft, opening and turning the water into the mine. The fire was extinguished and the men came out unhurt.

DIVIDED ESTATE EQUALLY.

Late Empress Frederick's Will Opened and Read.

A despatch from Cronberg says:—The will of the late Empress Frederick was opened on Wednesday in the presence of her relatives and the lion marks to each of her six children marks to each of her six children, including Emperor William. Friedrichshof is bequeathed to her daughter Princess Frederick Karl of Hesse.

The will was opened without special ceremony. The Empress' fortune totals eleven million marks. The Dowager Empress destroyed only her most private papers. The remainder were deposited in the Friedrichshof Library.

The fortune of the Dowager Empress included nothing from the late Queen Victoria, the Dowager Empress having renounced all claims on her mother's estate.

ESCAPED WITH DUCKING.

Mr. Tarte Had a Narrow Escape From Death.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Hon. J. Israel Tarte has added a narrow escape from drowning to the varied list of his exciting experiences. He is at present completing from Mattawa eastward his tour of inspection of the route of the Georgian Bay waterway. On Monday, while running the rapids below Mackey's Station, owing to low water and stranded logs, the canoe very nearly came to grief. Dextrous management by the voyageurs alone averted what threatened to be a fatal accident, and so Mr. Tarte escaped with the scare and a good ducking.

KING WILL VISIT SCOTLAND.

Will Not Occupy Balmoral—Much Comment Caused.

A despatch from London says:—The King and Queen on their return from the Continent next month will go to Scotland for a few week's rest. They will not occupy Balmoral, the Scottish home of the late Queen Victoria, but will stay with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, at Mar Lodge. Much comment is caused by their avoidance of Balmoral Castle.

BALKAN COUP FEARED.

300,000 Russian Troops Mobilized in Consequence.

A despatch from Bucharest says:—The Adverul says 300,000 Russian troops have been mobilized in Bessarabia, and that Roumania fears a Balkan coup.

MORE REBELS SHOT.

Fa[illegible] Found Guilty by the Trea[illegible] Court in Cape Colony.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—Two more rebels, who were found guilty by the Treason Court, have been shot at Graaf Reinet.

YUKON MURDERER HANGED

O'BRIEN PAYS PENALTY FOR HIS REVOLTING CRIME.

How Vigilance of the Police Discovered Crime and Tracked Criminal.

A despatch from Ottawa says.—The Government has been notified that O'Brien, the murderer, was executed at Dawson City on August 23rd. The information came through the Mounted Police to Comptroller F. White at Ottawa. O'Brien made no confession before he died.

On Christman morning, 1899, three men left a road-house on the Skagway trail, known as the Minto Roadhouse. The next road-house was at Hutchiku, and there they should have arrived that night, but they never turned up. Two of them, Clayson and Reife, had come thus far, 200 miles from Dawson, intending to spend the winter with their families in the States. The third, a man named Oleson, belonged to Hutchiku where he was employed in connection with the telegraph lines. He had been sent out to repair the line, and having done so, was returning to his post. He had made an engagement to be present at a Christman dinner at Hutchiku, for which Corporal Ryan of the Mounted Police, had provided a rare treat in the Yukon, namely, a turkey. There was considerable surprise when he failed to be on hand, and when he was still absent on December 31 his friend, the corporal fearing that he had received some hurt in the performance of his duty, started down the lines in hopes of coming to his aid, if he needed any.

CORPORAL'S SHARP EYE.

Corporal Ryan had got down the trail a good many miles when his sharp eyes observed the traces of a trail running away from the main traveled road, apparently into the bush. Snow had fallen upon it, and the inexperienced eye would have detected nothing to distinguish it from the general expansion of the snow-covered wilderness. But the constable espied two faint parallel depressions on the white surface, and he wondered what could have induced anyone to make such a departure from the main-traveled road. He determined to follow it, and it is due to this determination on his part that a black-hearted scoundrel was brought to the gallows. Six hundred yards from the main road he found hidden in the dense scrub a tent. No one was about it, but it looked as if the owner might be back any moment. It had evidently been occupied by two persons, for there was a double bunk and a duplicate supply of table utensils of the Yukon traveler. The constable waited over night, in the hope that the owners would turn up, but soon concluded that the place had been abandoned. He reported to his comrades, and Constable Pennycuick and Detective Maguire, also of the Mounted Police, were detailed to look into the matter. The manner in which these men wrung her secret from the bosom of the desert forms a really marvellous chapter in the records of crime. They spent weeks in the neighborhood of the tent, and along the private trail which had served as a key to the whole black mystery. They literally sifted the snow inch by inch, and from many mute things they read the story. They found the three patches of blood where the victims had given up their lives, not without a struggle on the part of Oleson at least. They found the discarded shells of the cartridges by which the deed had been done. They found a bonfire near the tent, in which their clothing had been burned to prevent identification. But from the ashes were picked out buttons, buckles, etc., which were identified. After the ashes had cooled, the murderers had evidently gathered the larger articles that would not burn and thrown them into the surrounding scrub. But the patient officers found many of them—Clayson's Yale keys, which were found to fit the drawers to which they belonged, an electric belt which Oleson was known to wear, also his files and pliers.

INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE.

It was evident that the men who had occupied that tent were the murderers, and it was equally evident that it had been erected there as the headquarters of murder, for its occupants had actually cut down 27 cotton trees so as to be enabled to see at a great distance anyone moving along the Dawson trail. From this eerie they had seen the three men approaching on that Christmas morning, and had sallied forth and murdered them. The bodies were stripped and thrown into a part of the river where it was open, disappearing under the ice, to be discovered, ghastly and grim, many months afterward, when the spring floods began their revelations.

But the officers had not waited for this evidence to take action. In the abandoned tent was an ordinary Yukon stove, but an alteration had been made on it that singled it out from all others. That stove had been seen in the possession of two men named O'Brien and Graves. O'Brien had been in Dawson prison and had been a great deal up and down the river about that time. He was arrested at Tagish as a suspect, and the police gradually wove a net of circumstantial evidence about him that lacked nothing to make it absolutely complete. Articles belonging to the murdered men were found on him, and almost every step of his journeyings before reaching and after leaving the scene of the crime was traced. Before December 25, 1899, he was penniless, begging his way. After that date he was in possession of a roll of bills and a pouch of nuggets, one of them being so remarkable as to be well known in Dawson, and also known to have been in possession of Clayson. Graves, the other man, seems to have utterly vanished, but it is suspected that O'Brien subsequently murdered the partner of his crime.

Seldom have the tirelessness and resourcefulness of British justice been more remarkably displ[illegible]

THE

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No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A post office notice is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made. Subscribers changing their address should immediately notify the publisher, giving old and new address. Subscribers outside the limits of the County must pay in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient advertising such as Legal Notices, Public Notices, Public Meetings, Municipal Advertisements, etc., inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line Nonpareil space for the first insertion and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of this class measured from rule to rule and by the scale of solid Nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Condensed advertisements of Estray Stock, Articles Lost, Found, or For Sale, Teachers Wanted, Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, To Let, Business Chances, and others of a like nature, not exceeding 12 lines Nonpareil, inserted at the rate of 50 cents for first insertion and 25 cents for each week afterwards. Ads. of this class must be paid in advance.

Any notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or corporation is considered an advertisement and must be charged as such.

Accounts will be rendered quarterly and are expected to be paid promptly.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Copy for changes of contract advertisements must be left with us before noon on Monday. If this rule is not observed the change will not be made till the following week.

All copy for advertising, under contract or otherwise, must be acceptable in every way to the editor.

Advertisements without specific instructions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

JOHN R. ORR,
Editor and Proprietor.

The North Hastings Review.

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 5, 1901.

Is the War Over in South Africa ?

The Government Establishes an Absolute Censorship and London Takes It to Mean That Peace Has Been Arranged.

London, Sept. 3.—The War Office has ordered the censor in South Africa, the Sun says, to permit absolutely nothing to pass over the wires until further instructions shall have been given. The opinion in official circles is that the war is not merely practically, but actually, finished. Hence the desire to conceal even the smallest details of pending negotiations until an official announcement shall be made.

—THE Legislature of Nova Scotia was dissolved on Tuesday, and an appeal will be made to the country. The campaign will be a very short one. The nominations will take place on Sept. 25, and the elections will be held on Oct. 2.

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—THE harvest in Manitoba is progressing favorably. The cutting of wheat in some parts has been finished, but there is still a considerable quantity of oats and barley to reap. Everywhere the threshers are at work, and provided good weather continue for the next six weeks the crops will all be saved in first-class order. The wheat already threshed would grade No.1 hard as a general rule, and the average would probably be not less than 25 bushels to the acre, as the grain is well filled and plump.

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—THREE Canadians have won that highest honor in the British army, the Victoria Cross, in the recent war in South Africa. They will be presented to the gallant soldiers by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cornwall and York, during his coming visit, as follows :—

At Quebec—To Lieut. R. E. W. Turner, D.S.O., Royal Canadian Dragoons.

At Ottawa—To Sergt. E. Holland Royal Canadian Dragoons.

At Toronto—To Lieut. H. Z. C. Cockburn, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

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—TUESDAY night Mr. J. P. Whitney, M.P.P., addressed a public meeting in Toronto under the auspices of the Conservative Association of Ontario. There was a good attendance of the Conservative members of the Legislature and House of Commons and Conservative candidates for Ontario, and the hall was comfortably filled. Mr. Whitney spoke for two hours and three-quarters upon Provincial politics, reviewing the action of the Opposition and the Government upon leading questions. His speech was apparently intended as a stimulus to the enthusiasm of his supporters as well as pronouncement of the policy upon which the party will appeal to the electors for support at the next election. Mr. Whitney spoke fluently and forcibly, and the cheering which punctuated his speech was frequent and loud.—Globe.

Lloyd Currie, aged seventeen, was drowned at Smith's Falls.

Avery & Thompson's mill at Sharbot Lake was destroyed by fire.

Addingtou County Liberals will meet in convention at Harrowsmith on September 10.

Wollaston Council.

TOWN HALL, Coe Hill, Aug. 28, 1901.

Council met pursuant to the call of the Reeve. Present—Mr. R. S. Tivy, Reeve, Messrs. Thos. Culbertson, Albert Wright, Geo. Gerrard, councillors.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Communication from G. H. Anderson-re-Berridge road dispute.

Moved by Culbertson and Gerrard that the clerk is hereby authorized to notify Mr. McColl, that this council agree to the arrangements made between he and Albert Wright respecting building of approach to bridge over "Deer River" at his mill, and the said work is to be completed before October 1st 1901. The work to be inspected and passed by Wright before payment is made and the clerk is further instructed to send an account of all money expended on Boundary road between Wollaston and Lake to the township council of Marmora and Lake and ask them to contribute their share of the costs. Carried.

On motion the acct. of Henry Easton for $1 for work done on "Mink Creek Bridge" was ordered to be paid.

On motion the clerk was instructed to write Mr. G. H. Anderson, stating that this council is not trespassing on Berridge's property in building the road on Government road allowance between lot 25 and 26, con VII and this council approves of the Reeve's reply G. H. Anderson regarding this matter. Carried.

Application received from John H. Gilroy to collect the Roll for 1901 for sum of $50.

Moved by Culbertson and Wright that a rate of 10 mills on the dollar be levied on all ratable property situated within the limits of the township of Wollaston for township purposes for year 1901. Carried.

Moved by Wright and Culbertson that a special grant of $8 be given to Benj. Bird to build a culbert and do some side grading on the road between his place and boundary road between Lake and Wollaston. Carried.

Moved by Gerrard and Culbertson that Peter Colin receive a special grant of $4 to repair road on his road beat.

Moved by Wright and Culbertson that W. H. Nugent receive the sum of $3 for services in connection with removal of Telegraph Poles etc from road allowances. Carried.

On motion the following orders were granted and ordered to be paid :—

Order to Henry Johnston for sum of $7.00 payment for plank used in repairing Deer river bridge at Coe Hill.

Order to John Batchelor for sum of $1.50 for repairing culbert broken by traction engine.

Order to A. W. Tivy for sum of $20 to apply on salary as township treasurer.

Order to W. H. Nugent for sum of $3.70 for expenses in connection with putting up wire fence in front of town hall.

On motion of Gerrard and Culbertson, John Gilroy's application for the collecting of roll for 1901 for the sum of $50 was accepted. Carried.

Mr. Gerrard moved that a pair of weigh stock scales be purchased by this council at a price of $30. As he had no seconder the motion did not carry.

On motion the by-law levying rates for county, municipal and school purposes for year 1901, and by-law appointing a collector of rates for roll of 1901 was introduced and given the necessary readings in the usual manner, signed, sealed and numbered 5 and 6 respectively for year 1901.

On motion the collector's time for roll of 1900 was extended to next meeting of the council.

The council adjourned to meet at the call of the reeve.

W. H. NUGENT,
Tp Clerk.

Toothache Cured in one Minute.

Not only toothache, but any nerve pain is cured instantly by Polson's Nerviline. Thousands have testified that its powerful, penetrating, painsubduing properties make it an absolute cure for neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, cramps, colic and all other pains and aches that beset mankind. The world is challenged to equal Nerviline as a household liniment. Large bottle 25 cents. At Atkins.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE.

CHAS. JOSE, V. S.,
FOXBORO, ONT.,

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, member of the Ontario Veterinary Association of Toronto, will be at the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, on Saturday, Sept. 7th, for consultation in the diseases of the domesticated animals.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

316 acres land, known as the Bailey Farm, within 1½ miles of Madoc Village. Brick house and large barns and sheds on one part. Frame house and good barn with stables underneath on another part. Well watered and especially valuable for dairying and cattle raising. Terms easy. Ten per cent. down, balance annual payments to suit purchaser at 6 per cent. This is an exceptionally good opportunity for man with small capital. Title first-class. For fuller information enquire of

A. F. WOOD,
August 9th, 1901. Madoc.
33-3

Dr. Perry G. Goldsmith

Belleville, late Senior Registrar and House Surgeon, Central London Nose, Throat and Ear Hospital, and Clinical Assistant Royal London Opthalmic, Moorfield's Eye Hospital, London, England, will be in Madoc the second Monday in each month at St. Lawrence Hall for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

A Tiger's Bite.

I have more than once heard of a man defending himself from the onslaught of a lion or tiger by thrusting his rifle barrels down its throat in the last resort. Poor Major Sandbach of the artillery came to his death in Somaliland a few years ago in attempting to thus hold off a lioness, which nevertheless managed to inflict on his hand and arm bites which proved fatal. A curious story of the same kind comes from the Khandwa district of northern India.

Mr. Bayley, also an artillery officer, was charged by a wounded tiger which he was following up. He missed it with his first barrel, and the second failed to go off. The tiger sprang, and Mr. Bayley jumped to one side, thrusting out his rifle to keep the brute off. The tiger, it is stated, seized the barrels and drove his teeth through them and, being unable to withdraw them, was shot by Captain Harrison, Mr. Bayley's companion.

In his death struggle the tiger dragged the rifle from the owner's hands, and the jar caused by the stock striking the ground broke off two teeth which were imbedded in the steel. This story is said to be absolutely true; but, with the profoundest respect for the strength of the tiger's jaws and teeth, I venture to think it wants explanation.—London Sketch.

Women of a Dutch Village.

The village women of Holland take special care to keep the tips of their white lace hoods stiff with starch, which is as necessary a perfection in their toilet as polished linen and spotless collars with ours. This delicate hood is worn over a black skullcap that fits the closely clipped head very much like the headgear of a nun. The elderly women, widows, often wear a straw bonnet over it. A jacket of dark blue, with a breastpiece of cream cloth and dark blue border of the same cloth at the hips, constitutes the dress of the women and the girls.

The skirts protrude at the hips in a grotesque fashion on account of the many flannels which they wind about the body, evidently a fad with them as with many peasants of the Black forest, where the custom prevails to wear as many skirts as the spare box will allow, adding at least one skirt every year. They all dress alike, and the talk about dress therefore does not slip into their conversations, and on that score they are at eternal peace with one another, for no change of dress has occurred among them for centuries and will not for years to come.—Donahoe's.

An Odd Stage Wager.

The late Signor Foli, the well known vocalist, once made a very curious wager with some of his companion singers at Her Majesty's Opera House. Some 20 years ago Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust" was among his favorite impersonations. In the garden scene his strides when attempting to avoid the elderly Martha formed an important feature of the humorous business.

One night, the length of his legs being a subject of chaff as he was standing at the wings, he declared his ability to cross the stage in three bounds. The comments that ensued resulted in a bet.

When the proper moment for the experiment came, he retreated a few paces, and then, to the surprise of the audience as well as to the representative of Martha, leaped from side to side. The scene never evoked more laughter, and Foli was acknowledged to have won the wager.

Equally Divided.

"During the civil war," says the Boston Transcript, "the Law school at Cambridge was presided over by Professors Parsons, Parker and Washburn. They were divided in their political views, and each did his best to maintain his opinion.

"Professor Parker was one day asked, 'How do you get along on politics at the Law school?'

"'Nicely,' he answered. 'We are equally divided.'

"'But how can that be?' continued the inquirer. 'There are three of you?'

"'Easy enough,' replied the professor. 'Parsons writes on one side and I on the other, and Washburn—he speaks on one side and votes on the other.'"

American News Via London.

Another case of going abroad to get the news. A London paper said the other day: "New York is on the eve of a fierce social struggle. The persistence with which 'Boss' Croker, Mayor Van Wyck and the other magnates of Tammany have been ignored by the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Gerrys, the Goelets, the Livingstons and the other members of New York's exclusive Four Hundred has so galled and irritated the families of the former that they have resolved upon founding a new and still more exclusive society of their own, which is to take the sails out of its rival."

Degenerate Cockney.

The language of the lower Londoner is changing:

"Getch trine?"

"Now. Trine gawn, ent it?"

Translated:

"Get your train?"

"No. Train gone, hasn't it?"

Ent (the old ain't) seems to cover isn't, wasn't, weren't has, hasn't, have, haven't, had, hadn't.—Notes and Queries.

A Brilliant Finish.

"I saw him kiss you just before he was leaving," said the sour visaged aunt, and she said it in a regular dull thud tone.

"Yes, auntie."

"Well, I can realize that it would be the last thing he would think of." And she sailed out as though she had scored every possible point.—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND Women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address MANAGER, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure 25c. E W Grove's signature is on each box.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Harvest EXCURSIONS

WILL BE RUN ON

Sept. 3rd returning until Nov. 3rd, and Sept. 17th returning until Nov. 17th, 1901.

RETURN FARES TO

Winnipeg, Deloraine, Antler, Estevan, Binscarth, Moosomin, Hamiota, Swan River	$28
Regina, Moosejaw, Yorkton	$30
Prince Albert, Calgary, MacLeod	$35
Red Deer, Edmonton	$40

From all points in Canada, Onaping, Sault Ste Marie, Windsor and East.

For pamphlet giving further particulars apply to the nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, or to

A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Genl. Passr. Agent,
1 King Street East, Toronto.
34-3

Camping Supplies

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Canned Fruits.

Meat.

Fish.

Vegetables and Soups.

Pickles of the best brands and styles.

Sauces in all forms.

Marmalade and Olives.

Cakes and Confectionery, etc., etc.

Fine assortment of China and Glassware.

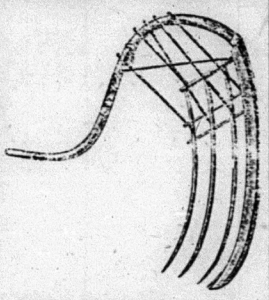
GEORGE WRIGHT.

"Good-bye," said the Bug.

Fleeing from the wrath to come is the potato bug who has any respect for his hide. Paris Green is his worst enemy. We keep the pure article at lowest prices.

Berger's Pure English Paris Green.

Grain Cradles



The celebrated English Grain Cradle has taken first prize wherever exhibited.

Hay Forks, Rakes,
Scythes, Snaths,
Binder Twines,
Machine Oils,
Oilers,
Sprayers, or
Insect Exterminators,
Horse Pokes,
Field Hoes, etc.

M. W. CONNOR & SON.

FALL : ARRIVAL

—OF—

Men's Felt Hats

—AND—

Men's Tweed Caps

We have the newest thing in Children's Cloth and Velvet Tams.

ALEX. MILNE.

LADIES' RINGS !

Whilst our constant aim is to have an "all round" complete jewelry stock, there are some articles in which we are particularly strong, none more so than "Ladies' Rings."

If it is a simple, unpretentious one that is wanted you will find it at "Maybee's" anywhere from $1.50 to $5.00; if something better, from $5.00 to $10.00; better still, from $10.00 to—anything almost—but between $25.00 and $100 we have a stock that is simply bewildering.

GEO. F. MAYBEE.

Special attention given to REPAIRING, and all work guaranteed.

Are You Needing A Sewing Machine?

WE HAVE A NEW STOCK OF

New Williams and White Sewing Machines

At special prices, and in all styles.

Also a large stock of **Single Harness** which we can supply at rock bottom prices. Inspect them.

A few Yearlings and Two-year-old Colts for sale. Call and see them.

T. L. NICKLE.

TRUNKS. TRUNKS. TRUNKS.

The summer vacation is near at hand and you purpose going on a trip. You are in need of a Trunk, and we handle Trunks that are Trunks. We have them of all sorts, sizes and prices. Also in stock a full line of

VALISES and TELESCOPE GRIPS.

MORRICE & SON.

CORSETS.

Women's B & C Straight Front Corsets all sizes, in stock at 50c. 75c, and $1.00 per pair. To be had only at this store.

W. A. McMASTER.

HOME NEWS

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 5, 1901.

—Village schools re-opened on Tuesday with large attendance.

—At Belleville during August there were eighteen births, five marriages and seventeen deaths registered with the City Clerk.

☞ Good values in New Flannelettes in light and dark colors at McMaster's.

—Attention is directed to the advt. of Chas. Jose, V.S., of Foxboro, in another column. Dr. Jose will visit Madoc professionally on Saturday, 7th inst., prepared to treat all diseases of domestic animals.

—The annual shooting matches of No. 4 Co., 49th Regiment, will be held during the next few weeks. Members of the Co. should hold themselves in readiness to attend, as a number of prizes will be offered this year.

Cash for Eggs and Hides. F. G. LYNDE.

—A western clergyman, noticing that the choir seat was unoccupied when time for beginning the service had arrived, arose and innocently remarked:—"I see that the choir are absent this morning: let the congregation arise and sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

☞ LEARN SHORTHAND.—Complete course of instruction in Sir Isaac Pitman's system. One hundred words per minute guaranteed. For terms, etc., apply to G. E. CORK, Madoc. 34-3

—Some big catches of fish are reported from the lake on Labor day. Mr. D. W. Wright had a fine haul of 19 in all, one pickeral weighing nearly four pounds and a bass nearly three pounds, but Messrs. R. T. Gray and Thos. McNamara had even a much better catch, one of the finest collection ever taken out of Moira lake at one time,—one bass weighing nearly four pounds.

☞ New pattern in French Flannel just received at McMaster's.

Madoc Model School.

The Model term in this village was officially opened by the County Board of Examiners yesterday afternoon. The class this year is expected to number upwards of 30 students-in-training.

North Hastings Exhibition.

The North Hastings Agricultural Society will hold their fall exhibition at Stirling on Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th insts. THE REVIEW has to thank the secretary, Mr. G. L. Scott, and Board of Directors, for the courtesy of an invitation and complimentary ticket.

We Aim to Please.

The following letter has been received by THE REVIEW, which speaks for both itself and us:—

STANWOOD, August 29, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I have received from your office a parcel of printed matter. It affords me pleasure to say it is satisfactory in every way.

Yours very truly,
J. F. W. SANDERSON.

Tennis Tournament.

Marmora Tennis Club played the return match with Madoc players in this village on Wednesday of last week. Of the ten events on the programme, the visitors won five, and the locals four, the other being defaulted by Johnson, (Marmora) to Herb O'Flynn (Madoc), which would make the score, officially, a tie. Following were the scores:—

DOUBLES.

Wright and Johnson beat O'Flynn and Seymour 6-2, 4-6, 6-4.

J. A. Hubbell and F. S. Pearce beat W. Cross and Casement 6-4, 6-0.

F. Sutton and Ross beat Hubbell and H. J. Pearce 7-5, 6-4.

MIXED DOUBLES.

H. O'Flynn and Miss Sutton beat H. R. Pearce and Miss Pearce 9-7, 6-4.

J. A. Hubbell and Miss Bowen beat F. Sutton and Miss O'Flynn 6-2, 7-5.

SINGLES.

F. Sutton beat H. R. Pearce 8-6, 6-1.

W. Cross beat F. S. Pearce 6-1, 6-8, 6-1.

F. S. Pearce beat Cassment 6-3, 6-1.

Wright beat Seymour 6-3, 6-4.

Methodist Church.

Rev. Mr. Phelps, pastor, is not expected home until about Monday, and therefore the pulpit will be filled next Sunday by Rev. Mr. Sanderson, morning and evening. Mr. Chas. Connor officiated last Sunday, owing to illness of Rev. Mr. Harris.

A Bright Farm Hand.

The Qu'Appelle, N. W. T., Progress says:—In front of the Queen's hotel the other day a newly arrived harvester from Nova Scotia was heard to ask in all seriousness which end of a sheaf should be uppermost. Farmers will tumble over each other to secure such a clever assistant.

Police Court at Havelock.

Maloney and Shaffer, two grocers at the Cordova Mines, Belmont, were severally charged with infringement of the Liquor Law before Mr. Edminson, Police Magistrate at Havelock, on Friday. Case adjourned to the 10th Sept. A. A. McDonald for defendents.

Surrogate Court.

Probate of will of Mary Jane Coe, late of the village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Widow, granted to Arthur William Coe, James C. Dale and William John Allen, Executors. Estate $13,650. William Cross, solicitor for executors.

Probate is granted Margaret Lynch, of Tweed, of the Estate of her late husband Francis Lynch, deceased. Estate $5,000. A. A. McDonald. Solicitor.

A Manitoba Wheat Story.

An exchange tells the story of the adventure of a Manitoba farmer of short stature who got lost in his wheat field. It seems that he was in search of some long stalks for exhibition; discovering a fine stalk he found that a spade was necessary to dig it out. On attempting to return from whence he came he lost his way, and in desperation started to climb a wheat stock. On nearing the top, the stalk snapped, and he fell heavily to the ground breaking his dignity in several places. His recovery was rapid, but he never visits the field now without a flag on a long pole. This is an exceptionally fine crop of wheat.

Boom Your Town.

If there is any chance to boom business, boom it. Don't pull a long face and look as though you had a sour stomach. Hold up your head, smile and look for better things. Hide your hammer and speak well of others, no matter how small you may really know yourself to be. When a stranger drops in, jolly him. Tell him this is the greatest town on earth, and so it is. Don't discourage him by speaking ill of your neighbors. Lead him to believe he has at last struck a town where white people live. Don't knock. Help yourself along by becoming popular and push your friends along with you. Be a good fellow and soon you will have a procession following you. No man ever helped himself by knocking other people down in character or business. No man ever got rich by trying to make others believe he was the only man in town, or the only man in town who knew anything. You can't climb the ladder of success by treading on other people's corns. Keep off the corns and don't knock. You're not the only one. There are others and they have brains as well as you. There's no end of fun minding your own business. It makes people like you. Nobody gets stuck on a knocker. Don't be one

☞ Dry picked poultry wanted. Call and get prices. F. G. LYNDE.

Mr. Asa Choate was killed at Port Hope by his horse backing over the side of a bridge.

The body of Harry Lithgow of Port Hope, was found on the railway between that town and Cobourg.

MARRIED.

PETERS—REMION.—By Rev. E. A. Sanderson, Madoc, at the residence of the bride, Elgin street, Rowland H. Peters, Esq., of Selby, in the county of Lennox, to Mrs. Alice Remion.

ALLORE—OSBORNE.—Sept. 4, Madoc, by Rev E. A. Sanderson, Mr. David Allore to Rachel Osborne, both of Madoc township.

DIED.

MURPHY.—At Thanet, on August 31st, Rosa Murphy, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Murphy, aged 13 years and 9 months.

THE MAN TO AVOID.

Preserve me from the man who says:
"Well, really, I must go!"
And who then settles down to chat
With me an hour or so.

Preserve me from the man who says:
"I was about to say
That I would feel obliged if you
Would lend me $5 to-day."

Preserve me from the man who treads
Upon my corns to see
If they are painful, then who says:
I hope you'll pardon me."

Preserve me from the man who tries
Whene'er we chance to meet
To pass me on both sides at once
And takes up all the street.

Preserve me from the man who has
The only kid and who
Is always telling me about
The things that kid can do.

District Meeting.

The financial district meeting of Madoc District Methodist Churches was held at Bancroft on Tuesday of last week. The following delegates were present:—

Rev. R. McCulloch, Chairman, Thomasburg.
Rev. W. D. Harrison, Ivanhoe.
Rev. D. S. Houck and Rendol Snell, Marmora.
Rev. F. W. White, B. A., Eldorado.
Rev. J. Batstone, Bridgewater.
Rev. C. S. Reddick, North Marmora.
Rev. W. W. Wagg and German Barragar, St. Ola.
Rev. H. G. Garbutt and Jno. Gilroy, Coe Hill.
Rev. T. H. P. Anderson and J. Jackson, Bancroft.
Rev. S. A. Kemp and F. Moore, Ft. Stewart.
Rev. C. H. Sheppard, Maynooth.

The financial prospects of the missions were encouraging as the Boards had agreed to an increase of $80 over last year.

Motions passed:—

That each Superintendent be responsible for Educational Work.

That each minister arrange for a sermon on proportionate giving.

That reading classes be established with Rev. J. Batstone as Sec.-Treas.

That next Financial District Meeting be held at Springbrook.

In the evening addresses were given by Rev. W. D. Harrison on Proportionate Giving; Rev. F. W. White on the Present Outlook and Rev. D. S. Houck on the Class Meeting.

An Irish Motto.

Private Doolan of the Constabulary Says "Divil a Surrender."

Pretoria, Aug. 27.—The Boer Commandant Wolmarans, writing about the fight at Bronkhurst Spruit, mentions the bravery of Private Doolan of the Constabulary. Fifteen Boers surrounded him and demanded that he surrender. Doolan replied:—"Divil a surrender!" and killed four Boers before he was wounded, mortally, it is believed.

Fooled the Drummer.

Thursday week an amusing incident took place on the Port Hope morning train. A lady in town was going east to visit friends and had wound her alarm clock so that she would not miss the train. For some reason it did not go off. She caught the train just the same, taking the clock along in her valise. The car was pretty well crowded when Franklin was reached, and in the next seat to the Lindsay lady was a portly "drummer" enjoying a nap. Just as the train whistled for the station the alarm clock went off with a tear, and the commercial traveller came to a sitting posture, yelling "All right! I'll be down in a minute!" The incident furnished much amusement for the passengers, excepting the drummer and the owner of the clock.—Lindsay Watchman-Warder.

Mr. Haslacher, of Rochester committed suicide at Picton by hanging.

A ten-year-old boy named Lendreville was drowned in Toronto Day.

Cold and stormy weather is injuring the British crops. Snow is reported at Birmingham.

William Morgan was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for burglary at Woodstock.

The body of a man believed to be Mr. Edward Delaney, of Bradford was found floating in Midland Bay.

Labor Day was generally celebrated throughout the Dominion by processions, speeches and sports.

Sixteen cows belonging to Mr. J. W. Prosser of Osnabuck, which were inoculated for anthrax, are dead.

It is reported that the Duchess of York may be unable to accompany her royal consort on his tour through the Dominion.

Joseph Marcotte of Shawinigan Falls was arrested on a charge of setting fire to his store. He swallowed a dose of poison with fatal result.

The Ottawa Powder Company's mill at Green's Creek was blown up, and Mr. John Hudson, the Manager, was killed. Two workmen were injured.

The difficulty between the Ursuline nuns and the City of Quebec with reference to the transfer of the Plains of Abraham has been settled, and the deeds will be signed shortly.

Summer Helps to Cure Catarrh and Bronchitis

Sunshine, evenness of temperature, outdoor life, together with freedom from recurrence of colds which winter excites, is a great boon to victims of Catarrh, bronchitis and Hay Fever. Fortify these blessings by the wonderful, certain and prompt Catarrhozone treatment. It cures always, but quickest in summer. Doctors approve of it, druggists recommend it, people who have used it, go wild over it. You try Catarrhozone, then wonder where your Catarrh has gone to. It cures. Do you know any other remedy that does? All dealers, 25c. and $1.00

Personal = = =

Every reader is invited to assist in making this column interesting and reliable.

Mrs. Thos. McNamara spent a few days in Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mr. Benson O'Hara are visiting Toronto this week.

Mrs. G. Richardson spent Tuesday in Belleville visiting friends.

Miss Mills, of Belleville, is the guest of Miss Sutton this week.

Miss Laura Mawson, of Steenburg, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. Hart.

Mr. John Sherman has returned from his holiday trip in Western Ontario.

Miss Annie Craig, of Belleville, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. R. R. Casement will make a visit to North Dakota in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Nelson Dean, of Wolfe Island, is the guest of her niece, Mrs. W. H. Brooks.

Miss Gertie Pringle and Miss E. Belch, of Belleville, are visiting Miss Alice Gream.

Mr. John Hutcheson, of Toronto, paid a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cross last week.

Mr. Thos. Oulton, of Campbellford, spent a week with friends around Madoc township lately.

Mr. H. H. O'Flynn, returned last week after a three weeks' visit to the famed Muskoka Lakes.

Master Leon Brooks has returned from a visit to his grandmother, Mrs. Samuel White, Belleville.

Rev. E. W. and Mrs. Mackay returned home on Saturday from their holidays at Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. R. H. Brooks has returned from Rochester, where she was the guest of her son, Mr. Anson Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McMaster spent a few days camping with Mr. Frank McMaster at Trent Bridge, this week.

Miss Nettie Feeney returned to Marmora on Monday to take up her duties as teacher in the public school of that village.

Judge Fraleck and family of Belleville, who have spent the summer at their Trout Lake residence near St. Ola, returned to the city last week.

Miss McGregor, who had been visiting her sister Mrs. (Dr.) Eagleson for some weeks, returned to her home in Almonte last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. McKinnon, of Renfrew, passed through Madoc on Wednesday last on their way from the Pan-American to Mr. McKinnon's friends near Queensboro where they made a short visit.

Mr. Adam Sloan and his daughter, Miss Annie, who have been visiting their cousin, Mrs. E. Hailstone, and other friends, returned on Saturday to their home in Newburgh, New York.

Mr. E. A. E. Halliwell, for some years past a resident of Mexico, and Miss Parker, of Stirling, gave Madoc a short call on Tuesday. Mr. Halliwell will return to visit his old Madoc friends in a few days.

Mr. Robt. J. Garrett, formerly manager of the Bee-Hive, after spending three weeks holidays in Belleville, Montreal, and Buffalo, made a few days visit in Madoc during the week before returning to Campbellford, where he is to manage a new branch store for McIntosh Bros., Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lynde returned to Madoc last week after a months visit with their daughter, Mrs. Chas. W. Cross, Edmonton, N. W. T. They were accompanied home by Miss Mina Lynde, and this week Mr. Carl J. Lynde, late of Chicago University, is also home for a visit before embarking on a trip to Germany.

Mr. Fred Rollins left for Winnipeg Man., on Friday last, where he has been engaged with one of the largest wheat dealing firms in that country for the grain buying season. Mr. Rollins is an experienced buyer, and doubtless will make his mark among the 60,000,000 bushels that will be on the market in the Prairie provinces.

THE MARKETS.

Wheat	60 to 62
Oats	32
Peas	65
Barley	42
Rye	45
Flour per cwt	$1.75 to $2.50
Hay per ton	8
Butter	20
Eggs	9
Hides	4½ to 5
Lamb Skins	35
Shearlings	30
Deacons	40
Hogs, live weight	$6 25 to $7.00
Potatoes, per bag	60
Chickens dry picked	6
Yearling Chickens dry picked	6
Old Fowl dry picked	5

Rooms to Rent.

Two pleasant, furnished Rooms to rent by the week. Apply to
MRS. M. E. ORR.
Madoc, Aug. 20th, 1901.

FOR SALE.

Valuable building Lots on St. Lawrence, Durham, Prince Albert and Davidson streets, in the Village of Madoc. To RENT, — Large Brick House, modern improvements.
Apply to D. E. K. STEWART.

Hair-Dressing.

Mrs. L. Taylor, hair-dresser, late of Smith's Falls, will remain in Madoc for a short time making up switches out of hair combings. She has on hand a large and varied stock of made up hair goods which she is offering at most reasonable rates. Orders for switches, bangs, etc., filled on short notice. All orders left at Mrs. S Battams' residence will be promptly attended to.
MRS. L. TAYLOR.
Highest price paid for combings.

OUR

Dress Goods Department

IS AGAIN IN FULL SWING.

Have you made your selection yet?

If not, there are reasons why you should think about doing so.

You can select now from a large, choice stock. Goods won't be cheaper by waiting, and they will be picked over and less choice.

We can have them made up for you now on short notice. Make your selection from the largest stock we have ever shown.

B. O'HARA.

THE LAST CHANCE.

This week is the last time this season we are to take any notice of our Prints, and in order to clean them out to make room for our fall goods, we lay them on the bargain counter at prices that will make the bees hum for the next ten days.

Don't forget that we are taking a great pride in selling Dinner Sets, Bed-room Sets, Odd Cups and Saucers, Fancy Glassware, all kinds, and in School Supplies we are in the very top seat at

THE BEE-HIVE,

4 doors south of Moon's Hotel.

ALEX. MacGREGOR, Mgr. CASH OR EGGS.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Where can I get a Good Suit of Clothes?
At the Big 4.
Are they Well Made?
Yes, they are.
What can I get a Good Suit for?
He has Men's from $3.75 to $12.50.
Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats?
Yes, sir, and good ones too.
Where can I get a Good Hat?
At the Big 4.
What price will I have to pay?
He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1.00. They keep the shape and color and wears just as well as a $2.00 Hat.
What else does he sell?
Oh, everything.
TOP SHIRTS, OVERALLS, ODD PANTS, SOX, BOYS' CLOTHES, RUBBER COATS, AND DRY GOODS. All very cheap and good.
Who keeps the Big 4?
Why

THOS. McNAMARA

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the meantime what was he doing who was the cause of all the agony which rent the soul of the erring woman?

He watched the carriage as it drove out of the grounds, and then with a set purpose took his way after it. It did not matter to him how far the Hall was away. It suited him for the moment to follow the woman he loved.

He strode after the carriage careless that it outstripped him. He knew the way to the Hall and he was going there. And when he reached there he entered the grounds and looked up at the windows that were lighted. And when he discovered, by the shadow on the curtains, which room was Maida's he threw himself on a bench and watched it.

"Yes," he said to himself "up there in the room of Constance Hartleigh, is Maida Carringford. By what right is she there? Is she Constance Hartleigh? She may be, but she fears me for the knowledge I have that she is Maida Carringford, and that she once acted on the stage.

"To think that I should have hunted for her hither and thither, and given up the search, only to find her at the last by a mere piece of luck. Luck! No, it was not luck. Luck to have that particular invitation of a hundred brought to me? No, it was fate if you will, but luck—never.

"But how comes she to be here? How comes she to be Constance Hartleigh? And that she is a Hartleigh, who shall deny after seeing her and her father? If by chance there be something in her life to conceal, does the old man share the secret? And if he does not, what will she do to keep it from him?

"Why, Caryl Wilton, you talk like a scoundrel. You talk as if you would persecute a woman. Persecute her? Ay, and persecute again! And she shall love me and be happy in my love! Oh, I know I am as mad with this love as ever Romeo, and I have fought the fight against it and been conquered. I will never try again. I will do anything to make her mine, and to make her love me.

"And then, after all, if she will not love me? Well, then which Heaven forbid, I will let her be happy in the love of the best man she can find; and if my death would help her to greater happiness, then I would die, and willingly. But first she shall have no chance of doubt if she can love me, for I will have it so if such a thing be possible. And if she suffer in the doing what of it? Will not the end compensate?"

Whatever his dreams, or whatever his rest that night, no one would have supposed the next morning that anything unusual in his life had taken place, for he entered the breakfast room with his easy, imperturbable nonchalance, and made his apologies to the Duchess for his desertion from the ball the previous night.

And she forgave him, because there was nothing else to do, as everybody did for him very nearly as he wished.

"Where is Algy?" he asked, looking round the table.

"Sick abed, where he will be now for a week recovering from the strain of his success."

"Poor Algy! I will go see him after breakfast."

And he did. Lord Algy was lying in bed in a darkened room, but he was glad to see Caryl, who had over him something of the soothing influence of the mesmerist; though, if he had any of that power, he never exercised it, and the effect was rather a moral than a physical one.

"I am glad to see you, old fellow. Good of you to come up here out of the sunshine."

"Sorry to see you in bed, Algy; but if you will dabble in theatricals, why, you must suffer."

"But what a success, Caryl. And did you ever, now, on your honor, see such a Juliet before?"

"She certainly did well for an amateur."

"Do you mean you do not really think it was good acting?"

"Oh, it was wonderful when you consider it was her first attempt. It was her first attempt, was it not?"

"Certainly. She said so herself."

"Well, don't fire up so about your idol, Algy. By the way how does she happen to be the daughter of Sir Richard, when I did not know he had such a thing."

"Nobody knew it until recently."

"Do tell me the mystery of her life. There is no harm in supposing a mystery, is there?"

"There is no mystery that I know of or have heard of, or have heard hinted at. Her mother was wrongly suspected by Sir Richard, and fled from her home—I think it was twenty years ago. He afterwards discovered that she was innocent, and sought for her, but only succeeded in finding the daughter, who was an infant at the time of the mother's flight."

"Why was not the mother found?"

"She was dead."

"Ah! When did she die?"

"How should I know? It is not a kind of a question you would like to ask Sir Richard, and he has not volunteered the information. Whose business is it?"

"By which you mean it is none of mine. Well, I don't suppose it is. She is a pretty girl, is she not?"

"Pretty?" cried Lord Algy, with scornful emphasis; "she is beautiful. I never saw her equal. It is not mere beauty of feature either. You can see the beauty of her character shining out of those glorious eyes."

"Rather enamoured, aren't you, Algy?"

"I would not care for more than her friendship and the chance to serve her. Besides, there is another."

The dark eyebrows went up, and there was a strange glint in the dark eyes.

"Another, did you say? And who is the lucky dog?"

"Her cousin Guy."

"Oh, she loves him, eh? Well, he is a fine-looking fellow. Of course he reciprocates?"

"He worships her. Who that knows her does not? Always excepting you."

"Oh, you must always leave me out of the question."

And with this he went off to prepare for a walk to the Hall. And a half hour later he was striding along leisurely, swinging his cane easily, and soliloquizing:

"It is just as well to go at once," he said to himself; "for if she really is in love with this Hercules, or even if she is not, but only intends to marry him, she may as well know that I am in earnest, and have not forgotten the day I offered her my heart. Yes, she may as well know that Caryl Wilton has forgotten nothing."

It was in a strange frame of mind that he walked up to the great door of the Hall and knocked for admittance. He was prepared for a struggle, but no one looking at his careless grace of demeanor, would have guessed it.

CHAPTER XVII.

The great doors of the Hall were wide open, as if Sir Richard were desirous of keeping up the ancient and hospitable ways of his ancestors, who maintained open house to all comers. After knocking, Caryl stepped into the wide hall, and there waited until a servant in livery came and took his card.

"Sir Richard," said Caryl, and stepped into the drawing-room, the doors of which stood open.

Presently he heard a door open—his ears as well as his eyes were as quick as a North American Indian's—and, turning, saw a figure coming with a quick, graceful step toward him. It was Maida.

A sudden thrill of surprise and admiration ran through him.

"Good-morning," she said, holding out her hand. "The man told me you were here, or I am not sure I should have recognized you without your paint and doublet."

There was no start, no embarrassment, no trace of anything but a sweet, natural, womanly candor. Her acting, if acting it were, was perfect.

He took her hand and bowed over it, speechless for a moment before this vision of pure womanhood. It was not the Maida Carringford he had dreamed of, but his heart left no doubt that in this as in any other guise he must equally be the slave of her personality.

"I am the bearer of countless messages of gratitude and anxious enquiry, Miss Hartleigh," he said. "I need not ask if you are well," and he glanced significantly at her peach-like face.

She blushed at the implied compliment, and laughed softly and musically.

"They are very kind," she answered. "Yes, I am well, and not at all tired. And you?"

His dark eyes lighted up with an unmistakable meaning a s he answered:

"Had I been ill last night's experience would have cured me. One cannot play Romeo to your Juliet without experiencing a quickening of his life-blood. My pulses still beat faster." Then, with a sudden change of expression, "Lord Algy does not get off as well. I left him in bed, sick with one of his headaches. Excitement and exertion."

A warm light softened the dark eyes.

"I am very sorry," she said simply. "I was afraid it would be so."

There was a moment of awkward silence, his eyes resting on her face. Then she looked up.

"Did you see Guy—my cousin—on the lawn, as you came up the walk?"

"No; I have seen no one but you."

There was a double meaning in his words, but she would not seem to see it, and went on, naturally:

"He is about the grounds"—looking out of the window—"and is sure to come in presently. I will go in search of papa," and with a slight inclination of the head, she glided away from him.

Caryl Wilton sank into a chair and looked after her, with a singular smile curving his lips. What a wonderful woman. Not a sign of embarrassment, not a tremor of the eyelids, not a quiver of the red lips. But for the throbbing heart within his breast he must have been deceived.

He heard footsteps again, and presently she entered, with Sir Richard on her arm.

Caryl Wilton had seen him years ago, when he was a mere boy, and he remembered him a tall, upright, iron-visaged man, with stern eyes and mouth. He could scarcely reconcile the bent, gentle, sinking old man with the figure of his memory.

"Mr. Wilton? Yes, yes," said Sir Richard, extending his thin, white hand. "Glad to see you. Very kind of you to remember us, I'm sure. Not overcome by the exertion of last night? You did well, Mr. Wilton. It was the universal verdict that it had never been so well done. How are their graces? Sorry to hear Algy is not well. You are an old friend of his, are you not?"

"Very; but I have not seen much of him for some years, because I have not been in England."

"Ah, travelling," said Sir Richard, nodding affably, his hand toying carelessly with Maida's white sleeve, his eyes wandering to her face with that strange look of anxious, craving affection. "And where have you been?"

"In many places," answered Caryl leaning forward so that his own face was in the shade, while the beautiful face of the young girl was in the full sunlight. If she noticed the manoeuvre it was only to defy his purpose by bringing her face more squarely into the light. "The place I last visited was America."

"Ah, yes, quite new ground," said Sir Richard. "In my day we did not go so far. You visited New York and Boston, I suppose?"

Maida seemed to feel the answer before it was made, for a slight shiver ran over her, but her eyes never lost their smiling look of interest.

"Yes," said Caryl, softly, "New York and Boston. But the last city I made an extended stop at was San Francisco."

He looked at Maida and she smiled back without a tremor. Then, with a perfectly natural movement, she let her arm slip out of her father's and went over to a table on which were some flowers, several of which were in danger of falling out of the dish. She had her back to them as she arranged these, and Sir Richard went on:

"Yes, yes; and I suppose you are not sorry to be back in old England again, eh? And I am safe to say old England is glad to have you back."

Caryl bowed and answered with a smile:

"You are very kind, Sir Richard. I can only answer for myself. England holds to-day all that is dearest in the world to me."

"I am glad to hear you say it, sir. We cannot afford to have such men as you from us long. I shall never forget the treat you gave us last night. And my daughter"—he looked around, and Maida glided to his side, put her hand on his shoulder, and stood with eyes veiled by their white lids—"my daughter is indebted to you for your masterly performance. It made hers what it was."

"Pardon me if I presume to differ," retorted Caryl. "Anything I did was only possible with the inspiration drawn from your daughter's acting. It was truly great."

Sir Richard nodded, with brightening eyes.

"Yes, a surprise, too, sir, even to me, her father. I can scarcely believe it. And her first attempt, Mr. Wilton."

"Her first attempt, yes," said Caryl, his eyes fixed on the now downcast face.

It was clear then, that the old man new nothing of her being Maida Carringford. She had concealed it from him.

"I hope you will make a long stay at the Castle," said Sir Richard.

There was a moment's pause. Maida's dark eyes looked up suddenly, and as suddenly dropped again; but not before Caryl Wilton had noted the glance and caught the shadow of the despair in the depths of the eyes. His heart was moved to a fierce sort of pity, and he would willingly have said to her, "Maida, my darling, let me end this torture of you whom I love so passionately. Let me say that I love you, and do you give yourself to me. I will protect you." But, no, he could not do this. He knew that in her then mood she would yield nothing. No; he must wait until the end came naturally, and if he made her suffer, if he caused her to think he delighted in torturing her, it must be so. He would some day prove that of all the world he loved her most faithfully.

"It depends on circumstances, Sir Richard," he said, slowly.

"Well, well," said the old man, "I trust you will not forget us, Mr. Wilton. Pray look upon the Hall as your second home. My nephew—where is Guy?—will be only too delighted with a companion through the preserves. We have some game, Mr. Wilton. I am no shot, myself, but I can answer, I think for the game. You are an artist, I believe, too?"

Caryl Wilton bowed with a deprecatory smile.

"An admirer of art, Sir Richard."

The old man nodded amiably and said:

"Well, they used to tell me that we had some good pictures at the Hall. They may be out of fashion now. Will you go through the gallery?"

"I shall be delighted."

Sir Richard rose, and drew Maida's arm through his.

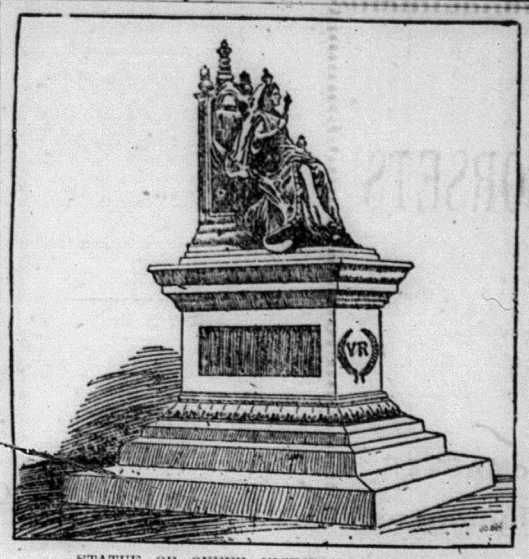
"We will show you what we have," he said.

To be Continued.

PROSPECTIVE WIVES.

Like the Turks and many other dwellers in Oriental lands, the Moors prefer "moon-faced" wives rather than lean ones, and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their brides weigh than about the stock of accomplishments they possess. A girl is put under the process of fattening when she is about twelve years of age. Her hands are tied behind her, and she is seated on a carpet during so many hours every day, while her "papa" stands over her with a matraque, or big stick, and her mother at times pops into her mouth a ball of couscoussou, or stiff maize porridge (kneaded up with grease, and just large enough to be swallowed without the patient choking). If the unfortunate victim declines to be stuffed she is compelled, so that ere long the poor girl resigns herself to the torture and gulps down the boluses to avoid being beaten.

The building with the largest stones in the world is not in Egypt, but at Baalbec, in Syria. The stones are 60 ft. long and 20 ft. square.



STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT TORONTO.

The statue to be erected in Queen's Park in front of the Parliament building, at Toronto, Ont., will be a worthy memorial of Queen Victoria. It is by the Italian sculptor Raggi, who has long been one of the foremost exponents of his art in England where he lived for many years. The statue will be of bronze, a replica of that in Hong Kong. Her Majesty gave the sculptor a number of sittings, and warmly praised the result. The panels in bronze set into the granite base will represent scenes in Her Majesty's life.

About the ....House

SHORT TALKS ON HEALTH.

Rye is very nutritious, but not so digestible as wheat.

All manicures will tell you it is better for the nails if you file them instead of cutting them.

Ether is not likely to lose its efficacy in repeated trials, but the person may rebel against repeated applications.

The parched, drawn condition of the skin is due to lack of natural oil. Use a good skin food.

The requirements of health are few. The rewards many. Good air, good food, exercise, cleanliness, rest and suitable clothing.

Heavy bed clothing does not allow the proper radiation of heat from the body, and restlessness is the result. Give the body a chance to breathe.

Feather pillows are more heating than is desirable for comfort or health. The head cool and the feet warm is a trite saying.

Dandruff, in many cases, may be destroyed by rubbing a cut lemon into the roots of the hair as frequently as the case may demand.

Tired feet may be quickly rested and greatly benefited by bathing them in warm water and then sponging them or rubbing them with alcohol.

All cereals containing much starch require thorough mixing of the saliva before deglutition (swallowing) in order that the starch may be properly acted upon, otherwise the paste like substance coats the lining of the stomach and prevents the flow of the gastric juice.

For tender feet we would advise the use of footwear made with specially prepared soles, low heels, soft, pliable uppers.

Barley contains almost as much nutriment as wheat, but has more fat and salts and less proteids and carbohydrates.

One who is ill should not be forced to eat. Give the stomach a rest. The brain, in this case, draws uuon the fatty tissues of the body when there is a shortage in the region of the stomach.

Large pores are caused by an inactive skin and lack of attention. Use only pure soap on the face, cleanse thoroughly and then apply a good cream or skin food.

Oats contain all the nutrient properties, but not in so well balanced proportions as in wheat. Oatmeal should be thoroughly cooked to open the starch cells, else it is indigestible.

The use of any drug to produce sleep is injurious. It does not remove the cause. "Only eight or ten grains?" Beware. Only eight or ten grains now may mean eighteen or twenty by and by.

A cold water bath in a cold or cool room is a luxury to one having sufficient vitality for reaction. The use of cold water in a warm room is to be recommended in preference to the use of warm water in a cold room.

Sugar is useful in warm weather or in warm climates, as it supplies energy in the body without the overheating effects of large quantities of fat. It is more readily assimilated than starch, fats or oils.

A CATSUP CHAPTER.

In making catsup, use a granite or porcelain kettle; vinegar boiled in copper forms acetate of copper, which is a greenish poison. Always stir catsup with a wooden or silver spoon. The vegetables and fruits should be fully ripe, solid and free from decay. Put the contents through a colander, then through a sieve to make the pulp fine. Simmer rather than boil, and stir often to prevent burning. Mix and sift all the condiments before adding them to the pulp.

Seal catsup in bottles, which should be perfectly clean and free from cracks. If they are stained inside put some finely chopped raw potato in them, add a little water and shake vigorously. Soak the corks in boiling water; while hot drive them into the bottles as far as possible, then cover with sealing wax; over this tie two thicknesses of cloth saturated with the wax. Seal the catsup while hot. When cold, put in a dry, cool place, resting the bottles on their sides.

Plum Catsup.—Wash the plums and stew until tender in enough water to prevent burning, then strain and weigh. To four pounds of pulp allow one pound of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of pepper and salt to taste. This is an excellent relish to serve with roast meats.

Grape Catsup.—Wash, drain and put into a preserving kettle. Mash well, place on the fire and cook until tender, and then strain. To every ten pounds of pulp allow six pounds of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Tomato Catsup.—Scald, peel, slice and core a peck of ripe tomatoes. Use the bright red tomatoes. Place in a porcelain kettle and cook until tender, and then strain. To this quantity of tomatoes and three large onions chopped very fine one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, five tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, and a tablespoonful each of ground black pepper, ground cloves, and celery seed in a bag. Simmer about six hours.

Cucumber catsup.—Pare large, ripe cucumbers, remove the seeds; grate fine and measure. Place the pulp in a colander and drain well. To every quart of the pulp allow a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish, and a pint of good cider vinegar. Mix together thoroughly; do not cook; bottle and seal. Try this with fish and game.

PLASTER OF PARIS.

It is not at all uncommon for the brass top which is fastened on the lamp in which the burner screws, to come unfastened. With the smallest quantity of plaster of paris wet to a thick paste with cold water, and enough put in this brass top to fill up the space in which it was first then fit down quickly (for it hardens rapidly) on the lamp, and the lamp will soon be as good as new. As soon as you fit the top on, press it down firmly and evenly with a soft, damp rag, wipe off all the plaster that oozes out, and set your lamp where it will not be disturbed until dry, which will generally be in less than an hour.

Nail holes in plaster can be quickly mended with this, and should be done before re-whitewashing or repapering the walls.

Plaster of paris eggs answer for nest eggs.

A pretty use to put the plaster to is to make paper weights of it by putting it either in a round or square paper box, and while soft press down into the plaster either a leaf, or spray of leaves or a flower, anything with large veins to make a distinct impression, and when dry and firm you can remove the leaf, leaving a perfect impress of itself. Ten cents' worth of the plaster will do much work.

TO CLEAN BROADCLOTH.

A bottle of ammonia, a small sponge and a piece of dark flannel will clean a broadcloth skirt as well as the best cleaner if one takes time and pains. The cloth should be wet only slightly, broadcloth never being soaked through. The proportions of ammonia to water should be for black goods one tablespoonful to a cup of water. For light colored material it is better to make a weaker solution, lest the ammonia fade the color.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON WATER.

A very original essay on water is quoted by a contemporary. One or two of the writer's ideas upon the subject are strikingly novel. For instance, he divides all water into four sub-headings—rain water, soda water, holy water, and brine. Water, he continues, is used for a good many things. Sailors use water to go to sea on. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt gun and to catch fishes in. But the strangest of all uses for water is this: Nobody, he says, could be saved from drowning if there wasn't water to pull them out of. This reminds one of the boy's essay on pins, in the course of which he said that pins had saved many lives by people not swallowing them.

HONEYMOON'S SPENT APART.

Sometimes Done by Accident—Sometimes by Design.

The average couple usually leave while the wedding bells are still ringing, glad to embrace a week or two of quietude before shaking themselves down in earnest to the serious business of life.

Ideas of spending the honeymoon differ. A recently married pair went to their separate homes immediately after the ceremony, the wife taking her usual place at the sewing machine as if no unusual event had marked the day; while the husband dressed himself in ordinary holiday clothes, an early train carrying him to Scarborough, England, where he enjoyed himself in solitary style for nearly a fortnight. During this time he never wrote a line to his wife, nor was she acquainted with his address.

Returning to the home of his parents, he permitted a couple of days to go by before calling on his better half. Then it was to inform her that he intended going to America, and would send for her in due course. A week later he sailed without so much as bidding his wife good-bye. She entertains little hope of ever seeing him again, and the neighbors wonder why the pair ever got married.

A gentleman who never permits any occurrence to interfere with business was married in great style to the pretty daughter of a wealthy merchant. The same afternoon witnessed him running about London, up to his ears in work, while his darling went to Paris for a month, accompanied by her mamma!

Pleading the poorness of trade as an excuse for not taking a holiday after the wedding, a fairly well-to-do grocer left his wife in her new home while he proposed going to his shop. Towards evening the young woman received a telegram stating that her spouse had gone to Doncaster races, but would return within a week. He returned with empty pockets—his favorites came in third, as usual, and a gold watch was the means of raising the fare home.

Pretty state of things to quarrel on the marriage day! A young bride wished to spend the honeymoon on the Continent; her partner voted for Douglas. As neither would give in they went their separate courses, much to the surprise and amusement of friends and guests. This peculiar couple never spend their summer holidays together—seemingly they intend to go on in the way they commenced.

Not only did a newly-married couple agree to spend their holiday apart, they also occupy different cottages though living in the same street. Occasionally they take walks together as during the courting days, otherwise their behavior appears to be merely friendly.

QUEBEC AS A GRAIN PORT.

Shippers Said to be Satisfied with Their Experiment So Far.

The Leyland Steamship Company and the American capitalists who are associated with it in its efforts to divert the export shipments of Western grain from New York, Boston and Portland to Quebec are more than satisfied with the result of their first shipments from Quebec. H. H. Melville of Boston and Col. James McNaught of New York, who are heavy stockholders on the Great Northern Railway of Canada, by which road the grain is shipped over the shortest existing route from the Great Lakes to the ocean steamships are authority for the statement that immediate steps are to be taken for more than doubling both the sailing of grain ships and the terminal facilities of the railway at Quebec.

In little more than two months the Great Northern has already shipped nearly a million and a quarter bushels of grain from Quebec, while for the month of August the Leyland Steamship Company has decided to run four grain-carrying steamships to Quebec instead of two, one of which will be the new cargo-carrier Kingstonian of 9,000 tons capacity, now on her maiden voyage to Quebec.

The doubling of the railway terminals at Quebec to accommodate the increased shipments of grain from the West has already begun and the discharging of barges and other vessels having cargoes of Western grain, by means of the marine leg of the new elevator equipment belonging to the Great Northern Railway, is going on concurrently with the elevating of grain from the cars.

The enormous spurt which the company's operations have given to the business of Quebec is illustrated by the fact that all the available storage accommodation upon the wharves has been taken up, necessitating the immediate construction by the Harbor Commission, of a series of new sheds, each 850 feet long, and 80 feet wide, one of which has already been completed. So promising is the development of this trade that large improvements are being made to the roadbed of the railway to enable it to meet the new demands upon it. New stretches of road are being built to avoid difficult curves and grades, and heavier rails are being laid wherever necessary.

A SKIN SEWING MACHINE.

A sewing machine for the skin is a recent French notion. It was exhibited by Dr. Paul Michel at the late Congress of Medicine, and is, of course, intended for the use of surgeons. The instrument is quite small, easily held in the hands, and has received the Barbier Prize of the Faculty of Medicine. In future a surgeon need not slowly stitch the edges of a wound. With the left hand he keeps the two lips together, and with the right he fastens it by means of little clasps or "agrafes" of nickel, having points which only penetrate the epidermis, and are not painful.

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

Henceforth Think of Nothing As Insignificant.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: II. Corinthians xi, 33, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Sermons on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars Hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the sanhedrin, Paul before Felix, are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damask. A horseman of the name of Saul, riding toward this city had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterwards speaks of. He had started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician prisoner escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and

LET DOWN IN BASKETS.

Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends had him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate, but he feels his work is not done yet and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a cloud of clinched fists and sometimes he secretes himself on the house top.

At last the infuriated populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Observe first on what a slender cord great results hang. The rope-maker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend upon

THE STRENGTH OF IT.

How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All the magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi in the Mediterranean Euroclydon, under flagellation, and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on slender circumstances.

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one awakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

PRACTICAL INFERENCE:

There are no insignificancies in life. The minutest thing is a part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals; great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the western sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be remembered in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the storm of the centuries.

O, men and women, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach you from among the New England hills or from the western prairie or from English or Irish or Scottish home

A CORD OF INFLUENCE

that has kept you right when you would have gone astray and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as 30 years or 500 miles long or 3,000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck and to give a shout to the racer if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in six days can't sail away from that. A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it? The most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven, the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on 19 centuries, and yet the world has not recognized the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian, "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those who got him out of

THE DAMASCUS PERIL.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on the circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaint all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for 20 years." Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for 30 years a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward for all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the Kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival." But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking into my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to

FLEE FOR HIS LIFE.

and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all." And he answered: "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures, and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! It was the very one who had said, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three naughts placed on the right side of the figure one makes a thousand, and six naughts on the right side of the figure one a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, SEPT. 8.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxviii, 10-22. Golden Text, Gen. xxviii, 6.

10, 11. "And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran." The previous chapter tells of the deception practiced upon Isaac by Jacob and his mother, Rebekah, and of Esau's hatred and purpose to kill his brother because he had supplanted him and taken his blessing, and as a result of this the sending of Jacob to Haran to Rebekah's brother Laban for a time. Our lesson is the story of the appearing of the Lord to Jacob as he journeyed to Haran and is a record of the wonderful grace of God, but seems also to imply true penitence on the part of Jacob after he left his father's house, for he would have much time to meditate as he journeyed onward alone. If Rebekah had believed God and had trusted Him to accomplish in His own way His promise to her (chapter xxv, 23), she might have been spared this separation from Jacob. But she seems to have feared that the purpose of God might be frustrated by Esau and his father and that it was necessary for her to act promptly even if not honestly. It is a restful thing to believe that every purpose of the Lord shall be performed both for His people and against His enemies (Jer. li, 29; Isa. xiv, 24) and just abide in Him. As Jacob journeyed from his home the blessing of his father (verses 1-4) and the love of his mother would lift him somewhat above the thoughts of his brother's anger, but he knew he had sinned against God, even though his mother was the most guilty, for she had been his counsellor to do wickedly (II. Chron. xxii, 3), and there must have been some searching of heart before God. His mother promised to send for him when his brother's anger had quieted, but we do not read that she ever saw him again on earth.

12. Behold a ladder set up on the earth and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. The Lord Jesus said to Nathanael "Hereafter ye shall see Heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man" (John i, 51), which teaches us that the ladder was typical of the Lord Jesus, through whom alone sinful man can come to God or have any revelation of God to him.

13, 14. Behold the Lord stood above it and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac. All things are of God through Christ; salvation is of the Lord. The unchangeable Jehovah here confirms to the unworthy Jacob His promise to Abraham and Isaac, giving to Jacob the promise of seed as the dust of the earth, whereas He had given to Isaac the promise of seed as the stars of heaven (chapter xxvi, 4). It is possible that when the kingdom comes we shall see that the promise to Isaac refers to or includes the church, while the promise to Jacob refers to the earthly seed Israel, and by the two righteous companies shall the righteous King of kings and Lord of lords rule all the earth.

15. "And, behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest and will bring thee again into this land." This is the fourth "behold" of our lesson: a ladder, the angels, Jehovah and now the assurance of His presence, His keeping power, His guidance and the fulfilment of all His promises. What more could sinful mortal desire? How undeserving is Jacob! How gracious is Jehovah! Can anyone else appropriate such a promise, or was it only for Jacob? Why should any child of God hesitate since in Christ God hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, and all things are ours in Christ? (Eph. i, 3; Cor. iii, 21).

16, 17. "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." Such were his waking thoughts as he remembered his beautiful dream, and a great sense of his unworthiness and sinfulness filled him as he considered that the God of his fathers had appeared to him also. He probably felt like Job and Isaiah and Daniel and John when they saw the Lord (Job xlii, 5, 6; Isa. vi, 5; Dan. x, 8; Rev. i, 17). Simon Peter had a somewhat similar experience when he saw the great goodness of his Lord and cried, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord (Luke v, 8). The believer should never be found where he cannot say, "Surely the Lord is in this place," but the precious truth of Matth. xxviii. 20, should be an unceasing comfort to us, for He is ever saying, "Fear not; peace be unto you." See also Jer. xxix, 11.

18, 19. His pillow became a pillar, annointed unto God. May it suggest the change in himself that whereas in more senses than one he had recently been prone upon the earth he was now by the grace of God an upright man before God and annointed by His Spirit. One of the promises to the overcomer is that he shall be a pillar in the temple of God (Rev. iii, 12), and Paul wrote concerning James and Peter and John that they seemed to be pillars (Gal. ii, 9), speaking of the time when they gave to Barnabas and to himself the right hand of fellowship. There is one great truth that believers are very apt to forget, and that is that their bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost and that they are not their own, but mansions in which Father, Son and Holy Spirit have come to dwell (I. Cor. vi, 19, 20; John xiv, 17, 23). The word "abode" in John xiv, 23, is the same as "mansion" in verse 2.

20, 22. "If all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." Reading this passage just as it is in our A.V., it looks as if Jacob did not quite believe God, but said, If God will do as He has said, then I will give Him the tenth of all that He gives me. Such bargaining would be unbecoming in a child of Abraham who cheerfully paid tithes to Melchisedek (chapter xiv, 20). If we should read it, "Since God will be with me," etc., which translation, some say, the word will allow, then it becomes on the part of Jacob a grateful consecration to the Lord who appeared unto him. We may hope that the latter reading is correct, but let us who are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ see to it that we gracefully and cheerfully and conscientiously give the Lord at least the tenth of all He gives us that we may in our experience manifest the truth of Mal. iii, 10, and II. Chron. xxxi, 10, and prove Ps. lxxxiv, 11.

ADVICE AS TO DIET.

What the Man of Sedentary Habits Should Eat.

In a recent issue of the London Chronicle the question of what the man of sedentary habits should eat was discussed at length. Housekeepers know that no man is so difficult to cater for as he who leads the indoor life. His appetite is erratic and if his food does not suit him his temper is likely to be erratic also. As to the question the Chronicle says: "There is a mistaken idea that we are always trying to cheat the doctor by smuggling forbidden dishes into the dietary. The real difficulty is to know what prescription to follow, and when to take the prescriber seriously. There is a story that Sir Andrew Clarke, on one occasion, laid down a severe regimen for a new patient suffering from indigestion. When the consultation was over, Clarke discovered that the visitor was the son of an old friend, and invited him to dinner.

"'But what about the regimen?' asked the other, nervously.

"'Oh, never mind that,' said the genial physician. 'You dine with me to-night and begin the regimen to-morrow!'

"This apparent lack of scientific precision may be included in what Dr. Robert Hutchinson calls 'personal peculiarities.' The peculiarities, both of the doctor and patient, seem to offer a rather extensive margin. When you are told by an eminent surgeon that the smallest quantity of alcohol, even at meals, is

A SLOW POISON,

is this a warning you cannot afford to disregard, or is it only the ebullition of a temperament that wants to make your flesh creep?"

"The sedentary man is asked to give up one or two cherished illusions. Lobster does not stimulate the brain. Oysters do not breed a metaphysician. In point of nutriment," says Dr. Hutchinson, "fourteen oysters are equal to only one egg. In spite of that no man will eat an egg as equivalent for fourteen oysters. And what about the brown bread and butter? Besides the oyster lives in poetry and heroic tradition. Pistol compared the world to an oyster to be opened with a sword; he did not compare it to an egg, to be cracked with a spoon. The egg is a great symbol in science, but in Shakespeare it is a term of contumely, followed by murder. Thus in Macbeth a villain addresses Macduff's little boy: 'Thou egg (stabs him).' In food, the egg is a useful lesson to vegetarians, who, with the help of eggs and milk, are enabled comfortably to support life. Dr. Hutchinson admits, however, that we owe a debt to vegetarianism. It showed us that we were too great eaters of beef; that a mixed diet of one part animal food to three parts vegetable food was essential to health, and that our meat should be restricted to a couple of 'moderate sized platefuls' a day. Pea soup is nutritious; but, to live on it, you would need a daily supply of twenty-four platefuls. A purely vegetable diet is too bulky; yet it may be good for the gouty and the obese. It is true that the Scottish peasantry, their country's pride, were nurtured on oatmeal; but it was liberally supplemented by milk. Rational life is a compromise—you want the happy mean between the tiger pacing its cage and the cow lying upon the grass. To the sedentary man, of pacific disposition but unquailing spirit the choice is easy."

DISEASES OF THE APPLE.

There are four principal diseases of the apple—apple scab, skin blotch, root rot and bitter rot. The two former are easily controlled by spraying with the bordeaux mixture. Spray early in spring. Continued spraying is better than spasmodic efforts. Bitter rot is not so easily controlled. The bordeaux mixture is good for this, but hardly satisfactory. Root rot is a very subtle disease, with as yet no known remedy.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

He—Why the professor has spent three years investigating sun spots.

She—Goodness! And people say women are inquisitive!

At Panama the average rise and fall of the tides is 2ft., the lowest for ocean tides; but the Mediterranean has a tide of 6in. only.

Veils for full mourning in the Royal family measure 7½in. in length.

There are only 1,024 American bison now alive out of an estimated total of 10 millions thirty years ago.

ON THE FARM.

SOME GOOD RULES.

The Stable.

1. Stables should be well ventilated and drained; should have tight floors, walls, and be plainly constructed.

2. No musty or dirty litter, no strong-smelling material, and no manure should remain in the stable longer than is absolutely necessary.

3. Whitewash the stable once or twice a year. Would recommend using land plaster in manure gutters daily.

4. Feed no dry dusty fodders previous to milking. If dusty sprinkle before it is fed.

5. Keep stable and dairy room in cleanly condition.

The Cows.

1. Keep only healthy cows. Promptly remove suspected animals. In particular add no cows to the herd unless it be certain that they are free from tuberculosis.

2. Do not excite the cows or expose them to stress of weather.

3. Feed a good cow liberally with fresh, palatable feeding stuffs. Do not change these suddenly. Provide water, pure but not too cold, in abundance.

Milking.

1. The milker should be clean, his clothes likewise.

2. Brush the udder just before milking and wipe it with a clean cloth or sponge.

3. Milk quietly, quickly and thoroughly.

4. Throw away into the gutter the first few streams from each teat; this milk is very watery and of little value, and is quite apt to injure the remainder of the milk.

5. Remove the milk promptly from the stable to a clean, dry room where the air is pure and sweet.

6. Drain the milk through a clean flannel cloth, or through two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth.

7. Aerate and cool the milk as soon as it is strained. The cooler it is the more souring is retarded. If covers are left off the cans, cover with cloths or mosquito netting.

8. Never mix fresh, warm milk with that which has been cooled, nor close a can containing warm milk, nor allow it to freeze.

9. Under no circumstances should anything be added to prevent it souring. Such doings violate the principles of both God and man. The chemicals which are used for this purpose are slow poisons. Cleanliness and cold are the only preservatives needed.

10. In hot weather jacket the cans with a clean wet blanket or canvas when moved in a wagon.

Utensils.

1. Insist that the skimmilk or whey tank at the factory be kept clean, in order that the milk cans may not become contaminated.

2. Wash all dairy utensils daily, thoroughly rinsing in boiling hot water and a little washing soda, scald and drain. Boil strainer cloths daily. After cleaning keep utensils inverted in pure air, and sun if possible, until wanted for use.

HANDLING MILK.

The main thing to consider in the care of milk during the hot season is to delay fermentation, writes Mr. E. C. Bennett. This means more than the prevention of souring. Souring is acid fermentation. Some species of bacteria cause acid fermentation, some putrid fermentation, and some other kinds. First in order of importance is cleanliness, so as to exclude filth germs and prevent putrid fermentation. Second is cooling, to check bacterial growth, for some germs unavoidably get into the milk and it is of the utmost importance to check their propagation. Third is the elimination of animal gases or odors.

Stagnant ponds in the pasture are very detrimental to milk. The udder and teats become covered with slime containing filth germs and some of them fall into the warm milk and propagate rapidly. Brushing off all dust, washing, if necessary, should be done before commencing to milk. After the can is filled it should be set in cold water with the cover off. Occasional stirring while cooling is beneficial. The object is to cool the milk below 60 deg., so as to check fermentation, and leaving it uncovered facilitates the escape of the contained gases. Freshly drawn warm milk, if closely covered, will soon become fetid.

The milk should be strained immediately after it is drawn, either through a few thicknesses of cloth, or through a fine wire strainer. Cloth strainers are liable to become sour unless well cared for, and this starts the milk to souring, so the use is recommended of a fine wire strainer, 70 meshes to the inch, as it is easily kept clean. Do not mix morning's and night's milk until both are cooled. Mixing freshly drawn milk with older milk causes quick souring, as the dormant germs in the old spring into lively activity when introduced into the warm milk. The ordinary eight-gallon can answers reasonably well for the cooling and preservation of milk, if set in a tank of cold water uncovered, but the "shotgun" can is better. This is 8 in. in diameter and 20 in. deep. Having no neck it is easy to clean, and being of small diameter the milk cools rapidly. Ordinarily the most convenient method to keep the milk tank supplied with cold water is to run all the water for stock into it and let the overflow run into the stock water tank. I always advocate placing the water tank for holding the cans of milk in a small house made especially for that purpose, and not to set the cans in the stock tank in the barnyard, as there are sure to be poor results at least part of the time.

Finally, use tin utensils for milk, not wooden pails. And have the tin bright and clean. To sum up: Be cleanly, cool and aerate the milk, and use tin vessels. By observing these principles milk can be kept sweet and good for three or four days. If milk in town is kept in a refrigerator see that the animal heat has left it before putting it in, as otherwise it will become fetid and also taint the other articles.

THE POOR MAN'S BUTTER.

MANUFACTURE OF MARGARINE IS NOT A MYSTERY.

Immense Quantities Used in Great Britain.—Ingredients Used In Manufacture.

A correspondent who has been studying the question expresses amazement at the quantity of margarine consumed within the United Kingdom.

There are one or two firms concerned in the manufacture of margarine in Great Britain, and considering all things, their output is extensive, but practically nearly the whole of the stuff is imported.

Out of the 1,000,000 cwt. imported last year, two-thirds came from Holland, which is the home of the industry.

Against those figures, just to show you the difference, the quantity of ordinary butter imported from foreign countries and our own colonies for the same period, was nearly 3,500,000 cwt., showing a value of over $35,000,000, rather more than half of which was imported from Denmark, the home of foreign-made butter.

Comparing the one commodity with the other, it is estimated that fully 25 per cent. of the margarine is consumed, and while the average value of the butter imported from abroad was about $25 per cwt., that of margarine was about $13 for the same quantity. These figures, as concerning margarine, represent a marked increase upon those of former years.

It is characteristic of the Britisher that he should adopt an attitude of suspicion towards a food which is surrounded even yet in the opinion of a great many by an element of mystery, despite the notable increase in the demand for it. Thousands imagine it to be anything but what it is, a really

WHOLESOME FOOD.

It resembles butter in color and texture and even flavor, yet it is not butter, nor, of course, may it be sold as butter, although it does frequently happen that an unscrupulous tradesman palms it off on the unwary as butter in contravention of the specific Act of Parliament governing its sale.

People who have not tasted margarine look askance at it, and, innocent of its manufacture, regard it simply as a something impossible in the way of a nutritious and wholesome food, forgetting that if it were not sound and good, the authorities would not allow it to be sold, or even exposed to view on our provision counters. But it is by no means the gross compound you imagine it to be.

The writer has seen it made, and noticed that the rooms in which the ingredients were mixed were spotlessly clean, all the apparatus washed and purified daily, and that clean clothes were served out to the workmen every morning. What is more gratifying still, margarine is almost exclusively made by machinery; at any rate, the ingredients are not touched by hand till the mixture reaches what is called the kneading stage.

Using the hands then cannot be helped, nor can that rule even be obviated in proper dairies when the kneading stage has been reached, as no mechanical method of attaining the same end has been as yet made perfect.

The compound is composed of beef fat, a certain vegetable oil, and sometimes lard is used. The beef fat is really beef suet from which the stearine has been extracted.

The oil used is either sweet nut oil or cotton-seed oil, both of which are

GOOD AND HARMLESS.

Indeed, either or both these oils are used in the manufacture of specific foods to a greater extent than is ordinarily imagined. In the case of margarine, oil must be used to blend the ingredients.

With regard to the milk, it is again necessary that this should be very fresh and pure, while the lard, too, must be of the best quality. It would not pay margarine makers to use any ingredients that was not pure and wholesome.

Those four, then, are the maximum ingredients used in the manufacture of margarine—not a very formidable concoction.

The fat is placed in vats and melted into a liquid by heating means. It is then drained off to the churns by simple machinery, all chance of impurities being intercepted by a huge filter through which the liquid passes on the way.

Then the oil is added, and the two are churned together until the stage is reached when a cascade of scalded milk is turned on and allowed to flow and mingle with the compound in the vat.

The churning is done by steam-driven vessels just as butter is churned. When the churning is finished, the liquid is then drained off again into a tank full of cold water, before reaching which it is met by an opposing stream of ice-cold water whereby it is converted into small particles of yellow fat. These float on the surface of the water in the tank and are scooped off by wooden skimmers, and the whole mass is then put on wooden trucks and conveyed to the kneading rooms, where it is worked up to a proper consistency by hand.

It is at this stage that the mixing of a little butter (the Act says ten per cent.) is proceeded with, and that done, girls cut it up into pats for the market, where but for the labels on it, you could not distinguish it from butter.

Divided into five parts, margarine stands thus: beef fat three, oil one, and milk one.

The Fatal Thumb

I'm still waiting to hear of a case to beat, for sheer dramatic queerness, the Stowport Stone House mystery.

Stowport, mind you, was a big important town then: it hadn't lost its industry. Pierrepoint—the only other private agency man in the place—and I could go whole weeks without needing to glare at each other. He was smart, he was trying his daily hardest to sneer me out of it, and there was a deadly struggle for every scrap of business going; but I wasn't going to budge. I just hung on and waited my chance to make a sensational hit. And that day—that bright morning when young Gavin Loder rang the bell and burst in with a damp, white face, it seemed to have come, if ever a chance did. Not two hours before the whole place had been thrilled by news that his uncle, Captain Loder, had been found dead and cold in his study.

"You know—you've heard!" he panted, with hysterical excitement. "They say now that it's . . . . . Mr. Starr!" He gripped my arm, so. "Before you do anything for me, before you hear a word, look at me—would you take me for a criminal?"

I kept back my gasp. I knew him well by sight, as I did the rest of the family; but, judging off-hand, I should not have been worth my salt if I had mistaken the dread in those fine, imploring eyes. Anyhow—

"No; and you are not one," I said, quietly. It struck me that, if I hesitated, he might go on to Pierrepoint.

"Then, help me—prove it, at once! Uncle has been murdered. The police are there, and they say—someone has dared to hint that I——"

"Never mind that," I said, as the words choked him. "Just keep calm, and I'll come at once and see what it means."

He made a great effort, and out we stepped. The Stone House, Captain Loder's dull, old-fashioned residence, stood in a belt of firs just my end of the town. In ten minutes we had struck into the avenue. The sun was shining, the house looked just as usual. Suddenly, with a sharp breath-catch, he pulled me back between the trees.

"Let them pass!" he breathed. "I won't see them yet; I should say something foolish. It—it would break her poor heart if they were even to arrest me on suspicion."

We emerged higher up, and I glanced back to see two police inspectors hurrying down the avenue. The housekeeper stood at the door, and I saw Mr. Gavin's lips twitch as she half put out a shaking hand to him, but he stole straight on to the corridor end. A door stood ajar; he looked at me and tip-toed in. I shall never forget the blank, piteous look in Miss Melanie's wide blue eyes as she turned them from the still figure on the couch to the doorway. She had been bending there, both hands to her breast; she looked like a woman spellbound by a dream. For years, as they said, she had been the one ray of sunshine in that gloomy old house; her light, quaint laugh, the dancing light in her eyes, had made people call her an angel shut up in a prison. And now—

"Gavin!" she breathed it as if unconsciously. "Gavin! Why don't they speak? What does it mean? Why——"

He took both her hands tightly, whispered something, and led her from the room. I shall put it that I stood alone there for two minutes—maybe three. In that time, by the aid of a magnifying-glass that I always carried, I had chanced upon a discovery that set my pulse going double time. Then in he came, deadly white, but self-possessed. I was scribbling a note.

"One moment! An envelope—two please! There!" I had secured one envelope inside the other. "Send someone you can trust with this to my place, and let him wait for my case of medical books . . . . . Now! As few words as possible—time is precious here."

"Aye," he whispered. "They will be back soon; they have sent a constable to guard the room—he is in the hall. Mr. Starr, at seven o'clock this morning a servant came in here. The lamp had burned nearly out; my uncle was lying back in his chair here, facing the balcony door—dead. He often sat late in here, casting up accounts, we suppose; they locked up and went to bed, thinking no more of it than usual; when disturbed he was apt to be savage. It was a warm night—perhaps he pushed that glass door half open, as you see. They carried him on to the couch. nothing else has been touched. We thought at once it was an apoplectic stroke, but the police—the police found marks on his throat. They were questioning everyone. I stepped out for a minute; when I came back, to my utter stupefaction, I heard that two of the servants had admitted hearing high words in here between seven and eight o'clock last evening—and felt certain that the other voice was mine. Mine! Another—Miss Melanie's own maid—was positive she saw me step across the drive down there about that time. Mr. Starr, I could only stand and choke. All three are above suspicion—I haven't an enemy in the house or out; and yet, unless I am mad or acted under some spell, I never left my room once from seven to nine o'clock. Melaine had driven into the town; I was painting in the last bit of sunset through my window! There's the proof in itself!"

"It can be said—it is true—that during the last few months I have exchanged hardly a score of words with poor old uncle. We avoided each other so persistently that sometimes—sometimes I hardly cared to pass him on the stairs. We have gone in a state of suspense and uncertainty that no one outside might credit. Only two things have held me from doing what my brother Max, for other reasons, did months ago—leaving the place for good. Can't you guess? Haven't you seen through that?" He faced me again in an agony of helplessness. "Want of money and that dear girl Melanie. Tragedy? It has been one all through, when people outside thought it a grim comedy. It might have a terrible meaning if people heard that . . . No, I won't speak ill of him now. He had one good point: he cared for her; he couldn't help it. But Max and me—he seemed to hate us from the moment our parents died and he had to bring us here. He did. He had meant her to marry Max. I know now, too, what she does not; he had made some proposal to Max about—about halving her money. There was a terrible scene. She could neither marry nor touch her money without his permission; but she was a true woman. He threatened nameless things, and stopped every penny of my allowance out of spite; but we stood firm. Finally in a bitter fit, Max went off to London, and he refused to come near again. I stayed because I dared not leave her. And now—now you know exactly how I stand and why they might attempt to charge me."

"That'll do," I put in. "The inquest comes first, and by that time we may have a theory of our own to set against it. Simply keep calm, and say nothing about my action in the matter." A knock made him start. Not the police again, but the constant, breathless, with the—containing—not medical treatises, but my special camera and accessories, carefully wrapped and coiled.

"Thanks! I shall ask you to leave me here for ten minutes," I said to Gavin Loder. "No; in case I'm at fault, I say nothing yet." And he stepped dazedly outside.

Time was more than precious. I locked the door, let all the conventional details slide, and riveted my attention on the dead captain. In ten minutes I had taken three negatives of certain distinct bluish discolorations on the thick neck that, in a few hours' time, might deepen or might fade out. That was all. The box packed and recovered, I opened the door.

"What have you done?" came the agitated breath at once.

"Never mind! Say nothing to anyone. Let the police do just what they please—you must. I shall be back again later, just to formally offer my services. You understand?"

As I went out I caught a glimpse of the pathetic face with the blank, blue eyes at the bend of the staircase. To scatter that cloud over them both—to make a hit, and win the hundred pounds Gavin had promised me! I was so vaguely certain of something that I could not repress a thrill of tentative triumph as, passing the gate, I saw Pierrepoint, my professional rival, star-along the avenue.

"Humph!" he said, with a slow sneer. "On the spot already? Er—anything going, then?"

"Can't say. Let you know later."

I hurried home, darkened a room, developed my negatives, enlarged the results to life-size, bent over them with the microscope—and bent back with a queer sensation. I closed my eyes and saw the scene of the tragedy—the captain facing that balcony door, the hand suddenly gripping his pillar-like throat. I saw everything but the face of the man who had yielded to the terrible impulse. I had only the indelible print of his fingers. But there was a peculiar feature about them—so peculiar that I stood in a sweat to see my next move without betraying the motive.

It was just dusk when I thought it safe to call at the Stone House and ask to see Mr. Gavin Loder on business. The housekeeper came forward.

"He has gone out," she whispered. "I think—I feel sure it was to avoid his brother. Mr. Max got here about noon, and they had words. And that poor, dear lamb up there! Oh, where will it end? The police seem in a fix; I think they would be inclined to leave it as it stands; but Mr. Max heard about that, and—and—oh, it is too black for words!"

A little later, walking through the town to hear what was being said, I saw people turn to look at a gentleman hurrying along. It was Mr. Max Loder, looking, if anything, more pale and haggard than his brother. But, try as I might, I could not get another glimpse of Mr. Gavin that night. Had he, in his anxiety, also engaged Pierrepoint? Was it to be my rival's brain against mine? If so, he was making the most of his chance. I had had mine. I could only wait for the opportunity to develop it.

It was two days later. If one, I had made a score of secret attempts to see Mr. Gavin Loder, but all were abortive. Finally, I had dared an open call, had been met by Mr. Max, and had been told abruptly that his brother had quite broken down and was confined to his room. Unless I took my queer bit of evidence to the police I was balked, and the odds were that they might scout it as far-fetched. Besides, while having to burn at seeing Pierrepoint hurry backwards and forwards, I was loth to let the discovery leave my possession for a moment. Better had I been placed in such a dilemma. Only the results of that day's proceedings could show we a way out.

The inquest was on, and the roadway outside the town hall was a mass of whispering, expectant people. Max Loder was inside—but no sign of his brother. Pierrepoint was there, too, watching, it seemed, my every movement and expression. I listened breathlessly till all but positive that the police had no fresh or startling evidence to adduce; then I slipped out. I had barely gone a hundred yards before my shoulder was tapped. I spun round. It was Pierrepoint, my rival, with a queer sort of smile playing on his lips.

"Couldn't you wait a minute?" he whispered. "Mean? I think we have been working against each other; we may join issue here to mutual advantage. There! Step into my office; perhaps I can tell you something before they reach their verdict—in plenty of time for your coup."

That was it—so extraordinary, so unexpected, that I turned mechanically back. Within five minutes we sat within his quiet room, looking a challenge at each other across a table on which stood an inverted box.

"Waive all doubt or surprise," he was saying, coolly, deliberately. "First of all, what did your plate show you? . . . Oh, I knew you had taken it—never mind how. There did it give you anything like this?" And there before me lay a duplicate of my own precious photograph. I made an instinctive, indignant grab. "Stolen!" was on my lips.

"You're wrong," he said, quietly. "I took it myself, unknown to anyone. The inspiration was yours, I admit at once. I found out, followed suit—and got the same result as you. I have discovered more. It will pay us both to go straightforward. When I tell you that I know who murdered Captain Loder, and can save you any more worry, you will, perhaps, agree to let me stand in with that hundred pounds!"

"Let you——" No. I could not get it out. The walls seemed to be swaying.

"Exactly. I have been promised the same amount for an investigation, but I may never see it. Starr, you are stopped for want of a man with——"

"A left-handed man!" It came out before I realized it, his manner was so confiding.

"Ah, just so!" He sat back, with a deep breath. "Then your theory would have left you where you were. Left-handed—because those prints, those unmistakable finger-bruises, on the right-hand side of the neck, where the thumb-mark alone should have shown. I jumped to that at once. Springing from right before him on our rounding and joining the other man back, a left-handed man stands revealed at once. But——" he leaned forward again, "that shows how a flash-thought can lead one all astray because it seems so conclusive. Supposing you could not have produced such a man? Where's your reward? Supposing, after all, the captain was gripped and forced down from behind, or, rather, sideways, in a shrinking, cowardly manner, that feared itself? The fingers of a right hand would have left almost precisely the same marks. You don't agree? I think you must. What with the other and still deeper peculiarity that we are both puzzling over?"

"There was no thumb-mark at all. Go on!" I said, in a sort of incredulous desperation.

"Exactly!" Pierrepoint rose. "Left hand or right the thumb-ball mark in such a death-grip should have been plainest of all. Sit back, don't breathe too heavily—and look at this."

He carefully lifted the inverted box from the table. I don't mind saying that I gasped as much in forced admiration for Pierrepoint's brainwork as with deepest awe of the result. There, framed in a thick square layer of dust, was the print of an open hand—a right hand—to which there seemed to be but the stump of a thumb . . . . He put back the box.

"Call it a case," he said, "of honors divided. If you don't think so, I can make a coup of it with the result, and claim what Mr. Gavin Loder offered you. But there's a solid reason why 'halves' might be our best word to-day."

"Halves, then!" I had risen, too, and stopped grinding my teeth.

"Right you are! Starr, an accident, and that alone, beat you; I admit it. The man who, intentionally or not, killed Captain Loder is in Stowport at this minute. He called here late last evening, doubtless in dread, to find out what I knew, or what you knew, for it is a certainty that he engaged me in hopes of balking you. The girl had just swept here, raised the usual cloud, and had dusted everything but the table. I bundled her out. He stood there, where you stand, and rested both hands on the table. I told him nothing; it was not my policy until I could discover what he was. He went. I sat wondering—and saw that hand in the dust. And you'll guess why I didn't spring at my wonderful chance, why I sat staring at it half through the night, when I tell you that——"

A vehement pull at the bell. A second, and then the door burst open and in panted Max Loder, his eyes deep-ringed in a white face.

"Pierrepoint!" he got out in a whisper—such a whisper! "I missed you. I believe—I think they intend to arrest my brother. Can't you—what——"

It died off. As we silently stared, some deadly, defiant fear seemed to creep into his eyes. Unconsciously, maybe, he felt for the door. Pierrepoint's quiet voice broke the horrible pause, through which came a growing hum of voices from outside. Verdict!

"Yes, I can! Because the finger-marks on his uncle's throat corresponded with a hand here—and with that!"

All over. He gave a sort of moan. His right hand was ungloved. He stared at it; we saw a thumb, the top joint of which was twisted completely away, clutched at the wall—and broke down in a rush of hoarse, incoherent sobs that we were never likely to forget.

"Don't—don't move! You daren't! Let me go; I've paid; the nights—the dreams—the dreams! Oh, if you knew! . . . He made a tool, a bad man, of me—I swear I had used some of her money for gentlemen, I was to marry her, to set it right! That night I only came up—no, don't!"

"Go on!" said Pierrepoint, in a voice of iron. "We have not much time—yet."

"I had never a thought—believe me! I came up for money—he lived—to pay my debts, I waited my chance out there; I wanted to see no one but him. I went up to the balcony. One word only I whispered—and he raved, and cursed me, and refused a penny—said I had ruined his plans. It maddened me—you don't know all. I threatened to tell the truth, and he flew at me and struck me in a passion. I struck back; we fell across the chair, and I knew no more till I saw him lying there. I took the last train back to London. I meant to fly the country; and then I had Gavin's telegram, and heard that he had been mistaken for me. And I thought—I dared——"

That was all. The hand to his forehead, he gazed past us in horror unspeakable, as to realize what he had said—or, maybe, recalling the moment when the study grew silent. Then—then, as that buzz of voices grew, with a cry he was groping out. It made an instinctive movement Pierrepoint's hand stopped it.

"Stand still. Let that wait for the warrant." And for perhaps five minutes we hardly seemed to move or breathe. Then—"It's time to let Mr. Gavin know," he whispered; "he is the man to act."

Act! All that Gavin Loder characteristically said when he could understand, when the lump had gone from his throat, was: "Heaven help him!" Yes; his thumb was shattered by a cricket ball years ago. Let them charge me. I'll bear anything—she will bear it—for twenty-four hours. Just that time—perhaps to save him from paying with his life!"

Hours before the truth flashed out and stupefied everyone Max was quit of his country—for his country's good. His conscience paid the price, no doubt. All that concerned me was to know that the shadow had lifted, and that Gavin Loder's sweet wife is full as happy as such a husband could make her. And neither my old friend Pierrepoint nor I have ever had any occasion to regret that, from our point of view, it was a case of honors divided.—London Tit-Bits.

COSTLY BEDSTEADS.

Some of Them Are Made of Gold and Silver.

Some years ago a magnificent bedstead was constructed in Paris to the order of an Indian prince. Besides the costliness of the materials used in its manufacture it is ingeniously designed to be of special service for use in tropical climates; while its princely owner is said to have paid some thousands of pounds for it. This remarkable bedstead was constructed chiefly of silver. Four large and beautifully modelled female figures occupied the corners, each holding in her hand a delicate fan. By means of a concealed mechanical contrivance the weight of the sleeper's body sets these fans gently in motion—the room being thus filled with cool air. A spring upon being pressed releases the cylinder of a costly musical box, and the soft harmonies thus emitted are devised with a view to induce slumber in the occupant of the bed.

A rajah in one of the north-west provinces of India is the possessor of a bedstead of even more value and beauty than the one thus mentioned. The wooden portions of this remarkable bedstead are constructed of malacca, the entire remainder being manufactured of solid gold. The golden head-piece is brilliantly set with no fewer than 700 gems of all kinds, and the dazzling effect as the light falls on this scintillating array of thickly-studded jewels is said to be almost beyond expression. As this costly couch is valued at the enormous sum of £60,000 it is almost unnecessary to add that it is guarded night and day by two faithful attendants of its wealthy owner.

Another remarkable bedstead was once constructed in the Imperial manufactory at St. Petersburg, and afterwards presented by the then reigning Emperor to the Shah of Persia. It was constructed entirely of crystal, and was accessible by means of steps of the same material. The crystal was cut into small squares, and then shaped in the form of diamonds. Finally these diamond-shaped crystals were embedded close together in a solid crystal frame. Delicately chased spouts on each side of the bed ejected softly murmuring jets of scented water, thus inviting sleep and filling the chamber with fragrance at the same time. Over the bed hung a large chandelier which, when lighted, sent its rays up the crystal beneath, causing it to look like millions of large diamonds all reflecting their brilliancy at the same time.

A magnificent Chinese bedstead was to be seen during one of the early London exhibitions. It was ornamented with some of the most curious and delicate cabinet carving ever witnessed, the greater part of which was tastefully and liberally inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Another remarkable bedstead was that once occupied by one of the German Emperors while on a visit to the Sultan of Turkey. This costly couch was constructed entirely of solid silver, beautifully and artistically chased in many elegant designs. The curtains which surrounded it were of Oriental design, heavily embroidered with gold, and were of such surpasssng richness that the Emperor was astonished at their beauty.

POPULATION OF GERMAN TOWNS.

The recent German census shows there are now thirty-three towns in the empire with a population of over 100,000, exactly the same number as in the British Isles. Five years ago there were twenty-six, and at the establishment of the empire in 1871 only eight. Thirteen towns have a population of over 150,000, against eighteen in the British Isles; while seven have over 300,000, against nine in the United Kingdom.

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS.

The remarkable longevity of the Society of Friends has been fully sustained during the past year, the average age at death from one to one hundred years in the United Kingdom being sixty-one years seven months and seven days. Two members (both females) have died over 100.

WHAT NOT TO DO IN A BOAT.

Some Rules for the Guidance of the Land-Lubber.

Some people, fearless because ignorant of dangers, will insist upon boat parties, and we have every summer a long list of unnecessary accidents on our rivers. Most of these might have been avoided by a little knowledge of what not to do in a boat.

To begin at the beginning, when taking your place do not step on the side of the boat, or the consequence will be that, unless you have a very experienced mariner as your companion, he will, through the sudden lurch of the boat, be pitched backward into the water.

But place your foot on the seat, well in the middle of it; don't stand there hesitating, but give your weight on to that foot and promptly step with the other onto the floor of the boat.

Sit down at once, even if not in the particular spot you wish to occupy; the change can be made over so much better after a minute or so, when you have quite made up your mind, where you would best like to sit, and when the boat has recovered from the little wobbliness occasioned by your entry.

Be sure not to stand up when anybody else is moving about the boat. More accidents have happened that way than any other.

Even if you should think that by so doing you might avert a catastrophe, renounce the idea—unless, of course, a very trustworthy guide should counsel the action.

Above all things, remember that when going through the rapids it is perfectly essential to sit still.

Do not rock the boat to tease a companion; and, if frightened, sit still and do not grab at anyone.

Do not wear fine clothes, but dress neatly. Large hats, feathers and streaming ends are inappropriate and most uncomfortable on the river. A light woolen skirt, a cotton shirt with a jacket to match the skirt and a plain straw hat are never amiss, but a more shady headgear may be donned with a simple summer dress for a smarter occasion.

It is impossible to leave the subject without a word of advice to a lazy man. Never allow a girl to scull you up stream in the blazing sun while you loll back at ease. The girl may be a would-be athlete, protesting that she likes it, but all the same you must not permit her to so overtax her strength as to risk a sunstroke. There could be only one opinion as to the man's breeding under these circumstances, and his selfishness is beyond hope.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Splendid Results of Intelligent Industry.

Students at the School of Practical Agriculture and Horticulture, which was recently opened at Briarcliff Manor, Westchester County, New York, will have an object-lesson always before their eyes. They look out over a portion of Briarcliff Farms, owned by Mr. Walter M. Law, and in their walks in every direction they will see what intelligent industry can accomplish.

The farms have come into Mr. Law's possession one at a time within the last ten years, and now comprise more than six thousand acres. Although many times a millionaire, Mr. Law did not bring in an army of workmen and convert the wilderness into a garden in a season; he employed methods within the reach of any farmer. He improved acre by acre extended his tillage ground and increased his herds and flocks year by year.

At present the dairy herd consists of one thousand and forty-five Jersey cattle, registered and graded. There are on the farms also three thousand hens, chiefly Wyandottes and Leghorns, one thousand five hundred hogs and four hundred sheep, the products of which find ready sale, and bring the highest market prices. Strict accounts are kept, and there is no guesswork about any department.

Cleanliness prevails everywhere. When the cows are driven to the field in the morning the barns are thoroughly cleaned; the manure is thrown from the gutters into carts as they pass through the barn; then the gutters are flushed, the cement floors are scrubbed, and the walls washed inch by inch. When the cows come in they are rubbed with brushes and the tuft at the end of the tail is combed out and brushed. The udders are wiped with moist cloths.

The milking is done by men in white garments, who milk with closed pails, and wash their hands in clean water after milking each cow.

The cows are fed from the floor, and no feed is kept in the enclosures. There is plenty of glass, and light and air abound. Kindness and gentleness characterize every movement of the attendants, and the animals never hear a harsh word.

Similar care is exercised in the dairy house. Milk is strained several times; that which is sold is aerated and bottled, and that from which butter is to be made is separated. No part of the building smells like a dairy-house; there is only fresh, pure air.

Mr. Law's farming pays. Briarcliff milk sells in New York City, Yonkers and other towns at ten cents a quart, cream at sixty to eighty cents a quart, and butter at sixty cents a pound.

Briarcliff farms may not differ widely from other model farms where the object is the production of pure food of the highest excellence, but the fact that all the resources of the farms will be placed at the service of the school near-by makes them of interest.

HARDENED TO PRIVATION.

Jimson—"What makes you think Scribbles would make a good North Pole explorer?"

Jester—"Because being a poet he is hardened to privation.

MONARCH'S LAST WORDS.

DEATH-BED REMARKS OF ENGLISH KINGS.

Charles I. Said "Remember!"—William III. Cried Out, "Can This Last Long?"

There is something that touches the hearts of all people in the last, simple words of Charles II. "Don't let poor Nelly starve." "Poor Nelly" was Nell Gwynne, orange-girl actress, and founder of the ducal family of St. Albans.

More mysterious—uncanny, almost—was that attributed to his father, Charles I., who, just before he laid his head on the block, ejaculated, addressing Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, the single word, "Remember!" Speculation has been rife for over two centuries as to the exact meaning which ought to be attached to this. The most probable explanation, and one which has been adopted by most historians, is that Charles, who was at heart a Catholic, felt persuaded that his misfortunes were a Divine visitation on him for retaining the church property confiscated by Henry VIII., and had made a vow that, if God would restore him to the throne, he would give back this property to the Church. This vow may be seen in the British Museum. His injunction to the Archbishop was to remember the vow, and enjoin his son Charles to carry it out.

Of the Queen's immediate crowned ancestors, the last words of George IV. only have been preserved. "Watty," he said to his favorite page, Sir Watkeu Waller—"Watty, what is this? It is death, my boy. They have deceived me."

William III. cried out in agony, "Can this last long?" The words were addressed to his physician, the King suffering at the time from

A BURNING COLLAR-BONE.

Louis XVIII. of France, and the Emperor Vespasian are both credited with the same last words—"A king should die standing." The former's ancestor, Louis XIV., joked with his attendants. "Why weep you?" he asked. "Do you think I should live forever? I thought dying had been harder." His successor's last words are historical. "Frenchmen," he cried from the scaffold, "I die guiltless of the crimes imputed to me. Pray God my blood fell not on France!"

Anne Boleyn, on the scaffold, murmured, just before the axe fell: "My neck is very small." Charles IX. of France, in whose reign occurred the terrible St. Bartholomew massacre shouted loudly: "Nurse, nurse, what murder—what blood! Oh, I have done wrong! God pardon me!"

The unhappy Maximilian's last thoughts were of his wife. "Poor Carlotta!" he ejaculated, as he faced the firing party. Murat, King of Naples, cried to the men appointed to shoot him: "Soldiers save my face, aim at my heart. Farewell!"

Richard I. of England was generous and forgiving in dying as in living. To Bertrand de Gourdon, who shot him with an arrow at Chalus, he said. "Youth I forgive you." Then, to his attendants he added: "Take off his chains, give him one hundred shillings and let him go."

Richard III., the moment before receiving his fatal wound at the battle of Bosworth, cried:

"TREASON! TREASON!"

This on seeing his best men desert him to join the standard of Richmond, afterwards Henry VIII.

There is a flavor of mystery attaching to the dying utterance of the Czar Alexander II.: "This box was presented to me by the Emperor (sic) of Prussia." His ancestor Alexander I., apologised, like Chesterfield, for being so long in dying, his last words—"You must surely be tired."—being addressed to his wife Elizabeth.

Something of the same spirit probably actuated Cromwell, who, when refreshment was pressed upon him, said simply: "My design is to make what haste I can to be gone." And so he died.

This is exactly the reverse of Queen Elizabeth's: "All my possessions for a moment of time!"

Henry VIII.'s dying cry of, "All is lost! Monks, monks, monks!" may or may not be authentic. James V. of Scotland's last utterance was a prophecy, and a true one: "It (the crown of Scotland) came with a lass and will go with a lass." This he said when, on his deathbed, he was informed the Queen had given birth to a daughter—the future Mary Queen of Scots.

LINEN FOR LINERS.

There are no laundries on board ship; they take up too much room. So the chief steward lays in thousands of pillow-slips, sheets, and towels. These come on board tied up in bales of a dozen each, and are stored in the linen locker, a cubby-hole of a place on the main deck. The ventilator pipes from the engine-room run through it and keep it hot. There is no danger of linen getting mildewed there. The linen which has been used is thrown into another room, provided with the same atmosphere, and is so kept thoroughly dry. Where there are clean napkins every day, frequent changes of state-room linen, and an everlasting replenishing of towel racks, the demands upon the linen locker are very extensive. A liner like the Campania puts to sea with about 9,000 serviettes, 10,000 towels, 6,000 or 7,000 sheets, 8,000 pillow-slips, and about 1,000 tablecloths. Most of these find their way to the soiled linen locker in the course of the voyage. When the vessel arrives they are carted off to a laundry.

A PERFECT BOY.

"I never heard of but one perfect boy," said Johnny, pensively, as he sat in the corner doing penance.

"And who was that?" asked mamma.

"Papa—when he was little," was the answer. And silence reigned for the space of five minutes.

$5 FOR KILLING A MAN.

LIFE AS SEEN BY A CHEMIST'S ASSISTANT.

How He Saved a Sailor's Life—Narrow Escapes From Poisoning.

One day, when I was assistant at a small establishment near the London docks, a half drunken sailor came staggering in and asked for some strychnine. He got furious when I refused to serve him, insisted he only wanted it to poison a "dawg," boasted that he "didn't mind what he paid for it," and wound up by holding a sovereign coaxingly between the forefinger and thumb of one brawny fist, the while he flourished the other threateningly in close proximity to my face.

To quiet him I made him up half a drachm of Epsom salts and took his money, thinking he would return for his change in the morning, when he had sobered up and discovered the pious fraud.

He did return, but not for his change. On the contrary, he came to thank me and to ask my acceptance of another sovereign for "saving his life." He had, as I suspected, intended committing suicide, and had swallowed the salts to that end. With sobriety, however, came repentance, and he was overjoyed when he awoke from his drunken sleep and realized that his project had failed.

One man I worked for used to keep his spirits of camphor side by side with his camphorated water, both being in bottles identical in size, shape and appearance.

One day a man came in for a diaphoretic, and the chief—I was out at the time, and so was the senior assistant—after mixing together the ordinary ingredients for such a draught, filled up with spirits of camphor instead of

CAMPHORATED WATER.

Now, it is the duty of the junior assistant to clean all bottles, and directly I came in I noticed that the spirits of camphor bottle had been so carelessly used that the stuff had run down the front of the glass, leaving, as the fluid portion had evaporated, a broad white stain of camphor crystals.

I called the proprietor's attention to this, thinking that it had been the work of the senior assistant, and by so doing saved a man's life. Realising his mistake, the proprietor rushed from the shop, and reached the house of the patient for whom he had made up the prescription, in time to prevent his swallowing the deadly draught.

That happened some years ago. Now all poison bottles must possess what is known as a "distinctive touch"—that is to say, they must be either fluted or roughened. At one small shop in a cutting neighborhood, where I was employed for a short time, the proprietor complied with the letter of the law by pasting strips of sandpaper on his poison bottles. He did not, however, keep them under lock and key, as he should have done according to the Poisons Act, with the result that one day his little girl got hold of the nux vomica bottle and pulled off the sandpaper. I found the bottle later, on the counter behind the dispensing screen, and, as it was not roughened, mistook it for the tincture of gentian bottle—both tincture of nux vomica and tincture of gentian, I should explain, are exactly alike in appearance—and poured a full ounce of it into a tonic mixture. Luckily, just as I was going to send it out, the proprietor came fuming in from his back-parlor, where he had found the sandpaper on the floor, and demanded to look at the bottles, and so the

MISTAKE WAS DISCOVERED.

Some few chemists among the many I have served under have been very dishonest. One of the worst offenders in this respect owned two large shops in a swell West End neighborhood. I verily believe that that man used to lie awake at night thinking out new dodges for bilking the public. One winter, I remember, there arose a great and sudden demand for a cough mixture, known as balsam of black currant and wild cherry. It is a proprietary remedy and a very good one. It is also expensive, and, like most proprietary preparations, yields but little profit to the retailer. So the chief set to work with water, a "simple" syrup, citric acid, and liquid cochineal, and concocted a mixture which I would have defied anyone but a chemist to tell from the real thing, at a cost to himself of less than a penny a bottle. This concoction answered our purpose, and many customers have since testified to the benefits they derived from it.

CLERKS BEQUEATH MONEY.

Servants Give Sums of Money to Employers.

It is not uncommon for wealthy employers to make testimentary bequests in favor of their employes, but cases where the positions are reversed are very rare indeed. Nevertheless we have come across a few cases of servants bequeathing considerable sums of money to employers, in one or two cases under particularly interesting circumstances.

Twenty-three thousand francs was the amount in hard-earned cash bequeathed by a clerk to an eminent but unlucky French advocate. There was no desire to propitiate a shallow conscience in the motive of this bequest, only a real affection in the clerk for his master, an affection almost like that of father for son.

To make this little fortune of, approximately, $4,750, the aged clerk had regularly laid aside half his salary and had undertaken a great deal of very remunerative work in his spare time.

The late Duke of Westminster once received a bequest from an old woman who was retained in his employ for many years in a humble position. The bequest only amounted to $25 and a few pence, but the grateful old creature declared before she died that the amount was what she had saved from her wages, and she wished it to go to her employer to show how much she appreciated all the kindness she had received in the Duke's service. The Duke was greatly touched by the simple bequest and accepted it, but he took care that those to whom the little sum should have fallen were not losers by the old lady's manner of showing her regard for him.

Perhaps the most remarkable bequest by servant to master was a small estate, valued at about $20,000, which was bequeathed by a retired bank manager to the principal partner in a banking firm in France, by whom the testator had been employed for upwards of thirty years.

Besides his will the testator left a letter addressed to the beneficiary, explaining his reasons for making the bequest, which he could not declare in the will itself without making public a very grave secret, an event he wished to avoid. The secret was that while in the beneficiary's service the testator had invented a system of petty peculation which he had practised, both as cashier and branch manager, without being suspected by anyone, and over so long a period that when retirement came he was able to buy the little estate bequeathed and settle down comfortably.

This state of affairs was, however, partly due to the fact that all the concerns in which he had invested his ill-gotten gains had turned out exceedingly well, so that at the time of making his will he found that, albeit he had run through all the money, the estate was worth a sum equal to the aggregate of his stealings, and, therefore, in bequeathing it free from encumbrance he felt he was doing all that could be expected of him to undo his wrong. In addition he left an explanation of the system by which he had been able to rob the bank, and showed how to detect anyone else attempting the same thing.

A Run Down System.

SHOWS THAT THE BLOOD AND NERVES NEED TONING UP.

This Condition Causes More Genuine Suffering Than One Can Imagine—How a Well Known Exeter Lady Obtained a Cure After She Had Begun to Regard Her Condition as Hopeless.

From the Advocate, Exeter, Ont.

"A run down system!" What a world of misery those few words imply, and yet there are thousands throughout this country who are suffering from this condition. Their blood is poor and watery; they suffer almost continuously from headaches; are unable to obtain restful sleep and the least exertion greatly fatigues them. What is needed to put the system right is a tonic, and experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the only never-failing tonic and health restorer.

Mrs. Henry Parsons, a respected resident of Exeter, Ont., is one of the many who have tested and proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For many months she was a great sufferer from what is commonly termed "a run down system." To a reporter of the Advocate she gave the following story in the hope that other sufferers might benefit from her experience:—"For many months my health was in a bad state, my constitution being greatly run down. I was troubled with continual headaches, my appetite was poor and the least exertion greatly fatigued me. I consulted a physician but his treatment did not appear to benefit me and I gradually became worse, so that I could hardly attend to my household duties. I then tried several advertised remedies but without result, and I began to regard my condition as hopeless. A neighbor called to see me one day and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having tried so many medicines without receiving benefit, I was not easily persuaded, but finally I consented to give the pills a trial. To my surprise and great joy I noticed an improvement in my condition before I had finished the first box and by the time I had taken four boxes of the pills I was fully restored to health. I no longer suffer from those severe headaches, my appetite is good. I can go about my household duties without the least trouble; in fact I feel like a new woman. All this I owe to that best of all medicines, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge other sufferers to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized the world over as the best blood and nerve tonic, and it is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves which enables these pills to cure such diseases as locomotor ataxie, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or can be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IMPORTANT TO KNOW.

She—The fortune teller says I shall marry money.

He—Good! Did she say how I was to make it?

The London municipal trams carry 120 million passengers a year, and make a clear profit of over £90,000.

Every British parish with a population of 300 or over, is compelled by law to elect a parish council.

Tom—Good gracious, Dick! Evening dress with tan shoes! That's awfully bad form. Dick—I know, but evening dress with stocking feet is worse.

FRAGRANT

Sozodont

for the TEETH and BREATH

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . . 25c
New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER . . . 75c

25c

At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.

A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.]

HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Record of Occurrences That Will Interest the Sons of England.

Lady Henry Somerset claims to cure female inebriates by employing them as gardeners.

No one can be gazetted to the Life or Horse Guards unless he is on the Prince of Wales' list.

The celebrated clock erected at Dover Castle in 1360 is still in action at South Kensington Museum.

Lord Rosebery succeeds by the death of his mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, to a considerable fortune.

Regent's Park, with 472½ acres, is the biggest of London parks. St. James' Park, with 93 acres, is the smallest.

There was an increase of some 46,000 efficient volunteers at the end of 1900, as compared with the previous year.

The banking power of the United Kingdom has increased from 132 millions in 1840 to over 1,000 millions at present.

Queen Victoria in her younger days had quite a taste for millinery, and, what is more, was not above trimming her own bonnets.

Cardiff has grown more quickly than any other large British town of late years. From 1881 to 891 its population rose from 83,000 to 129,000.

A title has been extinguished by the death of Lord Wantage, since no heirs survive him. He was a great landowner in five midland counties.

Of the 8,050 guineas which Scotland has promised to the Wesleyan Twentieth Century Fund, £6,950 has been received at the head office in London.

For using smoky engines upon their railway at West Dulwich, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company were recently fined £5 and £10 10s costs.

Among the magnificent historic and stately English country seats Blenheim, in Oxfordshire, the seat of the Marlborough family, is undoubtedly the greatest.

Officers of the Midland Railway, which has been using forty American locomotives, admit that they are good, but say they cost more to operate than the British.

In refusing to sanction the formation of a Scottish Volunteer Corps for Tyneside, the Secretary for War proposes as an alternative a new corps of Scottish Yeomanry.

The King has appointed Ivan Campbell, late Cameron Highlanders, to be a member of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, in the place of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Holbech.

An interesting epoch has been marked in the history of Vickerstown, the urban creation of Messrs. Vickers, Son & Maxim, in Walney Island, Barrow. The foundation of its first school was laid by Mrs. E. F. Cross, wife of the chairman of the Barrow School Board.

The great County Council improvement in the Strand has been carried so far that the old street will not be recognized by the visitors, so great is the transformation in that part of it between Wellington street and Booksellers' Row. It is a change from narrowness and dinginess to brightness and spaciousness.

Mrs. Thompson, better known as the Scottish pianist, Anna Robena Laidlaw, who in our grandfathers' days was a most popular artist, died in London at the age of 82. Although born in Yorkshire, her father was a Scotsman, and she received her early training in the twenties under Robert Muller of Edinburgh.

PRINCE IN SALVATION ARMY.

Any member of the Swedish Royal family who marries outside the charmed circle of Royalty forfeits all rights to the throne of his country. Prince Oscar Bernadotte is the King's second son. Twelve years ago he fell in love with a sweet and pretty young girl, Miss Ebba Munck. Unheeding all he had to lose, he proposed to her. But she, unwilling to permit such a sacrifice, slipped quietly away and became a Sister of Mercy in the Stockholm Charity Hospital. Oscar, mad with grief, went to his mother and implored her permission to marry. At last it was given, and, armed with this, he hurried after his beloved, and convinced her that he could not live without her. They were married and now have both given themselves up to the cause of religion. They are energetic Salvation Army workers, and the sermons of the young Prince draw huge audiences.

Graves average 5 feet deep in England, 5 ft. 6 in. in France, and 6 ft. 10 in. in Russia.

One pound of washed wool produces on an average a yard of cloth 36 in. wide.

A STRANGE CIRCULAR.

A strange circular has just been issued to signalmen on a Russian railway, forbidding them to go asleep lying on the rails. One would hardly imagine that the temptation to do so would prove overpowering, but it appears that the signalmen feel they have to sleep somewhere, and they labor under the delusion that the vibration of an approaching train will waken them up, a mission which it frequently fails to fulfil.

MUSICAL TOOTH EXTRACTION.

In the proposed method of tooth extraction of M. Laborde, nitrous oxide is administered, and the nightmare often caused by this anaesthetic is charmed away by lively music from a phonograph. It is suggested that the same soothing influence may lessen the disagreeable experiences from other anaesthetics like ether and chloroform.

WAY FREIGHT HOTEL

PROPRIETOR OF THE POPULAR MONTREAL HOSTELRY TALKS ABOUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Used Them Some Years Ago for a Bad Case of Kidney Weakness. —Recommends Them Highly to All Those Who Are Worried by any Urinary Sediment.

Montreal, Aug. 26.—Dan W. Allan, proprietor of the Way Freight Hotel here, made a strong statement about the well-known remedy Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Allan's hotel is at 463 St. James street and enjoys considerable popularity with railroad men.

Some of the latter were discussing ailments peculiar to engineers, brakemen, firemen, conductors, and train crews generally. It was acknowledged that the greatest difficulty a railway man has to contend with is Kidney Trouble. The continual jarring of the train weakens the filters of the system and various forms of Kidney Trouble result.

"Every man that works in an engine cab or on any part of a railroad train ought to use Dodd's Kidney Pills," said one man.

"Are Dodd's Kidney Pills what they're cracked up to be, though ?" put in a second.

"Yes, sir," returned the first emphatically, "Dodd's Kidney Pills are what they're cracked up to be, and I'll leave it to Mr. Allan."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Allan, "I firmly believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will do everything that is claimed for them. They are a genuine medicine. They cured me of Kidney Trouble, I know that. My urine was full of a kind of red brick dust for years. I knew it was my Kidneys, but could get nothing to stop it. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills did the work finally, and I've been all right ever since."

A PERFECT TREASURE.

Parke—I am sorry to hear, old man, of your domestic troubles. I ought not to make you feel badly, but we really have the best servant I ever saw.

Lane (sighing)—I am sure I'm glad to hear it, old fellow. She is a good one is she?

Parke—Perfect! There isn't a thing about cooking she doesn't understand.

Lane—That's fine.

Parke—Not only that, but she understands other domestic branches as well. Waits on the table beautifully.

Lane—She must have some fault.

Parke—Not one. It's really remarkable.

Lane—Perhaps she likes to go out?

Parke—No, sir! That's the best part of it. She says she prefers to stay quietly at home.

Lane—Is she respectful?

Parke—Never had such a polite girl in my house. It's yes, sir, and yes, madam, all the time. She fairly springs to do our bidding.

Lane—Neat, I suppose?

Parke—As wax. Her kitchen! Oh, you ought to see it!

Lane (generously)—Well, I congratulate you, old man. How long has she been with you?

Parke—Since this morning.

CEYLON TEA IS UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST.

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

IS SELECTED FROM THE PUREST BLENDS. Lead Packages 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cents.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to **The Dawson Commission Co.** Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

TWO OF A KIND.

Patrick O'Mars, a private in the 9th Regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate to make use of a subterfuge in evading the granting of one.

Well, said the colonel, what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?

Patrick answered, me woife is very sick and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance.

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said, Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she did not want you home; that you were a nuisance, and raised a war whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs.

That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough then? said Pat.

No; I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances.

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:—

Colonel, can I say something to yez?

Certainly, Patrick; what is it?

You won't get mad, Colonel, if I say it?

Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?

I want to say that there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in my loife.

A BLOW THAT STUNNED.

Have you ever had a dumb, nameless feeling of some approaching disaster? she asked.

Well, no, the celebrated lawyer replied, the only time I ever had that kind of a feeling was once after the disaster had taken place.

Oh, dear. What was it that happened to you?

Why, you see, a girl that I had been engaged to several years before my marriage came into my office one day to have me give her some advice concerning the disposition of about $500,000 worth of property she had just inherited from an uncle in Australia that she had never told me about.

Mrs. Timid—Did you ever find a man under the bed? Mrs. Bluff—Yes; the night we thought there were burglars in the house—I found my husband there!

Money, said the political orator, is a great lever, and——" That's right mister, interrupted a man in the gallery; it's such a great leaver that most of us can't keep it.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. M. CAMPBELL.
Bay of Islands.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
WM. DANIELS.
Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
GEORGE TINGLEY.
Albert Co., N. B.

NO REASON FOR HIS CONDUCT.

What I'm looking fur, said the old man as he got off a train, is a lawyer who'll make a certain young man in my town come up to the chalk-line or go to jail.

What's a certain young man in your town been up to? asked the special policeman who had been addressed.

Courtin' my daughter.

But that's no crime.

Engaged to her fur two years.

That's perfectly legal.

But the weddin' day was fixed, and they should have bin married last week, persisted the father.

Oh, I see. Then he's gone back on the girl?

Gone dead back on her sir, and it's a breach of promise case, if I know anything about the law.

Unless he had good and sufficient reasons, you know.

He couldn't hev had. Millie is one of the best girls in the world. No; she didn't give him no reason to flip-flop.

And you didn't?

Not a reason, sir. On the day before they was to be married I sent fur Sam, and asked him to lend me $500 and take my note fur three years. He sort of choked up over it, and said he'd see about it, and that's the last anybody has seen of him. No, sir; I never gave him no reason fur throwin' my gal over, and you bet he'll either come up to the scratch or he'll act as a warnin' to other fellers who don't know their own minds.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

Pa—Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water?

Tommy—Yes, papa, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?

Certainly, my child.

Now I know what makes the singing in the tea-kettle when the water begins to boil.

The total daily circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom was only 60,000 in 1801; 700,000 in 1851; and is now 8½ millions.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

That hard-boiled egg gave me a headache. You shouldn't eat hard-boiled eggs. I didn't eat it. A fellow hit me with it behind the ear.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

Seventy thousand cochineal insects go to a single pound of dried cochineal. The world's crop of cochineal is from 300 to 500 tons.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best

The largest lightning conductor in the world is on the Lugspite Weather Station, in Bavaria. It runs down the mountain side for three and a half miles to a lake.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Francis Joseph of Austria, now 71 years old, has been on the throne 52 years, and so holds the record for length of reign. King Christian of Denmark is 82, but has only been on the throne 37 years.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

The longest horse-drawn railway in the world runs from Buenos Ayres to the town of San Martin, a distance of 50 miles. Thirteen hours is allowed for the distance, and trains leave every hour.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

In 1850 the United Kingdom only possessed 14 dailies, and 551 journals altogether. Today there are 2,448 dailies, and 2,446 other periodicals.

W. P. C. 1091

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

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The Hotel Buckingham, The Marlborough, and The Lillian.

All up-to-date buildings; roof-garden on the Buckingham, rooms $1.00 per day. Apply, F. B. ROBINS, Hotel Buckingham, Buffalo, N. Y.

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 1c per oz. the best place is

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

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ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES.

Asbestos Goods, Pipe Covering, Lubricating Oils, Greases, etc.

WM. SUTTON COMPOUND CO., Limited, TORONTO

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.

Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING
J. L. JONES ENG. Co.
6-8-10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

The object of this advertisement is to induce you to buy

Monsoon Ceylon Tea

Get a packet. It really merits a trial.

Lead packets — All Grocers

The Department of Agriculture learns by wire from Swift Current, N. W. T., that the mortality among sheep caused by anthrax is decreasing.

Steel strikers at Pittsburg threatened to Lynch a non-union colored worker, but were prevented by a force of police.

John Hopper, of Hackensack, New Jersey, who was bitten by a dog in May last, has just died from hydrophobia.

The Empress Frederick of Germany left a fortune of 11,000,000 marks.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

W. J. ATKINS.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND Women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Village Property for Sale.

We have a number of good building lots which we offer for sale very cheap. They will be sold in single lots or in blocks to suit the purchaser. For further particulars apply to

FRED. ROLLINS,
Madoc.

.....BATHS.....

Why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to

SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING

AT

VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,

Next Wilson's Dru Store.

ALEX. BELAIR

Merchant Tailor.

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

MADOC.

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings. All new Goods.

YOUR PATRONAGE
RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Bertram Walker, late of the town of Wardner, in the state of Idaho, one of the United States of America, miner, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O., 1897, Chap. 129, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said deceased, who died on or about the 13th day of March, 1901, are required on or before the 1st day of October, 1901, to send by post prepaid or deliver to W.J.Moore, Esq., Solicitor for Harrison William Walker, the administrator, their full names, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further, take notice that after such last mentioned date, the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have received notice as above, and that he will not be liable for the said assets to any person of whose claim he shall not have received notice at the time of such distribution.

W. J. MOORE,
Solicitor for the Administrator.
Dated at Madoc this 30th day of August, 1901

You'll Be Happy

when you see these delightful cloths for summer use. The manufacturers have provided for coat comfort these silken textured materials. Order your coat cut from some of these cool and elegant cloths, and order it early, for they are greatly in demand by fashionable dressers who want to keep cool.

R. E. COLLINS.

SPELLING REFORM.

A fisherman sat on the quay,
Partaking of afternoon tay,
When a lady came by
Who winked with one y
And whispered, "No sugar for many."

A man was committed to gaol,
For stealing a tenpenny nael,
The judge was severe
And gave him one yere,
Without any option of bail.

A grand old bootmaker of Hawarden
Used to spend the whole day in his gawarden.
When his friends askt him why,
He lookt up at the sky,
But only replied, "Beg your pawarden."

It is said that Nathaniel Phennes
Lived wholly on bread and broad bitennes.
When invited to eat
But a morsel of meat,
He answered, "Just think what it sustennes!"

A thoughtful young butcher named Mowll
Had a tender and sensitive sowll.
When he slaughtered a sheep,
He always would weep
And pay for a funeral towll.

A sailor who sported a queue
Was civil to all that he knowe.
If he came under fire,
He used to retire
And say, with a bow, "After yowe."

The dowager Duke of Succlough
Was famous for Irish stewgh.
When asked, "Do you use
Any onion in stuse?"
He cautiously answered, "A fewgh."

A groom of the royal demesne
Was the finest old man ever seene,
But he kept out of sight
In a ditch day and night
For fear of annoying the queene.

The amiable Commodore Haigh
Set sail down the channel one daigh.
When asked, "Do you know
Which direction to go?"
He answered, "I'm feeling my waigh."

One autumn the Marquis of Steyrne
Shot a partridge with infinite peyrne.
Then he cried: "I'm afraid
Of the havoc I've maid!
See—only one feather remeyrne!"

—Westminster Gazette.

Potmied.

He—Awful lot of snobs up the river this season; much better set last year, I'm told.

She—Yes. You weren't up last year, were you?—Fun.

The Sentiment of the Song.

"These songs of the sea are very impressive," she exclaimed when the full chested baritone had ceased warbling.

"Yes," answered the young man who lacks poetry, "but they're misleading. You get an idea that after a man has been in the navy awhile he goes around singing about his home on the rolling deep when everybody knows that if he is lucky his home will be right here in Washington."—Washington Star.

Feminine Strategy.

She—Tell me, Frank, would you rather pay the butcher's bill or pay for my new hat?

He—The butcher's bill.

She—Well, here it is.

He—What! Forty marks? Let me have the items.

She—For meat 2 marks, for my new hat the 38 marks that the butcher lent me, making just 40 marks!—Fliegende Blatter.

Salad.

Mrs. Youngwife—I want to get some salad.

Dealer—Yes, ma'am. How many heads?

Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Held Up on the Train.

Passenger—Give me three of those bananas. How much?

Train Boy—Fifteen cents.

Passenger (handing over the money)—You are not as spectacular as the James boys used to be, young fellow, but you do it more thoroughly.—Chicago Tribune.

Boston Clubmen.

Fogg—The boys at the club are rather severe on Morton. They say he has more money than brains.

Bass—I should call that a compliment from their point of view. They could possibly have no use for a man with brains.—Boston Transcript.

Overheard in the Park.

First Nurse Girl—So you've got a new place?

Second Nurse Girl—Yes.

"Do you like it?"

"Like it? Why, it is right in front of a police station."—Tammany Times.

The Salmon.

When a young salmon is first hatched, it is known as a parr. Just before it leaves the fresh for the salt water it is called a smolt. When it first returns to spawn, it becomes a grilse, and not until it has spawned is it entitled to be dignified by the name of salmon.

Expected Reduction.

Gran'pa Macpherson—How many does two and two make, Donald?

Donald—Six.

Gran'pa—What are you talking about? Two and two make four.

Donald—Yes, I know; but I thought you'd "beat me down" a bit!—London Punch.

A Japanese Dinner.

He who does not like the way the Japanese cook fish must be hard to please. They are better fish cooks than the French. The Japanese waters are very prolific, and the natives seem to have learned in cooking to preserve the inherent flavor of the fish, while their sauces are very simple. And as for eels, as they are cooked at the kandagawa, a teahouse in Tokyo, he who has tasted them has established a standard in his mind by which to judge other eels.

Seaweed we had, too, thin as paper, and crisp. It is the weed of the sea that is left on the rocks and scraped from them by the fisher women with shells and then dried in the sun. It is eaten as a relish and has a delicate flavor, suggesting cinnamon.

Rice we had in abundance. It was served from a bucket (not unlike ours, but not quite so deep) of unpainted white pine, with a little wooden shovel somewhat like those our children use in playing at the seashore. Our rice bowls were filled again and yet again, and when we covered our bowls it meant we had finished dinner. I have seen the Japanese look with indifference at a fish cooked in a way that made my mouth fairly water with desire, but when they are served with rice it receives their immediate attention.—Harper's Magazine.

Napoleon Was a Dandy.

It is pleasant to learn, if one has Napoleon I on the hero list, that he had very dainty habits in personal matters; that he was fastidiously clean in his person, according to an article in a French contemporary, and poured eau de cologne into the water he washed in, then sponged his head with perfume and finally poured the remainder of the contents of the flask over the neck and shoulders. He was also extravagantly fond of clean linen and during his campaigns had relays of it sent to different places. In those days it did not cost a farm to have "starched things" laundered, for, in account with a famous laundress in Paris, the emperor's "linen" for one "wash" amounted to 386 pieces and cost only a trifle over $20.

This strikes an American as very reasonable. But his majesty never wore any article but once, and as he always undressed himself without aid from his valet his garments were literally "cast" to the four corners of the room. Napoleon's bill for eau de cologne, however, exceeded the washerwoman's by a large majority. It is a relief to learn that the Little Corporal was so much a dude. Some of his predecessors in the Tuileries were not blessed with such excellent habits, if history is to be relied upon.

A Rat Story.

"One day not long ago," said a brick manufacturer, "one of my workmen saw three rats carrying a straw across the brickyard. It seemed such an unusual sort of proceeding that he stopped his work to watch them. Two of the rats held the straw at opposite ends while the third supported the center. They were making straight for the river which flowed by one side of the yard. When they arrived at the bank, they laid down the straw and took a long drink. Then they proceeded to take up the straw again in the same manner as before and returned by the same way they had come.

"This so interested the workman that he determined to watch if they would come again. And sure enough, at about the same time the next day, they appeared, carrying the straw exactly as before. Having provided himself with a gun, he shot all three to see if possibly he might thereby solve the mystery. He discovered that the rat in the center was blind and therefore concluded that this was the animals' kind method of leading their afflicted comrade to the water to drink."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fool and His Money.

It chanced that the miser and the spendthrift took ship together.

En voyage the spendthrift bought much wine and sat long at the gaming table.

"The fool and his money soon part!" sighed the miser.

Presently a storm rose, and the ship foundered, and they were all cast into the water, and the miser, having his gold in a belt about his waist, sank to the bottom.

"The fool and his money," observed the spendthrift sadly, for he was a generous soul, "don't always part!"

After that the spendthrift swam to a raft, where he starved to death.—Detroit Journal.

A Golf Outrage.

The Earl of Wemyss was on a Fife golf course not long ago, accompanied by an old caddie. His lordship got his ball on one occasion so near the hole that to play it was, as it appeared to him, superfluous. So he simply tipped it in with the toe of his boot.

The caddie revolted instanter, threw down the clubs and looked horrified. When he found words to speak, it was to say, "Hang it, me lord, gowf's gowf!"

Millais and Newman.

The author of the life of Millais tells the following anecdote: When Cardinal Newman came to sit to the artist for his portrait, he asked where he was to pose.

"Oh, your eminence, on that eminence, if you please," answered Sir John, pointing to the models' dais, and, seeing him hesitating, added, "Come, jump up, you dear old boy."

Oysters and Strawberries.

The oyster and strawberry are said to be the greatest of evangelists. They have built and furnished more churches, paid the salaries of more preachers and helped more heathen than any two other natural agencies in the world.—Reynoldsville (Pa.) Star.

A Tough, Tough Fish.

Fish seem to have no sense of feeling, and many people believe that the angry and energetic movements of a fish when it is caught are due rather to annoyance at losing its liberty than to any sense of pain. I can confirm this, because I have over and over again taken an undersized pike that has been once or twice caught and put back into the water.

Upon one occasion three of us—boys of the Old brigade—were fishing in a small pool in a narrow, sluggish river. Jones caught a small pike, and as it was undersized, being barely four pounds, he cut the hooks out of its gullet and threw the fish in again. Inside of 30 seconds Jones caught the same fish again. Once more he cut out the hooks, and this time he had to maul it very much. Once more it was kicked in.

Then I caught it, still bleeding. I got the hooks out with difficulty, and before I could throw the fish in again a terrier dog bit it half through. Then I kicked the fish in, and Brown caught it. At last we got so tired of catching this fish that I threw it away in disgust. It caught in the fork of a willow tree and staid there for half an hour, when a crow attacked it, dislodging it from the tree, but not before it had removed one of the eyes. The selfsame fish was caught next day by the keeper.

Pride of the Poor.

Mrs. Clarence Burns, who is so well known for her philanthropic work, says that in all her experience in visiting the tenements of the poor of the city she has never been asked for alms. Mrs. Burns has made a business of visiting the poor with the hope of helping them whenever she saw the need, but finds it almost impossible to make the really deserving poor acknowledge that they are in need of anything.

One day she visited a family who were all huddled together in one bare, cold room, and their faces were so pinched she knew they were starving. But in response to her offer to help them the mother said:

"No, thank you. The children have had something today. I am sure to get work soon."

After questioning as to just exactly what the children had had to eat Mrs. Burns found that they had subsisted for three days on a few dried scraps of stale bread. This experience, she says, is repeated frequently.—New York Tribune.

She Hadn't Dropped Off.

"Delia!"

"Yis, ma'am."

"I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour."

"Yis, ma'am."

"If I should happen to drop off, call me at 5 o'clock."

"Yis, ma'am."

So my lady lies down, folds her hands, closes her eyes and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened by the clock striking 6 and cries indignantly:

"Delia!"

"Yis, ma'am."

"Why didn't you call me at 5 o'clock, as I told you to do?"

"Shure, ma'am, ye tould me to call ye if ye had dropped off. I looked in on ye at 5, and ye hadn't dropped off at all! Ye was lyin on the bed in the same place, sound asleep!"

Mutually Agreeable.

One day last summer a sour visaged, middle aged, fussy woman got on one of the smoking seats in an open car in the subway. Next to her sat a man who was smoking a cigar. More than that, the woman, sniffing, easily made out that the man had been eating onions. Still more than that, she had the strongest kind of suspicion that he had been drinking beer. The woman fussed and wriggled and grew angrier and looked at the man scornfully. Presently she could endure it no longer. She looked squarely at him and said:

"If you were my husband, sir, I'd give you a dose of poison!"

The man looked at her. "If I were your husband," said he, "I'd take it!"—Boston Transcript.

Farmers

CALL AT

JOHN R. BROWN'S

and see his special lines of Spring Goods, consisting of

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Steel Rollers, Seeders, - also - Buggies, Wagons, &c.

Agent for the celebrated

DEERING HARVESTING MACHINERY

— also the —

Handy Truck Scales

Call and see me before purchasing.

JOHN R. BROWN.

YOUR....

PRINTING

It pays to catch the best trade—the money-spending trade. You can't catch money spenders with penurious or cheap looking printed matter. You must use attractive work—not necessarily expensive—that will catch your customer's eye and cause him to read it. Try an ad. in the

REVIEW

The knack of printing is the result of artistic insight into the "art preservative of all arts." With us printing is not mechanical—we treat it as an art should be treated. To have

NEAT, STYLISH, APPROPRIATE PRINTING

Is rapidly becoming the demand of the average business and professional man. We wish to assist you in making your printing just what you need. We will quote prices willingly, and will gladly call on and give all the assistance we can to those requiring special work.

Pine's Medicines.

The demand for Pine's Medicines ha so increased that the proprietor has decided to place them in convenient places for the public. Below are the places, where they will be found:—

F. C. Sherwin, Crookston.
Elizabeth Tanner, Ivanhoe.
A. Adams, West Huntingdon.
Geo. W. Collins, Plainfield.
Hewitt & Cornish, Roslin.
J. H. Roberts, Actinolite.
Hawley Stone, Flinton.
Wm. Both, North Brook.
James Murphy, Bogart.
Patrick Murphy, Stoco.
F. O. Diamond, Queensboro.
Lewis Kellar, Remington.
C. Miller, Eldorado.
Israel McEwen, Bannockburn.
Wm. Lumb, Millbridge.
W. D. Nickle, Malone.
R. R. Hannah, Cooper.
T. Hinchliff, Gunter.
N. Green, Gilmour.

Flinton, July 20, 1900.

To whom it may concern:—

This is to certify that having had occasion to use some of James S. Pine's medicines or prescriptions I can safely say that I believe they are the best remedies for suffering humanity (that is for diseases for which those remedies are advertised) that are in the market to-day, and I have no hesitation in recommending them to anyone.

JAMES M. DAFOE.

LIFE.....

A question of great interest for intending insurers is: Which Canadian Life Company is in highest favor with the insuring Canadian public? The following table is a good indicator:

Name of Company.	Commenced Business in Canada.	Canadian Business Written in 1900
North American,	1881,	$4,834,505
Sun Life,	1871,	3,966,859
Ontario Mutual,	1870,	3,955,505
Confederation,	1871,	3,839,469
Canada Life,	1847,	3,800,917

The above are the five leading Canadian Companies and although the North American is much the youngest in years, she is outstripping all her rivals in the Canadian field.

J. R. ORR, Agent, Madoc. J. W. GARVIN, B.A., Man. Can Peterboro, Ont.

...Summer Specialties...

ON SALE AT

The - Corner - Hardware

OF ABSOLUTE NECESSITY TO THE

The Success of the Farm
- Spramoters
- Knapsack Sprayers
- Brass Sprayers
- Tin Sprayers
- Bug Death and Paris Green
- Binder Twine
- Scythes, Snaths and Stones
- Binding Mitts
- All Repairs for Massey-Harris Machinery.

Beauty of the Garden
- Lawn Mowers
- Lawn Rakes
- Hedge Sheers
- Rubber Hose
- Sprinklers

Enjoyment of the Home
- Refrigerators
- Gem Ice Cream Freezers
- Ideal " " "
- Door and Window Screens

W. H. RICHARDSON,

HARDWARE MERCHANT,

MADOC, - - - ONTARIO.

Choice Lots for Sale.

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of Small Capitalists.

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms or avail themselves of the conditions of building, can get full information by application to the undersigned or to

A. F. WOOD, ESQ.

Prices of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. Buildings and Lots can be arranged for from $400 to $2,000.

F. E. SEYMOUR.

NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW.

J. R. ORR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS: $1.50; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE

25TH YEAR.—No. 36. **Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, September 12, 1901.** POSTAGE PREPAID

E.D.O'Flynn & Sons

BANKERS,

MADOC, — — ONT

E. D. O'FLYNN
H. H. O'FLYNN. F. W. O'FLYNN

Established 1877.

Paid up Capital.....$150,000.00.

Drafts issued and checks cashed on all points in Canada, United States and Great Britain.

Loans made on farmers' notes at the lowest rates.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upward received and interest allowed half-yearly at 4 percent. per annum.

A large amount of money to loan on farm property at 5, 5½ and 6 percent.

F. W. O'FLYNN.

Notice.

I have a large amount of money to loan at 4½ and 5 per cent. on first-class farm security.

W. J. MOORE.

Madoc Lodge, No. 195, A.O.U.W

THE Ancient Order of United Workmen meets every first and third Friday of each month, in Moon's new block. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

W. J. MOORE, Master Workman
C. D. McDONALD, Recorder.

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I. O. O. F.

MEETS in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening, at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

WM. BROOKS, Rec. Secretary. WM. SINCLAIR, Noble Grand
JAMES WHITE, Fin. Secretary.

D. E. K. STEWART,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY ETC., MADOC, ONTARIO.

Money to loan on first mortgages at lowest rates.
Solicitor for J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.
Solicitor for Murphy, Gordon & Co., Bankers, Tweed.

W. J. MOORE, B.C.L.,

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.

OFFICE—Over the REVIEW Office, Madoc.
MONEY TO LOAN.

WILLIAM CROSS, LL.B.,

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.

Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee.
OFFICE—Wood Block, Madoc.

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Dated at Madoc this 21st of November, 1899.

JAMES C. DALE,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
OFFICE—J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.

MONEY TO LOAN.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN AND COMMISSION AGENCY.
MADOC, — ONT.

DR. HARRISON,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.,

Graduate of Queen's University, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
SPECIALTY—Diseases of Women and Children.
OFFICE—Opposite Methodist Church.

DR. HARPER,

GRADUATE OF TRINITY UNIVERSITY,

Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Durham street, opposite Brown's Carriage Shop, Madoc.

DR. S. EAGLESON,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.,

Graduate and Gold Medalist of Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Graduate and Silver Medalist of Trinity University, Toronto. Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
OFFICE—In O'Flynn's Block, south of the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, Ont.

G. ERNEST CORK

(Former pupil of A. S. Vogt and J. Humphrey Angus, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.)

TEACHER OF

PIANO, ORGAN AND THEORY,

Organist Madoc Methodist Church, will be in Madoc from

FRIDAY UNTIL MONDAY

Of each week. Concert engagements accepted. For terms, etc., call at Mrs. Moon's, Prince Albert Street, or address Tweed, Ont.

I WISH I WERE A FARMER'S BOY.

I wish I were a farmer's boy,
Free from all city air;
With freckles scattered o'er my face,
And hayseeds in my hair.

I'd like to rise at four o'clock,
To do a hundred chores;
To saw the logs and feed the hogs,
And lock the stable doors.

I'd like herding hens and watching bees,
And driving mules to drink;
And teaching chickens how to swim,
So that they wouldn't sink.

I'd like to milk a dozen cows,
And chop up wood to burn;
And stand out in the sun all day,
To churn and churn and churn.

I'd like to wear long cow hide boots,
And walk four miles to school;
To catch a licking every day,
For breaking some old rule.

Then walk back home again at night,
To do the chores once more;
To milk the cows and feed the hogs,
And curry mules galore.

Then crawl wearily up the stairs,
To seek my little bed,
And hear dad say, "That lazy boy,
He isn't worth his bread."

I wish I were a farmer's boy,
'Cause he has so much fun;
His life is just chuck full of mirth,
From rise to set of sun.

I think there's nothing pleasanter,
Than doing evening chores;
To herd the hens and chase the bees,
And lock the stable doors.

WALTER LEAR.

A college for washerwomen has been opened in New York by the charity organization society. The course is twelve daily lessons, and the students receive 60 cents a day and luncheon. Instructors teach the nature of fabrics and the best methods of cleansing them and exercise a strict supervision until the pupil receives a certificate.

J. C. DALE & Co.,

BANKERS,

DALE'S BLOCK, MADOC, ONT.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Interest added to principal half-yearly, on the 11th of May and the 11th of November of each year.

REFERENCE:—Canadian Bank of Commerce.

J. C. DALE, Manager.

The Medical Hall.

C. G. WILSON

—FOR—

Pure Drugs,
Books
—AND—
Stationery.

DURHAM ST., MADOC.

Jas. Whytock,

BUTCHER,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES
and PROVISIONS,

MADOC, — ONTARIO.

Attempted Assassination of President McKinley.

Cowardly Attempt by a Cleveland Anarchist to Kill the President of the United States.

Assassin Fired Twice, One Bullet Passing Through the Victim's Abdomen.—News Causes Widespread Sorrow.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—President McKinley, who on Thursday contributed to making what the papers called "the proudest day in Buffalo's history," to-day lies with his life in the balance, at the home on Delaware avenue of Mr. John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exhibition, on the grounds of which, yesterday afternoon, a too successful attempt was made to assassinate the head of the national government.

It was a few moments after four p.m., while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the great Temple of Music on the Pan-American grounds, that the cowardly attack was made, with what success time alone can tell.

Standing in the midst of crowds numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a motly throng of polyglot peoples, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes all eager to clasp his hand—amidst these surroundings, and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an admiring army of sightseers ringing in his ears, the blow of the assassin fell, and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, and pandemonium followed.

Down at police headquarters sits a medium-sized man of commonplace appearance, with fixed gaze directed on the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, objurgations and damonitions with which his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk.

It was just after the daily organ recitals in the Temple of Music that the dastardly attempt was made. Planned with diabolical ingenuity and finesse the assassin carried out the work without a hitch, and should his designs fail and the President survive, only to Divine Providence can be attributed that beneficent result.

The President, though well guarded by United States Secret Service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances, to gaze upon their executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then fight their way out in the good-natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress.

It was shortly after four p.m., when out of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium-sized man, of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the President. Both Mr. Cortelyou and Mr Milburn noticed that one of the man's hands was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. He worked his way amid the stream of people up to the edge of the dais until he was within two feet of the President.

President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand, when the sharp crack of a revolver rang out.

There was an instant of almost complete silence, the President stood stock still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment, on his face. Then he retreated a step, while a pallor began to steal over his features.

Then came a commotion. With a leap three men threw themselves forward, and sprang toward the assassin. Two of them were United States Secret Service men who were on the lookout and whose duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had here befallen the President and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusky palm the hand of the President.

The President's assailant, in a twinkling, was borue to the ground, his weapon was wrested from his grasp and strong arms pinioned him. Then the vast multitude which thronged the edifice began to realize the awfulness of the scene, of which they had been unwilling witnesses.

The police learned that the name of the assassin is Leon Czolgosse. He gave his name as Nieman, and said to a detective late last night at police head-quarters that he was born in Detroit and came here from Cleveland, and had been selected to kill President McKinley.

(Fuller particulars of the dastardly crime will be found in our inside pages.)

President McKinley Will Live.

Buffalo, Sept. 10.—The corps of eminent surgeons and physicians in attendance upon the wounded President to-day committed themselves without reservation to the opinion that their patient was out of danger, and that only the possibility of complications threatened his life.

EVOLUTION OF A NAME.

CHAPTER I.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Jonny Lemon," answered the boy. And it was so recorded on the roll.

CHAPTER II.

"What is your name? the high-school teacher inquired.

"John Dennis Lenion," replied the big boy.

Which was duly entered.

CHAPTER III.

"Your name, sir?" said the college dignitary.

"J. Dennison Lemon," responded the young man, who was about to enroll himself as a student.

Inscribed in accordance therewith.

CHAPTER IV.

"May I ask your name?" inquired the society editor of the "Daily Bread."

"Jean D'Ennice Le Mon," replied the swell personage in the opera-box. And it was duly jotted down.

THE END.

—Chicago Tribune.

Somewhat Mixed.

The Montreal Star says: The suit between a woman in Malden against her half brothers, for her share of her mother's estate, has revealed a curious complication. A man named James Dunn, jr., died and his widow, who had some children, was married by the father of the husband deceased, James Dunn, sr., and further children were born. The community are all tied up in knots figuring out the relationship the various members of the family are to each. The old gentleman became the brother-in-law of his sons and grandfather of his own children. His children by his second wife are their own uncles, and brother-in-law to their mother. The relation ship grows bewildering when it is found that the second Mrs. Dunn is her children's aunt, mother and grandmother and her own mother-in-law.

James J. Robinson, of Woodstock, was killed in collision with a street car in Detroit.

FLEETING DAYS.

To-day as my fancy wanders
At will o'er days that are gone,
And memories like phantoms are fleeting
Before me one by one,
One vision seems to haunt me,
'Tis fraught with joy and pain,
A vision of days that have a vanished:
I would I could live them again.

I see the merry party,
With hearts so light and gay
I knew in that summer long ago,
Oh, where are they all to-day?
Oh, yes, we! were young and light-hearted,
A careless, happy crew,
And the days that we spent together
Were the brightest I ever knew,

But one by one they were scattered,
One by one they drifted apart,
Ah, when I think o'er it all again,
There's a bitter ache in my heart,
I wonder if they are all living,
Or if they are as happy as then;
I wonder if they have forgotten,
Or if we shall e'er meet again,

Do they ever think of the past,
As I am thinking to-day?
Do their thoughts ever loving linger
With the one that is far away?
Or have they all forgotten
Those days so happy and free,
When we laughed at the thought of sorrow—
Have all forgotten but me?

Oh, ye days of pleasure unclouded,
Ye bright, golden days of the past,
Ye slipped from our grasp all too quickly,
Ye were too happy to last,
But as long as life continues
I shall never, never forget
The dear old days and the dear old friends,
Though long years have passed since we met.

End of World Not Far Off.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST BASES ASSERTION ON FRANCO-TURKISH TROUBLE.

Oswego, Aug. 29th.—The annual camp meeting of the Seventh Day Adventists began here to-day with about 600 persons in attendance.

John S. Wightmore, a prominent Adventist, declared to-day that the Franco-Turkish troubles were signs that the end of the world was approaching. He said that the difficulties between those two nations would result in a general European war, the destruction of the Turkish Empire, and world-wide suffering, ending with the second coming of Christ. He based his belief in his prophesies on Daniel, 12th chapter, first and second verses.

Mr. J. R. Booth, of Ottawa, has been fined $20 for allowing sawdust from his mill to fall into the river.

Opening of the Model School.

Names and Addresses of the Students in Attendance.

The following are the names and addresses of the students in attendance at the Model School in this village. All are from this county with the exception of two, who hail from Campbellford. The class is considerably larger than that of last year:—

Ethel Osborne, Melrose.
Maggie Milne, Campbellford
Mary Nicol, "
Mary Lake, Foxboro.
Bessie Falkner, "
Bertha Frost, Belleville.
Bessie Jordan, Queensboro.
Catherine Greene, Stirling.
Maggie Dunning, West Huntingdon.
Pearl Corrigall, Moira.
Joanna Meagher, Read.
Mattie McClatchey, Belleville.
Lillian Eldridge, Madoc.
Alice Moore, Queensboro.
Maggie Vankleek, Cooper.
Lizzie Fitzgerald, Read.
Gertrude Weir, Madoc.
Harry Wright, "
Dan McCaffrey, "
Warren, Duffin, Plainfield.
Clifford Caverly, Sine.
Arthur Ward, Foxboro.
William Harvey, Ivanhoe.
Bernard Collins, Tweed.
Thos. Welsh, Madoc.

Magistrate's Court.

BEFORE A. F. WOOD, J. P.

A disgraceful row took place on Saturday afteroon in the town near the St. Lawrence Hall, in the shed-yard, about 4 o'clock p.m. Three parties found their way into the lock-up,—David Hoover, jr., of Huntingdon, James Kincaid, of Elzevir, and George Reed, of Madoc.

The charges made before Justice Wood in two cases were drunk, disorderly and fighting. In the other case, George Reed, the charge was drunk and disorderly and interfering with Constable in the discharge of his duties. The Magistrate, after hearing the eases, which took place in his office between 9 and 10 o'clock Saturday night so as not to keep the prisoners in the lock-up over Sunday—decided the charges made were fully sustained and fined each party $4 and costs or 60 days in jail.

Mr. Wood said he intended to carry out, so far as he could, the recommendations of the Committee appointed at the public meeting in Madoc some months ago, with which he fully concurred. There would be no $1.00 fines for drunk and disorderly conduct on the streets of Madoc in future. That meeting had had a salutary effect on the place, and the end was not yet. License holders should have the protection of the law if they did their duty, and the full benefit if they did not.

We understand there are two or three other complaints growing out of this row that will be pushed to the full extent of the law.

Constable Jacob Huff deserves credit for so promptly bringing the fighters to justice.

Look at Your Watch.

There are two bets about the face of a watch that may be made with almost absolute safety. If you ask a dozen men of your acquaintance to write down the figures denoting the hours as they appear upon their own watches, eleven of them are pretty sure to say I., II., III., IV., V., VI., etc. As already pointed out in "Saturday Night," III. is invariably followed by IIII.; and it may be added that in most watches the presence of seconds dial means that the VI. is absent. In the course of an average lifetime a man consults his watch at least a million times, yet who but a Sherlock Holmes ever noticed these little details without having them pointed out to him?

Sparks of Humor.

Probably the man whose wife owns a pug dog has the sympathy of the dog.

If a husband and wife are unable to go away for the summer they can start a quarrel at home and have a little outing.

There is one redeeming feature about a folding-bed; even the most timid female doesn't have to look under it before retiring.

A financial journal publishes rules for discovering counterfeit bank notes. What the average man wants is a few simple rules for discovering the genuine article.

Said an Irishman: "If a Yankee was cast away on a desolate island he'd get up early next morning and sell every inhabitant a map of the place."

British men-of-war have begun to use Cape Breton coal.

Emma Goldman, the noted Anarchist, was arrested at Chicago.

Mr. John Thompson, near St. George, was kicked by a horse and killed.

When Mr. A. Steed, of Deseronto went to the Brisco House shed to get his horse on Sunday night, Aug. 25, at about 9 o'clock, he was a surprised man. Scarcely more than half an hour before he had put his horse there and yet during that time entire outfit, horse, buggy and harness were stolen. The horse and buggy were found the next morning along the roadside.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

ARMIES OF EUROPE.

Russia possesses the largest standing army on earth, and each year it grows. Every year some 280,000 conscripts join the Russian forces, which in time of peace numbers 1,000,000 men. On a war footing this rises to 2,500,000, and calling out the reserve would increase it to 6,947,000 well-trained soldiers. Should necessity arise the militia would be called out, bringing the Czar's forces up to 9,000,000 men.

France comes next with a standing army of 589,000 men, rising to 2,500,000 in time of war, while the calling out of the reserves would bring it to 4,370,000. Despite this, the regular army is increasing yearly.

The German army numbers 585,000 in times of peace. War would bring it to 1,230,000, and the reserves added make the number of men 4,300,000.

The peace army of Austria-Hungary is 365,000 in war it would be 2,500,000, and with the reserves 4,000,000.

Forces are being reduced in Italy, because the people are too poor to pay the necessary taxes. The standing army, therefore, is but 174,000, war bringing it up to 1,473,000, the reserves making the force 2,200,000.

Great Britain has a standing army of 220,000, but calling out the reserve force puts 720,000 men under command.

Every ninth person in France is a trained soldier; in Germany there is a soldier to every twelve persons and every six males. Russia has such a population that in spite of her big army only one man out of the fourteen is a fighter. Every five families in France contribute three soldiers. Every other Austrian household has one member in the army, and the same state exists in Germany. Every third Italian family has some one in the army.

SOME DESTRUCTIVE EARTH-QUAKES.

A most destructive earthquake took place on February 2nd, 1703, at Yeddo (or Jeddo), the chief city of Japan, when the place was almost destroyed and 200,000 people were killed. One hundred thousand people were killed by an earthquake that occurred at Pekin, the capital city of China, on the 30th of November, 1731. Eighty thousand people were killed by an earthquake at Schamaki in 1667; and 100,000 by an earthquake in Sicily in September, 1693. The cities Arequipa, Iquique, Tacna and Clencha, besides many other smaller towns in Peru and Ecuador, were destroyed and 25,000 people killed by an earthquake in August, 1868; while over 30,000 people were rendered homeless, and the loss and damage to property was estimated at $300,000,000.

BRITAIN'S TALLEST MEN.

The tallest men in Great Britain are to be found in the district of Galloway, in the south of Scotland, comprising the counties of Wigton and Kirkcudbright, where the records of stature give an average height of 5ft. 10½in. without shoes; while the northernmost or border counties of England have a decided superiority over the rest of England and Wales. With respect to the British Isles the order of superiority in stature is: Scotland, 68.71 in.; Ireland, 67.90 in.; England, 67.35 in.; and Wales 66.69 in. The shortest stature is found in Wales, the Welsh border counties, and the southwest of England. The midland and eastern counties, occupied by people of more purely Saxon descent, are of medium size.

THE WORLD'S LONGEST BRIDGE.

The longest bridge in the world is, it is recorded, the Lion Bridge, near Sangang, in China. It extends 5½ miles over an arm of the Yellow Sea, and is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway is 70 feet above the water, and is inclosed in an iron network. A marble lion, 21 feet long, rests on the crown of each pillar. The bridge was built at the command of the Emperor Keing Long.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONY.

The telephone which extends over the longest route is that between Boston and St. Louis, a distance of 1,500 miles.

ILLITERACY IN SPAIN.

Spain has a population of 17,500,000, of which number 11,000,000 cannot read or write.

Krupp, the German gunmaker, has a fortune of nearly $50,000,000, an income of $4,000,000, and a pay roll of 80,000 persons.

In the year 1900, out of 1,955 raids on illicit stills, 673 were made in Georgia, which is a prohibition state except as to four of its cities.

A 20-knot steamer cannot be stopped in less than three minutes, during which she has travelled, in spite of reversing her engines, a full half mile.

In 1880 the southern lumber mills had an output valued at $38,116,000. In ten years this had advanced to $105,575,819. Since then there has been a steady increase in production, until to-day it may be conservatively estimed that the value of the output, including the material used for crossties, fuel and fencing, and the naval stores by products, is between $325,000,000 and $350,000,000.

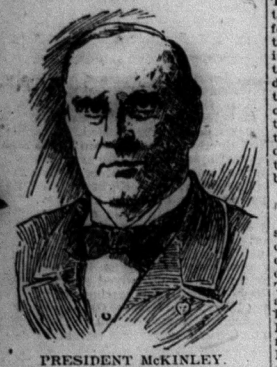
PRESIDENT McKINLEY SHOT.

Declared at First That He Was Not Hurt Much.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot twice by an assassin as he stood in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The shots were fired by Fred Nieman, alias Leon Czolgosz, of Detroit, who said afterward that he was an Anarchist, and had only done his duty. The attempted assassination took place in the presence of 3,000 people, who had crowded into the Temple of Music, and while 10,000 others stood outside the Temple waiting for a chance to enter and shake hands with the President.

The first bullet struck the sternum in the President's chest, deflected to the right, and traveled beneath the skin to a point directly below the right nipple. The second bullet penetrated the abdomen. Only a superficial wound was caused by the first bullet, and within five minutes after the physicians reached the President, it had been removed. The second bullet was not found. An operation was performed on the President at the Emergency Hospital on the Exposition grounds at 6 o'clock by Dr. Matthew D. Mann, Dr. John Parmenter, and Dr. Herman Mynter. The President's stomach was opened, but the bullet was not found. Drainage tubes were inserted, the incision was sewed up, and at 7:45 o'clock the President was removed to the home of John G. Millburn, president of the Exposition, at Delaware Avenue and Ferry Street. The doctors stated after the operation that they were hopeful, and that while the wound caused by the second shot was serious, it was not necessarily fatal.

The man who did the shooting was seized immediately by the detectives. He offered no resistance, and at first refused to give any information about himself. Later he said his name was Fred Nieman, that he was 28 years old, and had come to Buffalo from Detroit a week ago. He was living at No. 1,025 Broadway. He gave his occupation as blacksmith, and said he was born in Detroit.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

The reception to the President this afternoon was one to which the general public had been invited. President John G. Millburn, of the Exposition, had introduced the President to the great crowd in the Temple, and men, women and children came forward for a personal greeting. Among those in line was Nieman, whose left hand was wrapped in a handkerchief. Folded in a handkerchief was a 32-calibre Derringer. A little girl was led up by her father, and the President shook hands with her. As she passed along to the right the President looked after her smilingly and waved his hand in a pleasant adieu.

Next in line came the assassin. As the President turned to the right again, bringing the right hand about in the characteristic attitude with which he extends it while receiving, Nieman thrust out both his hands, brushed aside the President's extended hand, and brought the revolver hidden in the handkerchief up against the President's stomach. At the same instant he pulled the trigger. The first bullet entered too high for the purpose of the assassin, who had fired again as soon as his finger could move the trigger.

On receiving the first shot President McKinley lifted himself on his toes with something of a gasp. his movement caused the second shot to enter just below the navel. With the second shot the President doubled slightly forward, and then sank back. Detective Geary caught the President in his arms, and President Millburn helped to support him.

HURLED ASSASSIN TO FLOOR.

It had all happened in an instant. Almost before the noise of the second shot sounded, Nieman was seized by S. R. Ireland, a United States Secret Service man, who stood directly opposite the President. Ireland hurled the man to the floor, and, as he fell, a negro waiter named John Harper leaped upon him. Soldiers of the United States Artillery, detailed at the receptions, sprang upon them, and Nieman was surrounded by a squad of Exposition police and Secret Service detectives. Detective Gallagher grabbed Nieman's right hand, tore away the handkerchief, and seized the revolver. The artillery men, seeing the revolver in Gallagher's hand, rushed at him, and handled him rather roughly. Meanwhile Ireland and the negro held the assassin, endeavoring to shield him from the attacks of the infuriated artillerymen, and the blows of the policemen's clubs.

Supported by Detective Geary and President Millburn, and surrounded by Secretary George B. Cortelyou, and half a dozen Exposition officials, the President was assisted to a chair. His face was very white, but he made no outcry, and sank back with one hand holding his abdomen, the other fumbling at his breast. His eyes were open, and he was clearly conscious of all that had transpired. He looked up into President Millburn's face, and gasped, "Cortelyou." The President's secretary bent over him. "Cortelyou," said the President, "My wife, be careful about her, don't let her know."

Moved by a paroxysm he writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of the would-be assassin. Nieman lay on the floor bloody and helpless beneath the blows of the guards.

The President raised his right hand red with his own blood, and placed it on the shoulder of his secretary. "Let no one hurt him," he gasped, and sank back in the chair, while the guards carried Nieman out of his sight.

An ambulance from the Exposition hospital was summoned immediately and the President, still conscious, sank upon the stretcher.

Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn rode with him in the ambulance, and in nine minutes after the shooting the President was awaiting the arrival of surgeons, who had been summoned from all sections of the city, and by special train from Niagara Falls.

The President continued conscious and conversed with Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn on his way to the hospital.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have been the cause of trouble to the Exposition."

Three thoughts have found expression with the President, first, that the news should be kept from his wife; second, that the assassin should not be harmed; and third, regret that the tragedy might hurt the Exposition.

The news that the President had been shot passed across the Exposition grounds with almost incredible speed, and the crowd around the Temple grew until it counted fifty thousand people. This big crowd followed the ambulance respectfully to the hospital, and then divided itself into two parts, one anxious to learn the condition of the President and to catch up every rumor that came from the hospital, the other eager to find the assassin and to punish him. Certain it is that if the officials had not used remarkable diligence in taking Nieman out of the way of the crowd, he would have been mobbed and beaten to death.

TRIED TO LYNCH HIM.

Nieman had been carried into a side room at the north-west corner of the Temple. There he was searched, but nothing was found upon him except a letter relating to lodging. They washed the blood from his face and asked him who he was and why he had tried to kill the President. He made no answer at first, but finally gave the name of Nieman. He is of medium height, smooth shaven, brown-haired, and was dressed in the ordinary clothes of a mechanic. He offered no explanation of the deed except that he was an Anarchist, and had done his duty.

A detail of Exposition guards was sent for, and a company of soldiers. A carriage was summoned. South of the Temple a space had been roped off. The crowd tore out the iron stanchion holding the ropes, and carried the ropes to the flag pole standing near by on the Esplanade.

"Lynch him," cried a hundred voices, and a start was made for one of the entrances of the Temple. Soldiers and police beat back the crowd. Guards and people were wrangling, shouting and fighting. In this confusion, Nieman, still bleeding, his clothes torn and scarcely able to walk, was led out by Capt. James F. Vallaly, chief of the Exposition detectives, Commandant Robinson, and a squad of secret service men. Nieman was thrown into a carriage and three detectives jumped in with him. Capt. Vallaly jumped on the driver's seat and lashed the horses into a gallop.

The crowd burst into a roar of rage. "Murderer! Assassin! Lynch hang him!" they yelled. Men sprang at the horses and clutched at the whirling wheels of the carriage. Nieman huddled back in the corner, concealed between two detectives. "The rope!" the rope!" yelled the crowd, and they started forward all in one grand fight, the soldiers to save and the citizens to take a murderer's life.

Soldiers fought a way clear, at the heads of the horses, and pursued by the infuriated thousands, the carriage whirled across the Esplanade, the horses at full gallop, across the Triumphal Causeway, and vanished through the Lincoln Parkway gate, galloping down Delaware avenue until police headquarters was reached.

Thousands left the Exposition grounds, and learning that the assassin had been taken to police headquarters, followed there, willing to do violent justice if the President had died.

As evening came on the numbers grew so that the multitudes blocked all the streets in the vicinity of police headquarters, ten thousand asking one another, "Is the President still alive?" All efforts of the police to disperse the crowds were vain and futile. The roar of conversation in this mass of people penetrated even to the cell where Nieman lay. Now and then the crowd would surge over to one of the newspaper bulletin boards, and cheer wildly when the statement was flashed out that hope was entertained.

PRESIDENT WILL LIVE.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9.—The news from President McKinley to-day is good news throughout. It is not merely negative good news like that of yesterday when there was good news because there was no bad news. It is possible good news—a story of distinct improvement in the patient's condition over yesterday. His temperature at this writing is over a degree lower than it was even this morning, when at one time it went up to 102.8, as compared with 102 yesterday. It is now 101. The pulse is slower and the respiration slower and easier. In a word it is a marked improvement, warranting strong hopes for a favorable issue. And right here a word should be said about the bulletins the physicians are sending out from the sick room. For some reason past fathoming the report has been circulated that they were not truthful; that they were deliberately colored with optimism, that the President's condition was much worse than they indicated. All this is nonsense. The stories discrediting the bulletins do a grave injustice to the conscientious physicians who have the tremendous responsibility upon them, and they likewise are unjust to the Government officials who are supposed to have some control of what shall or shall not go out to the public from the sick room. The bulletins issued by the President's physicians are, so far as it is humanly possible, an accurate statement of his exact condition. Senator Hanna and Vice-President Roosevelt, who came out of the Milburn house together this afternoon, both spoke earnestly in disapproval of the reports casting suspicion on the bulletins. Senator Hanna, in particular, was vigorous in denouncing as false these rumors.

CONFESSION BY CZOLGOSZ.

I am an Anarchist. I do not believe in the American form of government. My faith in this government was destroyed by Emma Goldman, whom I heard deliver lectures in New York a few years ago, and with whom I have since been in correspondence. I believe that any man who accepts the Presidency is a foe to the common people. He represents only the class of the oppressors.

I did my duty. I am sorry that Mr. McKinley has suffered. I intended to kill him, and I regret that I did not succeed.

I hope that no one will mistake my position. I am not a common assassin. Personally, I had little to gain as a result of this act. The shot that I fired was for the benefit of all mankind. I intended to kill the President of the United States. Against Mr. McKinley as a man I could have no feeling. I have been told that he is a good man. I did not wish to inflict suffering upon his family, but in accomplishing my purpose I could not consider them. I say again that I did not assassinate the man. I intended to kill the President, because I believed it would have a good effect upon this country and upon all mankind.

I will not say whether anyone had the knowledge of my plans. This much the authorities of this country must know:—I am not alone in this work. I am only one of the great body of Anarchists bound together under solemn oath to accomplish a work and to bring about the results that surely must come.

My plans were all carefully laid. I had failed on other occasions, but when I heard that President McKinley would have a public reception I knew that fortune had thrown my opportunity in my way.

After studying the matter over I decided that I would attempt to kill the President while he was in Buffalo. Therefore I came to the Pan-American Exposition, and for the last three days I have planned carefully my attack upon him. With the 32-calibre revolver I had practised frequently in wrapping my handkerchief about my right hand so that the weapon was concealed in palm, while its protruding muzzle might be taken to be my thumb.

I am not sorry for what I have done. Why should I be? I have been simply an agent in the accomplishment of a work which I hope will succeed. Of course, I know that, as it is now constituted, the Government possesses the power to punish, and I know that the great majority are still too ignorant to appreciate that I have struck a blow for liberty.

I shall be denounced, and I will be punished, but I will take my punishment, no matter in what form it may come, like a man.

CAPE RACE LIGHT.

Is 55 Feet Lower Than Was Supposed.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—In a report to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries Mr. Anderson, Chief Engineer of the department, who has just returned from Cape Race, says he found by actual leveling, that the light is advertised as being 55 feet higher above high-water mark than it actually is. This reduces its horizon two miles, and may have been one cause for complaint. One of the lenses was found to be a little out of focus.

To remove any cause of complaint about the fog whistle he suggests dividing up the single blast of ten seconds into two blasts of five seconds each. Col. Anderson proposes to experiment to see whether better results can be got from one shape or size of whistle bell than another.

KILLED BY A ROCK.

Assistant Superintendent Duchesney of the C. P. R.

A despatch from Vancouver says: Assistant Superintendent Duchesney of the C.P.R., was accidentally killed to-day by a rock falling on him at some point a few miles east of here. Mr. Duchesney was considered a remarkably clever railway man and was also something of an explorer. He recently discovered the Yoho valley near Field, B.C.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Cheese, Grain, &c in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, September 10.—Wheat—The local market is without feature. Sales of old white and red to millers at 67½ to 68c low freights, while exporters quote at 66c middle. New white for export, 65c, No. 1 spring on Midland 68½c, Manitoba wheats quiet; No. 1 hard sold at 82½c to 83c and No. 2 at 80½ to 81c, grinding in transit. For Toronto and west 2c lower.

Oats—The market was quiet to-day at unchanged prices. New No. 2 white and mixed sold for export at 33c middle freight. Old quoted locally at 35 to 36c.

Peas—Trade quiet and prices firm. No. 2 sold at 68c north and west, and at 70c on Midland.

Barley—The market is firm, with sales of No. 2 at 47c, No. 3 extra at 46c and No. 3 at 45c, all middle freights.

Corn—The market is steady to-day, with sales of No. 2 Canadian yellow at 54c, and of mixed at 53c west. American is nominal at 59 to 60c, on track here.

Rye—The market is firmer with sales at 51c middle freights.

Buckwheat—Marvet dull, with prices purely nominal.

Flour—The market is quiet. Ninety per cent. patents sold for export in bbls. at $2.90 middle freights. Choice straight rollers, in bbls., locally and for Lower Provinces, $3.15 to $3.30. Manitoba patents, $4 in bags, and streng bakers' $3.75.

Oatmeal—Market is unchanged; car lots at $3.90 in bags, and $4 in wood. Broken lots, Toronto, 30c per bbl. extra.

Millfeed—The market is quiet, with supply limited, as well as the demand. Cars of bran for shipment quoted at $13.50 to $14 west, and shorts at $17 west. Ton lots sell here at $15.50 and shorts at $16.50

HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed Hogs are quiet to-day at $9 to $9.40. Hog products in good demand, and firm, with small supplies. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, ton and case lots, 11½c; pork, mess, $20 to $20.50; do, short cut, $21.50.

Smoked Meats—Hams, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 15 to 16c; rolls, 12c; backs, 15 to 15½c, and shoulders 11 to 11½c.

Lard—Demand good and prices firm. Guaranteed pure, in 50-lb tubs 11½c; pails, 11½c, and tierces, 11c.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is steady. Anything strictly fine meets with a ready sale for local trade; other grades are accumulating. We quote:—Strictly fresh dairies, 17c; seconds, 14 to 15c bakers' 12½ to 13½c.

Eggs—Market steady. We quote:—strictly new laid (nearby gathered), 13 to 14c; ordinary, fresh candled stock, 11½ to 12c; seconds, 7 to 8½c.

Cheese—Market is dull. We quote:—Finest 9½ to 9¾c; seconds 9¼c.

PRODUCE.

Potatoes—The market is unchanged with moderate receipts. Large lots of good stock are quoted at 60 to 65 cents per bush., and jobbing prices, 75 to 80c.

Dried Apples—The market continues dull, with no offerings, and prices are purely nominal.

Hops—There is a quiet trade, with prices steady at 14 to 16c.

Honey—Market is steady at 9 to 9½c. Combs, $1.50 to $1.75 per doz.

Beans—The market is steady with few offering. Ordinary stock, $1.80 to $1.90, and handpicked, $2.10 to $2.15.

Hay, Baled—The market is steady, with sales of ton lots delivered at $10, and car lots at $8.50 to $9.

Straw—The market is quiet. Car lots, on track, $5 to $5.50 a ton.

Seeds—There is a little alsike coming in; No. 1 is quoted at $6.75 to $7.25 per bush, and No. 2 at $6 to $6.75. Red clover is easier at $5.25 to $5.75 per bush.

THE STREET MARKET.

Receipts of grain were smaller today, Wheat—Steady, 400 bush of old red and white selling at 73c, and new at 64 to 68c, 100 bush of spring at 71c, and 300 bush of goose at 67½ to 68c. Barley—Firm, 600 bush selling at 49 to 53c. Oats—Also firm, 600 bush selling at 41c. for old, and at 37½ to 38½ for new. Rye sold at 52c for one load. Hay—Dull, two loads selling at $10 to $11 a ton. No straw. Dressed Hogs—$9 to $9.40.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Wheat, white	$0.73	$0.00
Wheat red	0.73	0.00
Wheat, new, red and white	0.64	0.68
Wheat, spring	0.71	0.00
Wheat, goose	0.67½	0.68
Oats, old	0.41	0.00
Oats, new	0.37½	0.38½
Barley	0.49	0.53
Peas	0.68	0.69
Rye	0.52	0.00
Hay, old per ton	13.00	13.50
Hay, new, per ton	10.00	11.00
Straw, per ton	9.00	10.00
Dressed hogs	9.00	9.40
Butter in lb. rolls	0.17	0.22
Butter, creamery	0.21	0.26
Chickens, per pair	0.50	0.75
Ducks, per pair	0.60	0.85
Turkeys, per lb	0.12	0.13
Eggs, new laid	0.16	0.17
Eggs, held, per doz	0.12	0.14
Apples, barrel	2.00	2.50
Potatoes, new, bushel	0.60	0.75
Tomatoes, basket	0.15	0.20
Beef, forequarters	4.50	5.50
Beef, hindquarters	8.00	9.00
Beef, medium, carcase	6.50	7.25
Beef, choice	7.00	7.75
Lamb, yearling	6.50	7.00
Lamb, spring	7.50	8.50
Mutton	7.50	8.25
Veal, choice	7.50	6.50

Duluth, Sept. 10.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 70½c, No 1 Northern, 68½c; No 2 Northern, 65½c; Sept., 68½c; Oct., 68½c; Dec., 69½c; May, 73c. Oats—35½ to 34½c. Corn—Nominal.

Buffalo, N.Y. Sept. 10.—Flour—Firm, no demand. Wheat—Spring, little doing. No. 1 Northern, old, 76c; do., new, 71½c; winter, No. 2, red, 74½c; No 1 white, 75½c. Corn—Firmer; No 2 yellow, 60½c; No. 3 do., 59½c; No. 2 yellow, 60½c; No. 3 do., 59½c; No. 2 corn, 59½c; No. 3 do., 59c. Oats—Quiet and only steady; No 2 white, 38c; No. 3 do., 37½c; No. 2 mixed, 36½c; No. 3 do, 36c. Barley—Western offered at 57 to 62c. Rye—Dull; No. 2, 56c. Canal freights—Steady.

Detroit, Sept. 10.—Wheat—Closed. No. 1 white, 71½c. cash; No 2 red, 71½c, cash and Sept.; 72½, Oct.; 72½, Dec.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 10.—Wheat—Closed. 69½c cash; 69½c, Sept.; 72r. Dec.

Milwaukee, Sept. 10.—Wheat—Easier; close, No. 1 Northern, 69½ to 70c; No. 2 Northern, 68 to 68½c, Lec. 71½ to 71½c. Corn—Dec., 58½c. Oats—Steady. No. 2 white, 36½ to 37c.

Toledo, O., Sept. 10.—Wheat—No. 2, cash and Sept. 72½c, Dec., 73½c. Corn—No. 2 Sept., 56c; Dec. 56½c. Oats—Cash, 36c Rye—No sales. Clover seed—Prime, $5.70; Oct., $5.65; Dec., $5.67½.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 10.—To-day's receipts at the western cattle yards were 68 carloads of live stock, including 1,100 cattle, 1,800 sheep and lambs, 600 hogs, 50 calves and 20 milch cows.

Trade was fair and the market featureless.

Export cattle were quotably unchanged at from $4.25 to $5 per cwt.

Butcher cattle is worth from $3.75 to $4.25 per cwt. for good to choice, and selections sold up to $4.50; medium and common stuff was dull.

Stockers, bulls and feeders are quotably unchanged.

Sheep and lambs are unchanged at the prices quoted below.

There was a demand to-day for good veal calves.

No change in milch cows.

There is no change in hogs.

The best price for "singers" is 7¼c per lb, thick fat and light hogs are worth 6¾c per lb.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 160 nor above 200 lbs.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt	$4.60	$5.00
Do., light	4.25	4.60
Butchers, choice	4.25	4.65
Butchers, ord. to good	3.50	4.00
Butchers, inferior	2.75	3.25
Sheep and Lambs.		
Choice ewes, per cwt	3.40	3.60
Butchers' sheep, each	2.00	3.00
Lambs, each	2.50	3.25
Bucks, per cwt	2.50	3.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each	30.00	45.00
Calves, each	2.00	10.00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt	7.12½	7.25
Light hogs, per cwt	6.50	6.75
Heavy hogs, per cwt	6.50	6.75
Sows, per cwt	3.50	4.00
Stags, per cwt	0.00	2.00

BOERS SURPRISED.

Lotter's Commando Surrendered to the British.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—The details of the fight in which Lotter's commando was captured by Col. Scobell have just been received here. It appears that Col. Scobell surprised Lotter, who had laagered in the centre of a basin surrounded by ridges. The Boers occupied two kraals and a shed, into which the Boer picket rushed all the wounded. The Cape Mounted Rifles and the Ninth Lancers surrounded the position completely.

The first British volleys, which were fired at daylight, stampeded the Boers' horses. The burghers seeing their escape was impossible, took refuge in the shed, from which they returned the British fire. Then the British concentrated their fire from four points on their shed at distances of from 50 to 400 yards. Every corner of the Boer position was well searched for three-quarters of an hour, when a white flag was hoisted. Nevertheless the Boers continued firing, and a private of the Lancers, who galloped forward to receive the surrender, was shot twenty yards from the shed. The firing then ceased, as Commandant Lotter came from shelter and surrendered. The shed presented a terrible spectacle. The dead and wounded were lying in all positions.

Col. Scobell's disposition of his force was admirable and he outmanoeuvred Commandant Lotter completely.

THE ROYAL JOURNEY.

Arrangements by the C. P. R. About Completed.

A despatch from Montreal says:—The officials of the Canadian Pacific have about completed their arrangements for operating the royal train to the Pacific and back. It will be run in two sections, the first of eight and the second of nine cars. It will take about 46 engines to run the train there and back. At each of the 23 divisions it will be in charge of the divisional superintendents, Mr. Robillard being the first to take hold of it between Quebec and Montreal.

It is not known whether Mr. Shaughnessy will accompany the royal party yet, but if he does not, it is probable either Mr. Tait, manager of transportation, or Mr. W. R. Baker, assistant to the second-vice-president, will take charge of the trip.

A special electrician, as well as special operators, will be on board, and a specially selected staff of cooks, waiters, etc.

KITCHENER TO REMAIN.

"I am authorized to state," says the Pretoria correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, "that Lord Kitchener is not going home, but will finish the task assigned him here. Gen. Lyttelton will replace Gen. Hildyard, who is going to leave."

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has been dissolved. General election October 2.

The Premier will accompany the Royal party on the trip across the Continent.

Stratford has carried a $20,000 debenture by-law to pay off the floating debt.

London postoffice returns for August show a revenue of $5,400, an increase over August, 1900.

Building permits in Hamilton last month reached $36,000, an increase of $17,000 over August, 1900.

A spark from the thresher caused the destruction of 30 tons of hay on Geo. McAuley's farm near Winnipeg.

It is understood that the Duke of Cornwall and York will enjoy two days' chicken shooting in Manitoba on his return journey from the coast.

Work is about to be commenced in the erection in City Hall Square, Ottawa, of the children's monument in memory of the soldiers who fell in South Africa.

The total attendance at the Royal Military College, Kingston, numbers 92, an increase of 20 over last year, and the largest number in the history of the college.

It is stated that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, who have the contract for building 200 miles of railway in Nova Scotia, will take their rails from the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

The Montreal authorities have abandoned entrance-by-ticket to the reception to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall in the City Hall, and anyone who is suitably garbed may pay his respects to the future ruler.

Ottawa City Council has given the police power during the visit of the Duke of York to barricade certain streets and to order all vehicles off others, at their discretion, in the interests of the public safety.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The new docks and harbor improvements at Dover will cost $20,000,000.

King Edward has appointed a commission to investigate Prof. Koch's tuberculosis theory.

A dukedom for Lord Salisbury is spoken of in connection with the coronation honors.

A maidservant in London, charged with theft from her mistress, committed suicide by swallowing lumps of coal.

Charles T. Yerkes, who represents an American syndicate, has secured control of the projected Brompton-Piccadilly Tube Railroad, which gives him complete control of London's rapid transit system.

The appointment of Sir Evelyn Wood to command the second army corps marks the inauguration of a new army scheme. The post of adjutant-general which he vacates, and which will be robbed of its importance by the progress of decentralization, may be filled by General Kelly-Kenny.

UNITED STATES.

By the new census Texas gets three additional congressmen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has just attained her one hundred and first year.

The Upholsterers' Union of New York city has made a demand for the eight-hour work day.

A strike of 17,000 skilled workingmen in the packing trades throughout the country is threatened.

W. S. Stratton, whose wealth is estimated at $25,000,000, marched in the Labor Day parade at Colorado Springs.

At Granite, Oklahoma, a gusher of oil has been struck at a depth of 300 feet. The discovery has created great excitement.

Henry Bronson committed suicide at Salt Lake City on account of poverty. Then it was learned he was heir to seven millions in Norway.

Father A. F. Goetz, who was pastor of the Roman Catholic church at Lees Summit, Mo., has broken his priestly vows and married his housekeeper.

The steamer Homer has arrived at San Francisco from the Pribyloff Islands with 22,672 sealskins, a large number of foxskins, and a quantity of whalebone.

Charles W. Tanner, a member of the City Council of Richmond, Va., and one of the best known business men has recovered his eyesight by Christian Science, after a blindness of 28 years.

GENERAL.

Li Hung Chang's health is rapidly failing.

Jules Verne is totally blind at Amiens, France.

Germany's wine crop will be unusually large this year.

Parliamentary Government is to be introduced into Iceland.

Turkish brigands have captured an American woman missionary.

Miss Isabella Thoburn, founder of the Lai Bagh School, and of the Lucknow Women's College, is dead at Lucknow.

Miss Margaret Crawford, daughter of a British India official, was killed in the Swiss Mountains, and her sister was found wandering in a half demented condition where she had fled from the accident.

A Grim Comedy

I.

"Won't you give us some of your acting this evening, dear Mrs. Sterling?"

The time was 4 p.m. Through the window we could see the rain sweeping over the lawn, as it had never ceased to do for the last forty-eight hours; and my guests lounged about the big uncomfortable hall in various stages of ennui.

They had been discussing the vital question of how the evening was to be got through. Music, suggested by our Wagner enthusiast; dancing, by the waltzing-girl, had been gloomily rejected. And then suddenly, as though smitten by an inspiration, the little blonde widow had turned on me, and burst out:

"Won't you give us some of your acting to-night, Mrs. Sterling?"

You see, the truth was, in the days of her maidenhood, the wife of the Hon. Felix Sterling had toured three years as leading lady as a well-known comedy company. And now, having resigned the plaudits of the fickle multitude for the love and admiration of one, she still occasionally amused her friends with such smatterings of the histrionic art as she possessed.

On this occasion the request that I should employ my poor talents to divert my guests was received with acclamation.

"Oh, yes. Please act for us!" came in a chorus from all parts of the hall. And young Charlie Fleetwood excitedly sprang up and offered to improvise a temporary stage if I would consent to perform on it.

I would not make any rash promises, being doubtful, indeed, whether my somewhat limited repertoire included anything that would serve as a monologue. And the subject was still under discussion when tea was brought in, and with its fragrant presence carried our thoughts away from things theatrical to the more important matter of satisfying the cravings of physical nature.

* * * * * *

Over the sodden lawn, battling with the wind and rain, half a dozen eager-looking men advanced, and steered straight for the entrance-porch.

We watched their progress in mild surprise, and then suddenly my curiosity was whetted by recognizing the foremost of the six as one of the keepers at the big lunatic asylum which stands, grim and silent, about a league from Winston Lodge.

This man—a burly, hard-faced Yorkshireman—walked straight into the hall, after knocking, and asked to see Mr. Sterling. My husband lazily rose and went with him to the door.

The keeper immediately commenced to talk to him in a loud excited voice—so loud, in fact, that we could not avoid overhearing part of what he said. And that had the effect of throwing my guests into something like a panic, for the keeper spoke of a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum that morning after nearly murdering an attendant. The lunatic was still at large, and had been seen not half an hour ago, lurking in a plantation near our house.

"Mercy on us! He may come here at any moment!" exclaimed my Aunt Margery, in a state of high terror.

"Hadn't we—hadn't we better have all the doors locked and bolted?" the waltzing-girl suggested, with a shudder.

"I shall certainly look under the bed and in the wardrobe to-night!" asserted the blonde widow; whereupon Charlie Fleetwood expressed his firm belief that "Ladies always did that!" which sally only raised a rather feeble laugh.

"What sort of a chap is he?" we heard Felix asking the keeper.

"Tall chap, sir. Thin, snow-white hair, face deathly pale, eyes like fire."

"Umph! Well, from what you say, I fancy the sooner you get him under lock and key again the better it will be for the community. No, we have not seen or heard anything of him. If we do, we will let you know at once."

It was with rather a grave face that my husband returned to us. But he spoke some words to allay our alarm. Nothing to be frightened about. He would soon be caught. They were now scouring the country-side in search of him.

But, nevertheless, it was some time before the more nervous members of our circle quite recovered their equanimity; and when the time came for retiring to dress for dinner, that lunatic was still the leading topic of conversation.

"Well, have you prepared your programme for to-night, Mrs. Sterling?" Charlie Fleetwood asked when we met in the dining-room.

"Don't ask questions!" I answered. "Let it be a pleasant surprise for you."

Afterwards both question and answer proved to have a strange significance.

II.

We were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner. Felix was talking to the blonde widow about a curious book of heraldry he had been reading. He said he would show her the volume in question, and rose to go to the library to fetch it.

Now, Winston Lodge, which we have been accustomed to take each year for the shooting season, consists of an imposing central pile, with two long wings extending east and west. The house was too big for our requirements; consequently, we only occupied the centre and the west wing. But it was into the east wing that my husband had now gone, the library being situated there.

He had scarcely left the room, when I recollected that the book he wanted was not in the library at all; and, to save him the futile task of looking for it, I ran after him.

I crossed the hall, and plunged down the narrow oak-panelled corridor to the east wing. My course was unilumined, save for the dim moonlight that penetrated the mullioned windows; but I knew my way well enough, and marched along without hesitation.

I passed through the lofty picture-gallery, with its rows of old-world faces and grim guardian suits of armour. Out into a second passage I went—a low, tortuous passage, very dark, and smelling of musty tapestry.

Suddenly, as I was groping my way along, I saw a slight movement in front of me; and there, but a few feet away, stood a grey, silent human figure.

"Felix, is that you?" I said. And I won't be positive that there was not the suspicion of a quiver in my voice.

There came no answer to the question, and the figure commenced to glide away down the passage.

Without waiting to get thoroughly frightened, I followed it, quickening my pace a little. The mysterious form did the same.

Along and along we went, twisting and turning among the labyrinth of passages, and then at last, coming round a sharp corner, there was a shaft of light through a half-open door—the door of the library where my husband was.

I darted forward, feeling quite brave, now that I was in the vicinity of Felix. But I was too late. The form glided into the room, silently closing the door, and I heard the key turning in the lock.

I stood there for a moment or two—puzzled, doubtful, alarmed. All at once there rushed upon me a horrible presentiment of impending doom, and with it a wild, irresistible desire to learn what was going on in that room.

I tried the door. It was securely locked. A few yards down the passage, high up in the wall, was a small window looking into the library. Directly underneath it was a heavy oak table. On to that table I scrambled, and glued my eyes to the dust-dimmed pane.

Shall I ever forget what I saw? I have dreamed of it a thousand times, and awakened shuddering in an agony of terror.

"Felix! Felix, turn round! Look!"

Those were the words I shrieked as I dashed my bare hand through the window, and withdrew it, bleeding.

And my warning was not a moment too soon. As my husband knelt in a corner over a pile of books, the tall, white-haired figure was already close on him, an uplifted, weighted stick in his hand, the raging fire of insanity gleaming in his eyes.

But I was just in time. On hearing my voice, my husband sprang round, caught the descending stick on his arm, and closed with his adversary in a fearful life and death struggle.

Which was worse, I wonder—to grapple with that madman, to have his eyes staring into yours, to feel his hot breath on your face, and to know that gradually he was overpowering you; or to be the one who was looking on, to see the being you loved best on earth fighting desperately—fighting for very life—and yet to stand there utterly impotent?

But no. Thank Heaven, I was not entirely impotent. With a cry of encouragement to my husband I sprang down, bunched up my skirts, and raced back along the passage. I ran as I never had run before. I knocked against the furniture in the darkness, I stumbled and fell; but still, impelled as by a supernatural force, I rushed on.

Through the picture gallery I went, down the second corridor, across the hall, into the drawing-room.

I must have looked a remarkable figure as I rushed in amongst my guests. My hand was bleeding, and the blood had stained my white evening gown. My hair was half down, my dress was torn. But what did appearance matter to me?

"The madman!" I gasped, panting for breath. "The escaped madman! He has got into the east wing, and Felix—my husband—— We must burst the door open. Come! Come!"

All eyes were turned upon me; but not a soul offered to move.

"Don't you understand me?" I cried, wringing my hands in my impatience. "There is not a moment to lose. My husband is fighting for his life! Why don't you come? Mr. Fleetwood, you hear me? Have pity—have pity!"

I sprang on Charlie Fleetwood like a tigress, and strove to drag him from the room by main force. What diabolical spell possessed them all that they were indifferent to my appeal? It all seemed like a horrible dream—unreal, grotesque.

"You will be too late!" I screamed, in a perfect frenzy. "Felix will be dead—strangled by that madman's fingers—strangled, strangled!"

I repeated that awful word, scarce knowing what I said. The blood was rushing wildly to my head. I began to reel, clutched desperately at the air. And then, of a sudden, a strange, half-remembered sound, rippled through the room—a sound terrible to listen to at first, yet giving me in the end an inkling of the truth.

It was the sound of hands clapping in applause. They thought I was acting!

I stormed and raved and shrieked as surely no actress could or would. I entreated and implored, and struggled the while with the feeling of faintness and numbness that was stealing over me.

And then, at length, seeing that my efforts to make them understand were utterly useless, I suddenly stopped, and summoned up a smile as I listened to their applause and congratulations.

Somehow or other I induced them to follow me from the room, telling them that I had something to show them in the east wing—a further entertainment, which my husband and I had prepared. Their curiosity was whetted, and they consented to dawdle along behind me, laughing and chattering the while.

Only when they heard that last despairing cry of Felix did Fleetwood and one or two of the other men begin to gain a glimmer of the truth. It was with ever-increasing alarm that they hurried forward, and tried to force the library door; and, finally, using the oak table as a ram, burst it open.

All of which I recollect as something that happened when I was in a semi-trance. I have a vague memory of looking into the room, and seeing several persons there, and a struggle going on. I can recall the sight of Felix running out, pale and limping, but smiling, and of his holding out his arms to me. I went to meet him, and then—I swooned.

ROYAL TITLES.

A Very Curious and Unique Collection.

The change now being made in the King's title so that it may comprehend the whole of the British Empire, and not merely, as before, Great Britain and Ireland and India, marks an interesting stage in the slow and gradual development of the Royal address which has taken place since the time of Edward the Elder, son and successor of Alfred the Great, who was the first Sovereign of this realm to call himself King of the English, and whose present day successor and namesake is to be described in the sonorous and swelling phrase: "Edward VII., by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all the British Dominions beyond the sea, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

The Edwards of our history have been especially associated with alterations in the Royal style, for it was Edward III. who incorporated with his title that of King of France, and quartered the fleur-de-lys on his coat of arms, this practice being maintained until the reign of George III., when, on the Parliamentary union of Great Britain and Ireland a century ago, the claim was finally abandoned.

It is worthy of note that the complimentary distinction of Defender of the Faith, bestowed by the Pope on Henry VIII. for his tract on the Seven Sacraments in opposition to Martin Luther, has since been so prized by England that the two-shilling piece of 1849 had to be recoined because of the omission of the letters F.D. (Fidei Defensor), the coin now being a great rarity and known among collectors as the "godless florin."

Like the English style of Defender of the Faith, the French and Spanish Kings also obtained religious titles as a reward for services to the Church of Rome.

THE KING OF FRANCE

was thus the Most Christian King, as well as the Eldest Son of the Church, while the Spanish Monarch had the honor of being known as the Most Catholic King. Similarly the ruler of the Austrian Empire is addressed as His Apostolic Majesty, his full address being His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia, and Apostolic King of Hungary.

Among Mohammedan Princes religious titles are also greatly venerated. The Sultan of Turkey, as the successor of Caliphs, affects the style of Commander of the Faithful; the Sultan of Morocco is the Emir-al-Mumenin, otherwise Prince of True Believers; and the Ameer of Afghanistan terms himself Zia-ul-Mitatiwadin (Light of Union and religion.)

But these are modest in comparison with the Emperor of China, whose lofty title is the Son of Heaven. The claim to be King of Kings is made by both the Shah of Persia (Shah-in-Shah) and the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia (Negus Negust).

The Emperor of Japan has a very curious and unique appellation: The Mikado or Honourable Gate; and a stately and splendid title is that of the Great White Czar, who is Emperor of All the Russias.

The former Portuguese Emperors of Brazil were styled Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender. But the most sublime and high-sounding title of any ruler must surely be the following, which was possessed by the ex-King Theebaw of Burma, whom we deposed in 1885: His Most Glorious Excellent Majesty, Lord of the Ishaddan, King of Elephants, Lord of the Mines of Gold and Silver, Rubies Amber, and the noble Serpentine, Sovereign of the Empires of Thunaparanta and Tampadipa and other Great Empires and Countries, and of all the Umbrella Wearing Chiefs, the Supporter of Religion, the Sun-Descended Monarch, Arbiter of Life and Great Righteous King, King of Kings and Possessor of Boundless Dominions and Supreme Wisdom.

THUMB SIGNALS.

Specialists in nerve diseases by examination of the thumb can tell if the patient is affected or likely to be affected by paralysis, as the thumb signals this trouble long before it is visible in any other part of the body. If the danger symptoms are evidenced there, an operation is performed on what is known as the "thumb centre" of the brain, and the disorder is often removed. The success of the operation can be told, too, by the changed condition of the thumb. No matter how carefully the individual may attempt to conceal incipient insanity, the thumb will reveal it infallibly. It is the one sure test. If the patient in his daily work permits the thumb to stand at a right angle to the other fingers, or to fall listlessly into the palm, taking no part in his writing, his handling of things, his multiform duties, but standing isolated and sulky, it is an unanswerable confession of mental disease.

Mrs. Levy—"Isaac! Isaac! I can hear a man snorin' under the bed. He must be a burglar!" Mr. L.—"Hush, Rebecca! Don't vake him, an' den ve vill charge him for a night's lodgin' in de morning!"

BUYING WESTERN HORSES

A NEW ERA OPENED UP FOR THE NORTH-WEST.

Experts Who Know How to Detect a Flaw—Horses Passing Muster.

Col. Dent's recent visit to Alberta to purchase horses for the British Army has opened up a new era for horse ranchers in the Northwest. A large market and good prices are now assured them.

Calgary was the place where the largest number were purchased about 600 being bought there and the bulk of the others in the ranching districts to the south, High River and Macleod and further east in the Medicine Hat country. On the days appointed for the sales riders behind fine bunches of horses were to be met on all the trails leading to town, on their way to the grounds where the animals were to be examined and tested. It would take a pretty sharp man to get ahead of the British buyers, with their clever veterinary, experienced in "culling" the cavalry horses in South Africa. He detected the least flaw at a glance. The western ranches have the reputation of being pretty sharp on a horse deal, especially when the buyer is from "down east," but it is safe to say few defective animals were pawned off on the Government this time.

HORSES PASSING "MUSTER."

It is another matter, however, to tell the disposition of a western range horse. On such an occasion as this he may be "caught up" off the bald-headed prairie, where he has been running with the bunch, and with a little work be gentled down to look just a nicely spirited horse. An experienced rider will see that the back cinch of the saddle isn't girthed up tight, for then he would buck. Now, if he doesn't show the whites of his eyes too much and snort, he will pass muster. But woe betide the unfortunate "pilgrim" who tries to ride him—he will get "piled" sure. For a few vivid seconds the "rider" will hang to the horn and "grab for the leather" as the horse with humped back and head between his legs "goes to it," and he looks for a soft spot on the ground.

"Oh, he's plumb gentle as a kitten; never a buck in him; regular lady's horse." The buyers look dubious and smile at this assurance from a rider in high-heeled boots and spurs, who holds a wild-eyed cow pony by the reins. "Well, show him off," they say. The "buster" swings smartly into the saddle as the broncho swerves round, and with a tight rein the horse proceeds sideways, shieing and snorting at everything in sight. "Don't pull so hard on that big Mexican bit or you will break his neck," they shout. Of course, he is rejected. "That will do," he is told. Imagine poor Tommy Atkins mounted on such a brute! Horses of this kind are not always freshly-broken bronchos, but are just "onery," and remain so all their lives, acting thus when least expected. They are known out west as mean horses and can never be trusted. In some big bunches there are "outlaws," animals that nobody can ride.

BRANDED IN ARMY STYLE.

After the horses were bought they were branded in the usual army style with hot irons from a fire close at hand. One horse objected strongly, making things lively as the red hot iron touched his hide. Two rope horses and half a dozen men finally succeeded in flopping him over on his side. Then came the letting loose again—just at a critical moment when everyone was dodging a whirlwind of hoofs, a nigger horseman, Arkansas George, jumped in and did the trick.

Ten years ago horse breeding was carried on on a big scale out west and splendid herds roamed the prairie, but it had a severe set back and most of the large bunches have disappeared.

There were some fine animals in the country in those days, but the price dropped so low that all profits vanished and men only thought of getting rid of their horses and investing in cattle. During the past two or three years the price has risen rapidly until it is now very good. There is a good demand for heavy work horses in Manitoba and the Edmonton farming country in addition to the British Army as a permanent buyer.

Probably the best class of horses obtained in the Territories were those for mounted infantry purposes—a good blocky type of cow-pony, generally recognized by the cow-boys as being the most enduring horse for a long ride and hard work on the round up.

Horses of this kind are partly Indian and inherit all the hardy qualities of the little cayuse with the advantage of being considerably larger. A range rider will take one of these every time in preference to a big lanky horse.

THE METHOD OF BREAKING.

The great objection Col. Dent had to western range horses was the way in which they were broken. They are allowed to run wild with the bunch until they were often four or five years old before they have a rope on them, it is only natural that such an animal should be nervous and wild. Here is the method of breaking: A rider goes and rounds up the bunch and chases them into the corall; here the victim is selected and from a point in the centre the roper swings his lariat. Sometimes the broncho has to be violently thrown before the saddle can be adjusted. Then the broncho buster mounts armed and with bit and spurs, a contest ensues in which the horse bucks violently to get clear of a burden he doesn't understand. Sometimes he will have to "break the horse's heart" to conquer him, then the result will be a dead head devoid of spirit.

It was suggested that more attention be paid to the colts—that they should be handled and petted when young and made to understand that men don't mean to injure them, thus greatly minimizing the trouble of breaking when the time came to saddle them.

Col. Dent said he didn't know of any other country so admirably suited for horse raising as Alberta.

DETECTIVE WORK IN AFRICA.

Characteristic Illustration of Somali Justice.

The Somalis, a people of Africa under British domination, and living along the coast near the borders of Abyssinia, are an inert and not very interesting race, but occasionally they wake up and exhibit a good deal of ingenuity and patience. The following story from Herbert Vivian's "Abyssinia" gives an illustration of Somali justice.

A certain Russian complained that he had been robbed of a thousand dollars, and intimated that the money had disappeared when a British postman was passing. This insinuation put the British consul on his mettle, and he applied to the tribes to discover the culprit.

Of course it was understood that they should deal with the robber according to their own customs; for it is a point of pride with them to detect and punish crime, but not to deliver a criminal over to a stranger's hand.

The chiefs took the matter up at once, and were not long in tracing the crime to two discharged Somalis One had his share—five hundred dollars—still upon him, and was made to give it up at once. He had changed part of it into camels, but no matter; it could be changed back again.

The other had buried his part in small sums all over the desert, but stoutly maintained his ignorance of the whole affair. So the chiefs tied him to a tree and sat down to wait. Time is not money in the desert, so they waited many days, giving the man just food enough to keep body and soul together.

After about a week he consented to indicate the locality of part of his hoard. He was taken to the place and made to dig it up. Then he was tied to another tree, and the chiefs awaited his pleasure. In process of time he revealed all his hiding-places save one, where his marks had been destroyed by the elephants.

The work required patience; the chiefs had to wait long intervals and traverse long distances before each new revelation, but in the end they contrived to return all money save eleven dollars, and it was satisfactory to find that they expected no reward for their trouble. The honor of their tribe had been vindicated, and that was sufficient for them.

The incident is very characteristic of Somali justice.

SLANG PHRASES.

Some of Them Have Been in Use for Ages.

Many of the familiar phrases of the day have been in use since remote antiquity.

A learned German philologist has recently traced a number of these so-called phrases through half-a-dozen languages to their beginnings. Here is a partial list of them:—

"He's a Brick!"—This phrase, meaning a good fellow, has been traced to a King of Sparta, four centuries B.C. A visitor to Lacedaemonia, the Spartan capital, was surprised to find the city without walls, and asked the King what he would do in case of invasion. "Sparta has 50,000 soldiers," replied the King, "and each man is a brick!"

"To give the Cold Shoulder."—It was once the custom in France, when a guest had outstayed his welcome, to serve him with a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast as a gentle hint for him to go.

"To Kick the Bucket."—This phrase dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. A shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by standing on a bucket placed on a table to raise himself to a convenient rafter. To kick the bucket was, of course, his last act on earth,

"Catching a Tartar."—During the war between Russia and the Tartars a private soldier cried out: "Captain, I have caught a Tartar!" The officer ordered him to bring his prisoner forward. "He won't let me!" the soldier shouted back, and investigation showed that the Tartar was holding back his cantor.

"Apple-Pie Order."—A certain Hepzibah Merton, in Puritan times, was in the habit of baking two or three dozen apple-pies every Saturday, which were to last her family through the week. She placed them in her pantry, labelling one or more for each day in the week. The pantry thus arranged was said to be in apple-pie order.

"A Feather in One's Cap."—It was once a custom in their wars with the Turks for the Hungarians to wear a feather in their caps for each Turk they had killed.

"Blackguards!"—When the Horse Guards parade in St. James's Park, London, a crowd of bootblacks always crowd about to black their boots and do other menial work. These attendants at the guard mount have long gone by the name of "black guards."

"Deadhead."—In Pompeii people who gained admittance to an entertainment without paying admission were called "deadheads," because the checks used for admission were small ivory death's heads.

BREAD MADE FROM CHESTNUTS

In France and Italy chestnuts are made into bread by the mountain peasantry. After the nuts have been blanched they are dried and ground. From this flour a sweet, heavy, flat cake is made. It resembles the oaten cakes so popular among Scotch peasants.

BITTERNESS.

There's that girl singing A Bird in a Gilded Cage! said the nervous man.

Yes, answered the boarding house wag. If I had a bird that couldn't sing any better than that I'd open the cage and let it fly away.

WITH A FAMOUS CABBY.

LONDON CAB-DRIVER WHO HAS DRIVEN GREAT PEOPLE.

The Prince of Wales Was His Customer on Several Occasions.

One of the best known and most highly respected cab-drivers in London, especially known and patronized by many members of both Houses of Parliament, has related the following fascinating and amusing anecdotes, etc., concerning some of the great men and women he has had the honor of driving during his interesting and often exciting career.

"Yes; I've driven the Prince of Wales two or three times, but never since he has been King. I always appeared in a kind of dream when His Royal Highness was in my charge; he was so hasty, so eager to be off, and so anxious to get where he wanted to go in an almost impossible time.

"On the last occasion I 'picked up' the Prince, if I may use such an expression for so great a 'fare,' it was just outside Westminster.

"'Now then, cabby; wake up there!' said a cheery voice, and before I could say 'Jack Robinson' in jumped two gents. The Prince of Wales I knew as well as I knew myself—had driven His Royal Highness before; but the tall, very fine-looking gentleman I didn't recognize at first, but I afterwards saw that he was King Leopold of Belgium. I had my hat off my head in two 'jiffs,' you bet, but His Royal Highness said, quite impatiently: 'For goodness' sake, man, put that on your head again! No State ceremony now—Marlborough House like lightning!'

"I was very soon off, I can tell you, but not before I had noticed a baby-faced little parson, standing in a careless manner near the cab, looking up at me in a most kind,

CHRISTIAN-LIKE WAY.

"'What does he want?' I thought to myself. 'Is he simply inquisitive or what?'

"When I arrived outside Marlborough House my horse was sweating, I can tell you, so quickly had I driven.

"'Well done, cabby! You've driven famously,' said His Royal Highness, who was evidently in a very good temper 'Now then; what's your fare? No beating about the bush; I've three days' work to do in three hours. How much is it?'

"'Well, sir' I said boldly, determined to make the most of such a chance; 'considering I've had one whole Sovereign and a half a Sovereign under my care, it would be treating you lightly to mention anything less than gold!'

"This mightily pleased His Royal Highness, who laughed, and said: 'Well, cabby, here's a sovereign for driving a Sovereign; I don't count.'

"The two Royal gents were off in a 'crack,' and so was I—to drink the health of the finest Prince in the world. I noticed, as I was speeding away, the baby-faced little parson still looking at me with the same kind, Christian-like expression on his innocent looking face. Then, quite suddenly, I recognized 'his reverence' —the smartest 'tec in Europe!

"This cab of mine ought to simply perspire with poetry and learning, for I've driven in it two of the scholarliest men in the world.

"Many years ago now I was standing just outside Victoria station, when two very

SORROWFUL GENTS,

without one word of warning, stepped into my cab and sat there quite uncanny-like, never speaking a word or saying where they wished to go. A policeman comes up to me and whispers: 'Both of 'em full o' poetry—choked up with it! Tennyson and Carlyle is their names, and good sorts they are too!'

"I got out of them that they wanted to go to King's Cross, and, when I arrived there, blowed if they weren't so full of poetry that they got out of the cab without speaking a word and without even hinting of paying. When I told them about it, Mr. Carlyle pulled out two half crowns and gave them to his friend, Mr. Tennyson, without uttering a sound, and he—quite lost to the world he seemed— slipped them into his big pocket, and on they both went again, and I after them once more. Yes; great men, I darcsay, but far too full of poetry for a poor cabby like me.

"Yes; scores of times I've driven Lord Rosebery; he always gives me two shillings for myself besides my fare—'Peer money,' his lordship calls it. I've driven the ex-Empress Eugenie, who always made my heart beat fearful whenever she got out of the cab—not on account of the gold she used to give me, but on account of the beautiful smile she had; such a heavenly smile I've never seen since!

"Then there's Mr. Chamberlain, who dresses so beautifully himself that it really upsets him to see anyone else badly dressed. The last time I drove him he said to me: 'Cabby, I notice your silk hat is somewhat ruffled. Two things in life you should treat with the greatest consideration—your silk hat and your enemies!' Now, what do you think Mr. Chamberlain did? He took me into a shop and bought me a brand new one!"

AN IMMENSE RESERVOIR.

Rapid progress is being made upon the new reservoirs at Staines, Middlesex, for the supply of London, and it is anticipated that they will be completed in about two years. The reservoirs are approximately four and a half miles in circumference, and their capacity will be 33,000,000,000 gallons, a sufficient supply to serve the district catered for by the water companies to whom they belong for 100 days. The reservoirs will be supplied from the flood water of the Thames.

SOMEWHAT ANTICIPATORY.

"A man is going to try to cross the Niagara river gorge on a bicycle with grooved wheels."

"Is he? Wonder if he'd like grooved wheels on his hearse?"

ABOUT THE FUTURE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says You Will Be More Than Conqueror.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: Nehemiah viii, 15, "Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches of thick trees to make booths."

It seems as if Mount Olivet were unmoored. The people have gone into the mountain and have cut off tree branches and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem and on the house tops, and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes and dwell for seven days in those booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festal time. It is the feast of tabernacles, and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when traveling in the desert, they lived in booths on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also became highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march toward heaven and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest. And what was said to the Jews literally may be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth unto the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths.

Now, if we are to-day going to succeed in building this gospel arbor we must go into the mount of God's blessing and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have we must have at least two olive branches, peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent God as an angry chieftan, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm that there is no more antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness and we are all sin there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

Oh, it does not make much difference what the world thinks of you, but come into the warm, intimate, glowing and everlasting relationship with the God of the whole universe! That is the joy that makes a halleluiah seem stupid. Why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ? Why? if we had gone on in 10,000 years of war against God we could not have captured so much as a sword or a cavalry stirrup or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of his omnipotence. But the moment we bring this olive branch God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

But then we must have that other olive branch, peace with man. Now, it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are gunpowdery Christians all around us, and one match or provocation will set them off. It is easy enough to get up a quarrel. But, my brother do you not think you had better have your horns sawed off? Had not you better make an apology? Had not you better submit to a little humiliation? "Oh," you say, "until that man takes the first step I will never be at peace with him. Nothing will be done until he is ready to take the first step!" You are a pretty Christian. When would this world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step? We were in the wrong. Christ was in the right, all right and forever right. And yet he took the first step. And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, your enemy, you had better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for his enemies and just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, leaving them all on, and then try on them that gospel switch. It will not hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God, peace with man. If you cannot take these two doctrines, you are no Christian.

But my text goes further. It says "Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches." Now, what is suggested by the pine branch? The pine tree is healthy, it is aromatic, it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid patients: "Go and have a breath of the pines. That will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get the influence of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the helpfulness of our holy religion. It is full of health—health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul. I knew an aged man who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine. He did not eat enough to keep a child alive. He lived on a beverage of hosannas. He lived high, for he dined every day with the King. He was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion, healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumsthnces, such holy equipoise. Oh, that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now! I mean it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now, there are some people who get just enough religion to bother them, just enough religion to make them sick, but if a man take a full, deep, round inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor he will find it buoyant, exuberant, undying, immortal health.

But my text takes a step further, and it says, Go into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and palm branches. Now, the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had 360 different uses. The fruit was conserved the sap was a beverage, the stems were ground up for food for camels. The base of the leaves was turned into hats and mats and maskets, and from the root to the top of the highest leaf there was usefulness. The tree grew 85 feet in height—sometimes, and it spread leaves four and five feet long. It meant usefulness, and it meant victory — usefulness for what it produced and victory because it was brought into celebrations of triumph. And oh, how much we want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ at this time! A great many Christians do not amount to anything. You have to shove them off the track to let the Lord's chariots come along.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we do not want in the church any more people that are merely weeping willows, sighing into the water, standing and admiring their long lashes in the glassy spring. No wild cherry, dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees, holding something for God, something for angels, something for man. I am tired, and sick of this flat, tame, insipid, satin slippered, nambypamby, hightytighty religion! It is worth nothing for this world, and it is destruction for eternity. Give me 500 men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take this city for God in three years. Give me 10,000 men and women fully up to the Christian standard. In ten years 10,000 of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin? We all want to be useful. There is not a man in the pews that does not want to be useful. When are we going to begin?

But the palm branch also meant victory. You all know that. In all ages, in all lands, the palm branch means victory. Well, now, we are by nature the servants of satan. He stole us, he has his eyes on us, he wants to keep us. But word comes from our Father that if we will try to break loose from this doing of wrong our Father will help us, and some day we rouse up, and we look the black tyrant in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, "Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot and a wasted life behind our backs. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven and whose sin is covered."

My text brings us one step further. It says, "Go forth into the mount and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees." Now, you know very well—I make this remark under the head of branches of thick trees—that a booth or arbor made of slight branches would not stand. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So then the booth or arbor must have four stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth, and hence for the building of the arbor for this world we must have stout bran hes of thick trees. And so it is in the gospel arbor. Blessed be God that we have a brawny Christianity, not one easily upset. The storms of life will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine; not only love, but justice; not only invitation, but warning. It is a mighty gospel; it is an omnipotent gospel. These are the stout branches of thick trees.

Well, my friends, you see I have omitted one or two poin s not because I forgot to present them but because I have not time to present them. I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness and of victory, and here are the stout branches of thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. Come into the booth I went out at different times with a fowler to the mountains to catch pifeons, and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after awhile they dropped into the net, and we were successful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth. I look out. I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the booth.

HIS OPINION OF COUNSEL.

Prisoners at the assizes have occasionally but little faith in the ability of counsel assigned for their defence. Not long ago a prisoner was informed by the judge that his defence would be undertaken by Mr. X. and, added his lordship, that will cost you nothing.

The prisoner, however, held a different view, and was heard to remark that his lordship hadn't done the straight thing by him at all.

What do you mean? asked the judge.

Well, said the prisoner, you said as the Court would provide counsel, and it was a-goin' to cost me nothing. If that's my counsel, he continued, indicating the rather diminutive gentleman who had been set apart for the defence, I can see it's a-goin' to cost me ten years, and no less.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, SEPT. 5.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxxii., 1-32. Golden Text, Luke xv.ii., 1.

1-2. "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." In our last lesson the Lord and the angels appeared to him as he was leaving home and now, after twenty years (chapter xxxi, 38 41), as he is about to return home with wives and children and servants and much cattle, the angels of God meet him. In what wondrous grace the Lord deals with this man! And He is Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day and forever (Heb. xiii, 8) and has just the same grace for you and for me. In chapters xxix to xxxi, inclusive, between the last lesson and this one, we have an account of Jacob's 20 years with Laban, his faithful service, his marriage, his increase and the Lord's special care of him (chapter xxxi, 11-13, 24, 29); also in verses 44 to 55 the incident of the covenant between Laban and Jacob at Galeed or Mizpah as they separated.

3-8. Jacob sent messengers to Esau, his brother, and on their return, learning that Esau was coming to meet him with 400 men, he becomes filled with fear and distress and attempts to provide for the safety of at least a portion of his company. Notwithstanding all God's gracious care of him these many years, he does not seem to have learned to trust Him without fear.

9-12. In humility he looks to God and pleads His promises to him, acknowledging all His great goodness with gratitude. This is a right attitude toward God. The assurances of God when he left his home and when he was about to return should have delivered him from all fear concerning Esau's treatment of him But many believers are not any more trustful now, for with such assurances as John x, 27-29; Phil. i, 6; II Tim. i, 12, etc., there are those who have their fears lest they may not reach home, but be lost somewhere by the way.

13-23. He prepared a great present for Esau that he might therewith appease him—five droves of goats, sheep, camels, cows and asses—580 in all, with instructions to those in charge of the droves as to what they shall say to Esau when they meet him. It looks as if he felt that he must do somewhat to help God in this matter. He evidently believed the world's motto used by many believers, "God helps those who help themselves," but the teaching of Scripture is that God helps those who cannot help themselves, and we must come to an end of ourselves before we can know His power (Ps. lxxii, 12; cvii, 27, 28; Isa. xl, 29, and all His miracles)

24. "And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of day." The margin says until the ascending of the morning. It is not Jacob wrestling with a man that he might prevail over him, but the man wrestles with Jacob that he may conquer Jacob, and Jacob evidently stoutly resists him until morning. God is ever seeking to break us down, to humble us, to bring us to an end of ourselves, that He may bless us indeed and show us His strength and magnify Himself in us.

25-26. Toward morning the man who wrestled with Jacob touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh and put it out of joint, so that Jacob could no longer resist, after which Jacob clung in his helplessness, saying I will not let thee go except thou bless me. This is the secret of prevailing with God, our helplessness clinging to His power. Consider those who came to Him when He was on earth for us and see how in every case His power was made manifest on behalf of utter helplessness; the blind, the lepers, the woman with the issue, those at the point of death and those who had died.

27, 28. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men and hast prevailed." We cannot get our new name of saint until we confess that we are and have been sinners and naught but sinners. Jacob must acknowledge himself as Jacob or supplanter, (chapter xxvii, 36, margin) before he can receive his new name of Israel (margin, a prince of God). The Spirit through Hosea says, "By his strength he had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel and prevailed; he wept and made supplication unto Him; he found Him in Bethel, and there He spoke with us, even the Lord God of hosts; the Lord is his memorial" (Hos. xii, 3-5). Then follows the exhortation to turn to God and wait on God continually. This is the secret of prevailing prayer, persistent clinging to God alone, pleading only our need and His great mercy. We will always have occasion to say, "Though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake" (Jer. xiv, 7). When we take the place of utter helplessness and unworthiness and, like Jacob, cry, I will not let thee go, we shall see fulfillments of John xiv 13, 14, and similar promises. This is the first mention of the great name of Israel, a name that always is used to designate Jacob or his posterity. It is never used as a name for the church, not even in Gal. vi, 16, where it evidently means the believers in Israel, who are spoken of in addition to other believers. There is no authority for the term "spiritual Israel:" though it may properly be used in reference to true believers in Israel, but should never be applied to gentiles. We must not confound the church with Israel, nor the kingdom with either, though both will be very prominent in the kingdom.

29-32. "He blessed him there." So Jacob called the name of the place Peniel (margin, the face of God), for he said, I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. This and Ex. xxiv, 11; xxxiii, 20, in the light of John i, 18, teach that every manifestation of God is through His Son. In Eden as well as here and in all the other appearances of God we must recognize Him whom we know as the Son of God, or Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of hosts, the Lord God of Israel, Jehovah of the Old Testament, who by His precious blood shed for us has provided eternal redemption and a joint heirship with Himself for all who receive him. It would seem that Jacob carried with him from that time the evidence of that night's conflict, and we must never forget that we have been rebels against God, children of disobedience, and by His grace have been redeemed. We must learn to know that in us—that is, in our flesh—there dwelleth no good thing (Rom. vii, 18) and glory in the Lord alone, seeing no man but Jesus only and coveting above all things His blessing, which maketh rich (Mark ix, 8; Prov. x, 22, R.V., margin).

PEEP AT ROYAL YACHTS.

King Edward's Yachts Are Neither Speedy Nor Luxurious.

Although King Edward VII. has a passion for the sea, it takes rather the form of skimming swiftly over it in a racing yacht, preferably with himself at the helm, than of sitting placidly on a deck-chair on the deck of even the fastest and most luxurious of steam yachts.

The building of the Victoria and Albert takes us back to very ancient history in ship construction; although she was considered a wonderful vessel of her day, when she was launched at Pembroke Dock, forty-six years ago, or five years before such obsolete and antiquated men-of-war as the Black Prince and the Defiance were christened.

The Victoria and Albert is a wooden paddle steam yacht of 2,470 tons; she is slightly over 336 feet long and 40 feet wide, and cost the rather remarkable sum of $682,000. Since she was launched a further sum of about $225,000 has been spent on repairs, so that her total cost is something like $907.000.

Although she has long been out of date it is doubtful whether any successor, however modern and sumptuous, will supplant the Victoria and Albert in the favor of the King and his brother and sisters, for many of their happiest earlier memories are connected with it. When the King took his first trip on her he was a boy of thirteen, his sister, the Empress Frederick, was onlyfifteen, and the Duke of Connaught had not long passed his fifth birthday.

Compared with many of the magnificent private yachts of to-day, the

VICTORIA AND ALBERT

is almost Spartan in its equipment and furnishing, although there is no more homely and comfortable vessel afloat.

Queen Victoria's bedroom is a very simple apartment, furnished with a plain iron bedstead, a few ordinary chairs, a common-place washstand, and a few pictures; and the Prince Consort's room, which is still exactly as he left it at the close of the last voyage, is even plainer in its appointments. But although these rooms, and, in fact, all the rooms in the yacht, are of a striking simplicity, their decoration of white and gold and the rose and green hangings of the Queen's bed are exceedingly pretty.

Other rooms bear the names of Royal Princesses and Princes, including the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, and all are equally simple, if comfortable and tasteful.

The drawing-room which is more elaborately furnished, but by no means luxuriously, is a spacious room 26 feet long and 18½ feet wide, and the dining and other rooms are all both comfortable and commodious, but with a marked avoidance of the luxurious and ostentatious. Although she rarely leaves her anchorage she has nearly 200 officers and men attached to her, under the command of a rear-admiral.

Compared with the Victoria and Albert, the Osborne, although thirty one years old, is quite a modern boat. Although she is smaller she carries powerful engines of 3,000 horse power; while for building and repairs a sum of nearly $700,000 has already been spent on her.

The lately built Royal yacht, called also Victoria and Albert, is an imposing ship of 4,700 tons, carrying engines of 11,000 horse-power, and capable of steaming, under normal conditions, twenty knots an hour. When the alterations are complete the King will have a yacht worthy alike of himself and the country he rules.

BOTH WERE TAUGHT SOMETHING.

The master of a sailing vessel who prided himself on his good manners and delighted to teach politeness to his crew, and one day at the wheel a man who, though an old and experienced seaman, was a new hand on board this ship. Going up to him the master asked:

How's her head?

Nor' by nor'-east, answered the old tar, very gruffly.

My man, sauvely expostulated the master, on this craft when one of the crew speaks to me he gives me a title of respect. Don't you think you ought to do so, too? Now, how's her head?

Nor' by nor'-east, I tell yer! shouted the tar, displaying not a little irritation.

Come, I'm afraid you don't quite understand me, responded the master kindly. Let me relieve you at the wheel, and then you take my place and ask the question. I will then show you how it should be answered.

They changed places.

"Ow's 'er 'ead? roared the tar.

Nor' by nor-east, sir, replied the captain, with a gentle emphasis on the sir.

Then keep her so, my man, while I goes forrard and has a smoke, was the rejoinder.

100 English houses hold 532 people on an average.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Great People.

The late Empress Frederick was always an admirable artist. At Windsor one room is entirely hung with exquisite water-colors done by her, and at a charity bazaar two paintings done by her sold for $5,000 apiece.

M. Santos-Dumont, the young Brazilian acronaut, whose flying-machine is creating such a sensation in Paris, was born at Rio de Janeiro in 1873. He is the youngest of a family of ten sons, and his father is a coffee-planter in San Paulo. He is now probably the largest coffee farmer in the world. He owns four million coffee plants, employs 6,000 laborers, and has forty miles of light railway on his own estate. He is known as the Coffee King.

Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, paid a charming compliment to his wife the other day. He was asked whom he would like to be if he were not himself, and as he ran through the names of the great ones of the earth his eye fell upon his wife and he hesitated no longer. "Mrs. Choate's second husband," he said. Equally happy was his remark as he looked up at a gallery full of ladies. "Now I understand," he said, "what the Bible means when it says, 'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'"

The King of the Belgians is said to be the most scholarly monarch in Europe. His tastes are of the simplest. He prefers a favorite briar pipe to the best cigar manufactured, and every morning a quaint tobacco-jar in the shape of an elephant, which stands on the mantelshelf of his smoking-room at Laeken is filled with a certain brand of English bird's-eye tobacco. A curious fact is that the country possesses no crown, consequently there is never a coronation, the King merely taking an oath to protect the constitution.

Baron Takasaki, chief of the poets' bureau in the Imperial Palace of Tokio, says that the Emperor of Japan's love of poetry increases with years. Scarcely an evening passes that His Majesty does not compose from twenty-seven to thirty-one syllabled couplets called "wa-ka." These are handed to Baron Takasaki for examination. Baron Takasaki has held his present position since 1892, and he deciares that the number of couplets composed by His Majesty up to the end of last March was 37,000.

Life on $90 a year was the experience of Mr. A. M. Torrance, chairman of the London County Council, when at the age of sixteen, his career began in Glasgow. Mr. Torrance made the $90 meet all his needs, and he bought a book or two besides, which he almost learned by heart. He admires punctuality, loves a Scotch song above all things and tells a Scotch story with no end of "pawky" humor. Every week-day morning for the last twenty-seven years he has caught the same 'bus from Highbury and he always reaches his office by nine o'clock.

The Cattle King of Australia is Samuel M'Caughey, an Irishman, who went to Australia in 1856 with practically nothing. He did not succeed well at first, but started again with a small flock, and from year to year has added to his holdings, until now he has more sheep than any other man in the world. He has more acres of land than sheep, and his possessions are in the best parts of Australia. One of his farms on the Darling Downs is thirty-six miles long and forty miles wide. Altogether he owns more than a million acres and leases about a million or so more.

The Dutch antiquarian, Peter van Meuvs, gives some information about the De Wet family. It appears that the most eminent predecessor of the famous military leader in the South African "Orange-Vrystatt" was a painter of considerable note in his day. Jacobus Willems De Wet lived in Haarlem at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. The name of the artist stands first in the family registers of the old Kaapland families. A Jacobus De Wet, his descendant and namesake, settled on the River Liesbeck, in South Africa, where he married a Josina Pretorius, and died there in 1711, leaving five children.

Lord Kelvin, who is seventy-seven years of age, has the distinction of having occupied a University Chair for a longer consecutive period than any other University professor now living. In his Varsity days, though the fact is forgotten, Lord Kelvin was an athlete of much more than ordinary prowess, and at Cambridge, in spite of the work which won for him the proud position of Second Wrangler, he found time to win the "silver sculls." A native of Belfast, Sir William Thomson, as the eminent inventor and electrician was known until 1892, when he was created a baron, held the chair of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow University from 1846 till 1899 and with exception of Sir G. G. Stokes) he is the oldest Fellow of the Royal Society.

NOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTED.

A teacher was instructing a class of infants in the Sunday school, and was letting the children finish her sentences to make sure that they understood.

The idol had eyes, she said, but it couldn't——

See, cried the children.

It had ears, but it couldn't——

Hear, said the class.

It had lips, but it couldn't——

Speak, said the children.

It had a nose, but it couldn't——

Wipe it! shouted the little ones, and the teacher had to pause in her lesson in order to recover her composure.

Collector—This is the fifth time, sir, I've brought you this bill. Customer—Well, haven't I always received you affably? Collector—I don't want affability, sir, I want cash.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

TOLD BY SUPERINTENDENT OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Hundreds of People Spend Their Lives in Mad Houses Who Are Quite Sane.

It will probably be a shock to you and many others, said the superintendent of a well-known lunatic asylum, to learn that there are scores and even hundreds of people who spend their lives within the walls of mad-houses who are every bit as sane as you or I, and the remarkable thing is, that many of them could be free to-morrow if they would.

In a certain asylum I know there is to-day a gentlewoman who for more than twenty years has voluntarily immured herself as a lunatic, and all for the sake of love. When she was a young and beautiful girl, one of the most charming girls I ever saw in my life, she was engaged to be married to a young doctor, who, unhappily, developed homicidal mania, and had to be confined in the asylum.

As his mania was incurable and there was no prospect of marrying him the devoted girl, who was an orphan and an heiress, determined to share his imprisonment, and sought admission to the asylum, where she leads precisely the same life as the lunatics, so that she might see and meet him occasionally and brighten his captivity a little.

In the same asylum there is another lady who might be at liberty any day, for she is perfectly sane. Her reason for entering the asylum was that she felt an unaccountable impulse to poison her husband, and was so horrified at the possibility that she insisted on placing herself under control. Her husband died many years ago; but she has got so used to her life in an asylum, and shrinks so much from returning to the world and a possible repetition of her fancied homicidal impulse, that she elects to spend the rest of her days

IN A MADHOUSE.

Another inmate of the same asylum is a clergyman who, a few years ago, was widely known for his eloquence and zeal. Although he was, and is, a very devout man, he declared that whenever he was preaching he always heard the devil prompting him to blaspheme. No doubt it was a case of unstrung nerves; but the fear of disgracing himself before his congregation so preyed on his mind that he determined to give up his ministry, and retire from the world and temptation within the walls of an asylum.

All this happened many years ago; but, although the morbid fancy has long left him, he prefers to remain where he is rather than return to a world where, as he says, he is forgotten, and where he might have to face the old trouble again.

Another asylum patient (if I may call him so) is a lawyer who was once of some eminence in his profession. He had an only son whom he almost idolized, and when the boy developed symptoms of insanity and it was necessary to confine him, the father elected to accompany him and for years he has watched over him with a tenderness that is very touching.

Of course in all these cases the patients are people of means, who can afford to pay for being asylum inmates.

In another case a female patient, when she had recovered her sanity, refused to leave the asylum. She had, it appeared, fallen violently in love with a handsome male patient, who is as "mad as a hatter," and, I fear, always will be; and as he could not accompany her into freedom she preferred to stay under the same roof with him.

There are also many sane patients who, in spite of the stringent laws that regulate admission, are sent there by relatives who wish to get them out of the way. As you know, before a patient can be admitted to an asylum he must be

CERTIFIED INSANE

by two medical men unconnected with asylums.

The medical profession, unfortunately, has its share of black sheep, and it thus happens that it is quite possible to procure two doctors who will certify that a man is insane even when he is perhaps more sane than they are. I have known cases where a dozen doctors have been tried before the necessary certificate has been procured, and where the potential patient has been trapped in moments of excitement deliberately brought on by those who seek to confine him.

Of course, this is not done on anything like the same scale as formerly; but that it can still be done, and often is done, I give you my word.

Then again some of the men who successfully plead insanity when charged with murder are really as sane as the counsel who defend them, although the crime may doubtless have been committed when in a state of excitement amounting to temporary insanity.

If there is any plausible ground for concluding that a man was insane when he committed the act both judge and jury are not slow to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt there may be, and he is committed to an asylum instead of to the gallows. Many of these men spend the rest of their lives under quite comfortable conditions in Broadmoor, without showing any recurrence of the insanity that sent them there.

REASSURED.

They claim that women are trying to dominate the entire species, remarked Mr. Meekton.

Well, women are becoming very aggressive.

It seems so. But when I am at home and Henrietta is out lecturing I get my book of choice selections and read. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. And then I feel perfectly content.

THE

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Copy for changes of contract advertisements must be left with us before noon on Monday. If this rule is not observed the change will not be made till the following week.

All copy for advertising, under contract or otherwise, must be acceptable in every way to the editor.

Advertisements without specific instructions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

JOHN R. ORR,
Editor and Proprietor.

The North Hastings Review.

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 12, 1901.

—SIR WILFRED LAURIER is to accompany the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their trip across the continent.

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—THEIR Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, the most illustrious guests who have visited this Dominion since King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, was here in 1860, will make their first entry on Canadian soil on Monday next, 16th inst., at historic Quebec. Their stay in Canada will extend over a month.

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—THE Ontario government has decided, so far as its position is concerned, that the Canadian mineral exhibit at the Glasgow Exhibition, which was prepared for and originally exhibited at the Paris Exposition last year, may at the close of the fair be transferred to the Imperial Institute as a permanent advertisement of our national resources. A portion of the exhibit is owned by private individuals, who, it is hoped, will give their consent to this method of disposing of the samples.

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—THE special car in which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall will make the trip through Canada has arrived at the Union Depot at Ottawa. It is described as a very palatial creation in wood, brass and draperies. It was built at Dayton, O., and is a regular royal residence on wheels. It contains kitchen, drawing room, sleeping apartments and all the up-to-date appointments of a household. It is lighted with electricity and fitted with electric fans. The car is named the Sandringham.

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—TORONTO WORLD:—Let's see! When the Duke of Cornwall reaches Canada he will be carried in a car made in the States, drawn by a locomotive made in the States, fed by coal mined in the States. At Rideau Hall he will gaze on decorations the work of an artist from the States. In Ottawa and Montreal the Ducal party will witness fireworks imported from Paris. The whole railway outfit could have been made in Canada, and the fireworks as well. What an advertisement for Canada!

o o o

—A RUMOR is going round, which at the present time is not authoritative, to the effect that Sir Louis Davies when he goes to the Supreme Court bench will be succeeded at the Department of Marine and Fisheries by the Hon. Dr. Borden, at present Minister of Militia and Defence, and that the Hon. J. Sutherland will succeed Dr. Borden as Minister of Militia and Defence. The argument in favour of this change is said to be that the Department of Marine and Fisheries must remain in the hands of a Maritime Province representative, and that it is necessary to bring Hon. Mr. Sutherland into the Cabinet with a portfolio. He has frequently acted as Minister of Militia and assisted Dr Borden at the time of fitting out the contingents for South Africa. Again, it is said this arrangement will strengthen the Government in Ontario and pave the way to other Cabinet changes, which it is thought may develope before next session.

—MONTREAL WITNESS:—Whether owing or not to the prominence of our flag in the Pan-American, hardly a day passes just now but some editor on the United States side of the line takes upon himself the thankless task of advising Canadians to throw off their allegiance to Britian and join the United States. The subject seems to have attractions for our neighbors which the most discouraging indifference on our part never damps. The charm of the thing seems to lie in the opportunity it affords for comparing the material greatness of the Republic with the alleged insignificance of the Dominion. We certainly admire the enormous progress our neighbors have made in matters of material advancement, and rejoice in their wonderful prosperity and capacity, for industrial organization. But, if it must come to mutual vaunting, let us assure them that Canada is in the eyes of every Canadian, a greater country than the United States, measured by the nobler standards of mind and soul. Our national intellectual outlook is not bounded by a century of history and by continental boundaries as theirs as a nation, for the most part still is, and our national soul is not so small as to be grotesquely incapable of seeing more than one side to any international claim that any greedy adventurer may set up. The American flag flies everywhere in Canada and in spite of the aggressive taste with which it is displayed by and for the delectation of American sojourners, it is never insulted while the British flag is hardly anywhere tolerated in the United States and men of leading social position will boast of the patriotism of those who tear it down. We are not, of course, speaking of the intelligent few, but of the dominant many, the nation which is willingly led by the blind guides whose follies we are now deploring into the ditch of puerile but none the less dangerous egotism, and whose behavior towards Canada is certainly not of the sort that makes for union or even for that mutual understanding and co-operation which ought to prevail among sister peoples.

Gold Dust Stolen.

Employees of the Deloro Mine Charged with Theft.

(Saturday's Ontario.)

During the past year the Canadian Gold Fields Company, who control the famous Deloro mine, have noticed a shrinkage in the amount of gold dust turned out from the mine. They kept a close watch on their employees and suspicion pointed to two men named E. Haight and J. Liberty. It was found that they had been disposing of gold and had been telling that they struck some placer mining in the river.

Yesterday warrants were issued and Constable Duffin, accompanied by Officer Hayes, went to Marmora and brought the two men to the city. They were locked up in the county jail.

This morning Magistrate Flint remanded them for a week, as the Crown was not ready to go on with the case.

NOXON GOT GOLD.

In connection with the above charge, Constable Duffin has procured what appears to be some important evidence.

From some information that he received, the Constable this week went to Wellington, where he found a man named Noxon, who had in his possession a lump of gold weighing six ounces. Noxon, it is alleged, admitted to the Constable that he received the gold in amalgam from Haight. He afterwards took it to Toronto, where he had it reduced. He was offered $90 for it, but refused to sell for that amount, as he calculated selling it for $100 at the Standard Bank, Picton.

Constable Duffin returned to the city with the gold, which will be used in evidence against the men at the adjourned trial on Friday. He is being complimented upon his clever work.

Sandford Brothers on Trial.

Charged with a Serious Crime at Marmora.

At Belleville, on Thursday last, the Sandford brothers, Benjamin and Nolton, appeared before Judge Lazier on the charge of indecent assault. The crime was alleged to have been committed in Marmora on July 31st last, the date of the circus in that village. The Complainant was a young girl of 15 years named Dora McCullough.

The trial was adjourned to Friday, and again until Tuesday of this week, when the evidence was all in. The Judge after summing up the evidence said he would find them guilty on a charge of indecent assault. The charge of attempted seduction required corroborative evidence. There was only the evidence of the girl. He would have to dismiss them on that charge. He would consider the sentence he would give the men and he would deliver it on Friday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

R. B. Hungerford Dead.

Grand Master of the Masons and Brother of Mr. W. A. Hungerford, of Belleville.

Mr. R. B. Hungerford, of London, Ont., brother of Mr. W. A. Hungerford, of Belleville, and Grand Master of the Masons of Canada, died at his late home in London on Monday after an illness of three weeks. He was stricken with paralysis three weeks ago from the effects of which he never rallied.

He was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, 50 years ago, and came to this country when a young man. He had spent the greater part of his life in London. He leaves besides his wife three children, two sons and a daughter, all of whom are grown up.

He was elected Grand Master of the Masons in 1900 and was again elected in 1901. He was well known and had many friends who will regret to hear of his death

BORN

DODGE.—At Blairton, Aug. 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dodge, a daughter,

MACK.—In Rawdon, 2nd Sep. to Mr. and Mrs. James Mack, a daughter.

KANE.—Marmora, Saturday, 31st August, to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Kane, a daughter.

LAW.—In Madoc village, on the 11th inst., the wife of Mr. E. E. Law, of Qu'Appelle Station, N. W. T., of a daughter.

MARRIED

SOPHIA—AIRHART.—By the Rev. W. H. Peake, at his residence in Campbellford on the 27th August, E. Burton Sophia, to Maggie Airhart, all of Marmora.

HAGERMAN—WRIGHT.—On Tuesday, Aug. 27, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Wm. Johnston, Mr. Benjamin E. Hagerman, of Rawdon, and Miss Mary Frances (Frankie), only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvenus Wright, of Stirling.

DIED

OSBORNE.—In Madoc village, on the 11th inst., Ira Osborne, aged 80 years.

DAVIDSON.—In Madoc village, at the residence of Mrs. Futcher, on Sunday, 8th inst., Bessie Davidson, aged 26 years.

SANDFORD.—In Madoc township, on Monday the 9th inst., Frederick, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Sandford, aged 13 years, 6 months.

THE MARKETS.

Wheat	63
Oats	35
Peas	62
Barley	42
Rye	45
Flour per cwt	$1.75 to $2.50
Hay per ton	$8
Butter	20
Eggs	10
Hides	4½ to 5
Lamb Skins	35
Shearlings	30
Deacons	40
Hogs, live weight	$6 25 to $7.00
Potatoes, per bag	60
Chickens dry picked	6
Yearling Chickens dry picked	6
Old Fowl dry picked	5

New Advertisements.

VOTERS' LIST, 1901.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in section 5 and 6 of the Ontario Voters' List Act 1889, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the legislative assembly and municipal elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office in the Madoc Township on the 9th day of September, 1901, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WM. T. ALLEN,
Township Clerk.

Dated this 9th day of September, 1901. 30-1

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Harvest EXCURSIONS

WILL BE RUN ON

Sept. 3rd returning until Nov. 3rd, and Sept. 17th returning until Nov. 17th, 1901.

RETURN FARES TO

Winnipeg, Deloraine, Antler, Estevan, Binscarth, Moosomin, Hamiota, Swan River, Regina	$28
Moosejaw, Yorkton, Prince Albert	$30
Calgary, MacLeod	$35
Red Deer, Edmonton	$40

From all points in Canada, Onaping, Sault Ste Marie, Windsor and East.

For pamphlet giving further particulars apply to the nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, or to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Genl. Pasar. Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

21-3

...SHOT GUNS...

Double and Single Barrel Muzzle and Breech Loading Shot Guns. Hammerless Breech Loading Guns, Loaded Shells, Shot, Caps, Wads and Primers. Dupont's and Hazzards's Smokeless Gun and Rifle Powders.

RIFLES.

Winchester, Martin, and Savage Repeating Rifles, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition. We offer a few Snider Enfield Rifles at very low prices.

M. W. CONNOR & SON.

FALL REQUIREMENTS!

This is the time of year you want

A NEW STOVE,
A FIRST-CLASS RANGE,
A PARLOR HEATER,

or any other kind of Stove for comfort or convenience during the coming cold weather.

We Have All Kinds of the Very Best Makes.

Call and see our Stock and get our prices.

SPORTING GOODS, Rifles, Shot Guns, Powder, Loaded Shells, etc. New Military Rifles on hand for sale cheap.

W. H. RICHARDSON & CO.

Bargain in Cretonne.

Four pieces of Double-fold Reversable Cretonne, with border, regular price

- 25 GENTS -

—TO CLEAR THIS WEEK AT—

12½cts. a yard.

ALEX. MILNE.

DO YOU NEED

A CLOCK,
WATCH, RING,
CHAIN, CHARM,
LOCKET,
or anything in the
JEWELLERY LINE or
SPECTACLES?

IS YOUR WATCH, CLOCK OR JEWELLERY IN NEED OF REPAIR?

Come to me, and I will give you the best of goods and prices.

Rapairing, Engraving, etc.

GEO. F. MAYBEE,
MADOC.

Are You Needing A Sewing Machine?

WE HAVE A NEW STOCK OF

New Williams and White Sewing Machines

At special prices, and in all styles.

Also a large stock of **Single Harness** which we supply at rock bottom prices. Inspect them.

A few Yearlings and Two-year-old Colts for sale. Call and see them.

T. L. NICKLE.

TRUNKS. TRUNKS. TRUNKS.

The summer vacation is near at hand and you purpose going on a trip. You are in need of a Trunk, and we handle Trunks that are Trunks. We have them of all sorts, sizes and prices. Also in stock a full line of

VALISES and TELESCOPE GRIPS.

MORRICE & SON.

About the ...House

THE SELECTION OF FISH.

The average housekeeper knows very little about fish, aside from the "panfish" caught from our small inland lakes and streams—the sunfish, perch, black and rock bass and pickerel that are the usual results of a fishing excursion on part of "the men folks." Put her in the fish market and she is confused and uncertain. Her experience has been with fish "from water to pan" and she learns she doesn't know how to protect herself from the dealer, willing enough to take advantage of her inexperience.

To tell a fresh fish says an authority on the subject, see that the flesh is firm—too firm to admit of pressure leaving a dint; that the eyes are full, the scales bright, the fins stiff, and the gills not pale or dark liver-colored, and that there is no marked odor. When it answers to those tests it is fresh, and in the right season for eating.

As a general thing large fish should be boiled; medium-sized ones baked or broiled and small ones fried. The best size for broiling is three pounds for baking from five to eight, and for planking from six to ten pounds. Do not boil whitefish.

Whitefish is one of the best of our lake fish, and the best come from Lake Superior or the Soo river.

Brook trout is delicious eating, but always high priced. Next in flavor is ranked black bass, a fish the sportsman enjoys taking on account of its game fight for life and liberty. This fish is always found in clean water.

The season for fish, especially the lake fish, is spring and summer. Generally speaking a frozen fish is a spoiled fish. A frozen fish should always be thawed in ice water. Fish should not lie in water after they are cleaned. Invert an old plate in a pan and lay the fish on it. Do not put fish in a refrigerator; butter and milk will taste of it.

Utensils used in cooking fish are apt to get "fish tainted," therefore a boiler, baking pan, etc., should be reserved for fish exclusively.

As for the sea fish sold in our large markets, they are sent through packed in ice and are in good condition when received. Fresh cod can be had almost any time; mackerel is excellent, but is in season in spring and early summer, and should be broiled. Halibut is bought in steaks, which are boiled or broiled, so, too, is sturgeon, which has a rather strong flavor, due perhaps to the fact that it is the scavenger fish of our waters. Salmon is in market all the year; it is boiled or baked.

Finnan haddie is smoked haddock, and requires only to be spread with butter and warmed through in the oven. It may be served with a white sauce also, and baked potatoes should accompany it.

There is a good deal in cleaning fish properly. They should be carefully scaled—if panfish—and put through several waters.

FOR THE COOK.

Grape Marmalade.—This is made of the grape pulp with the juice, unless that has been used for jelly. When fruit is not abundant marmalade may be prepared at the same time with jellies. Pick the grapes from the stems and rinse, then add a little water and cook till soft. Drain off the juice and rub the mass through the sieve, to remove all skins and seeds. Add to the pulp an equal weight of sugar and boil slowly with the juice half or three-quarters of an hour. If the fruit is extra juicy, or too much water has been added in cooking them, only half the juice need be added. Stir very often to prevent burning and be careful to not cook too long. I have found by experience that a cheaper, and to some, more desirable dish is obtained by using less sugar. To the pulp and juice of 1 gallon stemmed grapes use 2½ cups sugar. Follow the above directions and the result will be delicious.

East India Preserve.—Weigh equal quantities of brown sugar and good sour apples, pare and core the apples and chop fine. Make a clear syrup of the sugar, add the apples and the juice and grated rind of sufficient number of lemons to give it a good lemony taste, and then add ginger root, about ¼ lb to 5 lbs fruit, though this is according to taste. Boil till the apple looks clear and yellow. This will keep indefinitely by putting in ordinary jars, air-tight ones not necessary.

Preparing Ginger Conserves.—Wash and pare the roots, and cook them in enough water to cover them, until they are just tender. Do not allow them to become so soft that they will break in pieces. Drain, make a syrup of the water they were boiled in and sugar, using to every pound of ginger 1 lb sugar and 1 pint of water. Drop the roots into the boiling syrup, and keep them boiling for half an hour. Pour into small jars, and be sure there is plenty of syrup to cover them. When cold, cork and seal. They will keep for years. Cut in cubes they are added to cakes, puddings, ices, etc. A tablespoon of the syrup gives a fine flavor to a pudding sauce. The ginger is eaten also as it is, with a bit of cake or wafer. A good confection for the little folks is made by preparing the ginger in syrup as above, then dip it out, lay on tins and place in the sun to dry. Reduce the syrup by rapid boiling until it is thick, and pour into a bowl or jar. Each day pour a little over the ginger, until all has been absorbed. When the ginger is dry, store it in boxes, placing a piece of waxed paper between each layer. It will keep for years, and is an excellent sweetmeat.

Nut and Apple Salad.—This is very dainty for a luncheon, especially if served in cups of ripe, ruddy tomatoes. Boil together for 10 minutes, 1 cup English walnut meats, ½ teaspoon salt, a slice of onion, 1 bay leaf and a blade of mace. Then cool the nuts in cold water. Pare, core and chop into small pieces 2 large or 3 small sour apples. Mix with the nuts and cover and garnish with a cooked dressing made as follows: Beat the yolks of 2 eggs and to them put 1 tablespoon cold water, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard and a dash of red pepper. Stir constantly over hot water until very thick. Then remove, from the fire and add 2 tablespoons butter creamed extremely soft. Chill thoroughly and lastly mix in 2-3 cup whipped cream. This delicious dressing may also be used for other salads by those who object to oil.

FUSSING OVER CHILDREN.

The coachman's rough and ready rule is not a bad one to judge [illegible] if his horse eats he thinks th[illegible] not much wrong. If your [illegible] hopeful takes food well no [illegible] alarm need be felt; for in ch[illegible] the stomach is a quick-acting [illegible] to the general condition. Ever[illegible] healthy and strong children [illegible] is danger if they are [illegible] much about how they feel, or [illegible] too much about the wholeso[illegible] or possible ill effects of this o[illegible] diet. Some of the foretold [illegible] will very likely soon be obser[illegible] a sensitive child, more fussi[illegible] lows on the part of an anxiou[illegible] ent, and the prophecy is pr[illegible] in a fair way to fulfilment.

STAINS ON TABLE LIN[illegible]

This is the season for gu[illegible] against permanent injury to [illegible] table linen from fruit stains a[illegible] like. Removal of the discolo[illegible] or weakening the damage befor[illegible] ting the articles in the wash [illegible] found satisfactory. A little [illegible] applied on the instant, supple[illegible] by the pouring on of boiling [illegible] will remove wine stains. To [illegible] grass stains, dampen the spot [illegible] apply cream of tartar, rubbi[illegible] well in. Javelle water is effect[illegible] removing fruit and berry stain[illegible] use should not be left to the [illegible] cretion of an inexperienced [illegible] dress, however, since if in too [illegible] strength it will eat into and destroy the fabric.

Javelle water may be made as follows: Carbonate of potassium, four ounces; chlorate of lime, six ounces; water one gallon.

USEFUL HINTS.

Iron pieces of manilla paper, then paint them, and you will find you have something quite as good as oilcloth to tack behind your sink.

Do not keep ironed clothes on bars in the kitchen any longer than is necessary for thoroughly drying. They gather unpleasant odors.

Try turning a pan over your flat-irons while they are on the stove. It is an excellent way to save fuel, as you can keep them hot with one-half the fire.

TO DESTROY ANTS.

Grease plates with lard, and set them where the insects abound. They prefer lard to anything, and will forsake even sugar for it. Place a few sticks around the plate for the ants to climb up by. Occasionally turn the plate bottom up over the fire, and the ants will fall in with the melting lard. Reset the plate, and in a short time the plague should have disappeared.

WHY BABIES CRY.

Some Useful Hints to Mothers on the Care of Little Ones.

Babies cry because they are sick or in pain, and in almost every case the sickness or pain is caused by some disorder of the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food produce a host of infantile troubles, such as griping, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, indigestion, etc. Proper digestion of the food is necessary to the maintenance of life, and evacuation of used up products and refuse of digestion is necessary to health. The lesson to mothers is, therefore, that the stomach and bowels should be carefully watched, and if baby cries or is fretful or cross, some simple vegetable remedy should be given. Mothers should never resort to the so-called "soothing" preparations to quiet baby, as they invariably contain stupefying opiates. Baby's Own Tablets will be found an ideal medicine. They gently move the bowels, aid digestion, and promote sound, healthy sleep, thus bringing happiness to both mother and child. They are guaranteed to contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, and may be given with absolute safety (dissolved in water if necessary) to children of all ages from earliest infancy, with an assurance that they will promptly cure all their minor ailments.

For the benefit of other mothers, Mrs. Alex. Lafave, Copper Cliff, Ont., says:—"I would advise all mothers to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times. When I began giving them to my baby he was badly constipated, and always cross. He is now four months old, has not been troubled with constipation since I gave him the Tablets, and he is now always happy and good natured. Mothers with cross children will easily appreciate such a change. I enclose 50 cents for two more boxes of the Tablets, and will never be without them in the house while I have children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

LOGICAL.

Mamma—"Willie, shut that window screen. You're letting the flies in."

Willie—"Well, you've got to let some of 'em in."

Mamma—"Why?"

Willie—"'Cause if you don't let 'em in, how are they going to get on the fly-paper?"

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

Tooth Powder

In a handy Patent Box (new)
SOZODONT LIQUID - - 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c
At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

NICKEL FROM ONTARIO.

Our Mining Exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition.

[illegible] in the [illegible] ore [illegible] sition, [illegible] in the [illegible] o free [illegible] the [illegible] tario [illegible] by [illegible] h the [illegible] ston- [illegible] peller, [illegible] inter- [illegible] nickel- [illegible] their [illegible] im- [illegible] odern [illegible] var- [illegible] y dis- [illegible] io is [illegible] rtant [illegible] in- [illegible] Cop- [illegible] Great [illegible] Lake [illegible] ented [illegible] acter- [illegible] ggre- [illegible] piece [illegible] sides [illegible] mines [illegible] loca- [illegible] are [illegible] mpre- [illegible] c im- [illegible] ercent. of the exhibit.

A full series of samples from the works of the Canadian Copper Co., Sudbury and the Orford Copper Co., New York, illustrate the process of treatment and show the various mattes, nickel oxides, nickel shot, nickel wire bars, nickel ribbon, etc. The exhibit is enclosed on the front sides by a railing of cast nickel, probably the most intricate piece of casting ever attempted in the pure metal.

An analysis of each block is given on the label, the ores may thus be divided into three groups as:— (1) Those high in copper and low in nickel. For example, certain ore from the Canadian Copper Co.'s mine No. 2 which runs 13.76 per cent. copper, 1.8 per cent nickel. (2) Those high in nickel and low in copper such as the "Gertrude" ore of the Lake Superior Power Co., carrying 5 per cent. nickel and but a trace of copper. This ore is now used to supply sulphur dioxide for the sulphite pulpmill of this company at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Ferro nickel is made from the roasted residues in an electric furnace. (3) Average ores such as the block from the Victoria mines carrying 4.5 per cent. copper and 3.5 per cent. nickel. Many of these ores on being mined are divided by inspection into a high copper and high nickel grade before roasting and smelting. The Sudbury region in which these nickel bearing ores occur is included within an elliptical area measuring 70 miles by 50 miles. Owing to the increased demand for nickel the work of prospecting and developing new properties is being vigorously prosecuted at present.

With the development of the new Edison storage battery a new use for nickel has been found with limitations hard to imagine. The great inventor has lately made a personal visit to the Sudbury district and has started a thorough search for nickel ore to be used in the construction of his battery. In this connection Ontario should be congratulated, also in having large quantities of high grade graphite, another essential element in the new storage cell. In 1900 there was produced from Sudbury ores 3161 metric tons of nickel, about 40 per cent. of the world's production.

At present the use of nickel in the manufacture of nickel steel absorbs the largest portion of the nickel produced. Last year in the United States 10,639,857 tons of steel was produced for all purposes; in almost every use to which this material is put a higher efficiency and a greater degree of safety would be obtained by the use of 3 to 5 per cent. nickel. In low carbon steels it appears that each 1 per cent of nickel added, up to 5 per cent, causes an increase of about 5,000 lbs elastic limit and 4,000 lbs. tensile strength. The effect of nickel increases as the carbon increases.

Comparing caebon and nickel steels of the same tensile strength nickel steel shows an increase of 10 to 20 per cent in the elastic limit, and an increase of 20 to 30 per cent. in elongation. The benefit derived from an increase in nickel contents, up to about 8 per cent. is best shown in the greater working capacity of the metal under strain or its power to withstand fatigue. In this respect nearly pure iron with 8 per cent. nickel has 3.8 times the elastic strength of the iron per se. Many mysterious breaks in the propeller shafts, car axles, etc., have been caused by the breaking down of the metal under rapid alternating strains, though the actual amount of load was actually below the elastic limit of the iron in question. The gain obtained in elastic strength and ductility has made nickel steel invaluable for boiler plates, shafting, engine forgings, railway axles, railway tires, hull plates, armor plates, structural beams and shapes, rivets, piston rods, bicycle tubing, tool steel, hydraulic cylinders, and small arms, and for many more special uses. Steels of the same low carbon contents show an increase of 40 per cent in the tensile strength with an addition of 3 per cent. nickel.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

HOW TO GET SLEEP.

A System by Which Repose May Be Obtained.

Firstly, the room must not be too warm; the bed clothes must not be too numerous, and the would-be sleeper must not have eaten unwisely or untimely. Then let him lie on his back and stretch to the utmost, trying to touch the head-board with his head and the foot-board with his feet, acts which will bring into use many muscles which have not been actively employed during the day.

While in this position raise the head half-an-inch and keep it there, breathing slowly and deeply about half as often as normally. So soon as the head becomes too heavy to hold in this position, which will happen at first in from one to two minutes, it should be dropped on the pillow and the right foot raised about half-an-inch while the full deep breathing is continued as well as the stretching for the two ends of the bed. When the fatigue of holding up the right foot becomes too great it should be dropped and the left foot raised in the same way. So soon as fatigue compels this to be dropped the trunk of the body must be raised while the weight is supported on the shoulders and heels.

So soon as this new position is the cause of too much fatigue turn on the right side and raise the head half-an-inch. Then, when the muscles of the neck are fatigued, and the head drops down, raise the feet as before and then turn to the left side and begin all over again.

In most cases sleep will come before all these movements have been gone through, but if it does not, then the sleepless individual must begin all over again, and by keeping up this system it will not be long before he succeeds in obtaining the desired repose.

COMPLETE SUCCESS.

AFTER MANY FAILURES W. C. ANDERSON MAKES HIS DISCOVERY AT LAST.

Treated in Vain by Five Different Doctors for Kidney Trouble—Took Many Medicines Without Success—Dodd's Pills Succeed Where Other Things Fail.

Waterside, N. B., Sept. 2.—W. C. Anderson, of this town, is a remarkable example of persistence. For years he has been trying to find a cure for his trouble, and for years he has been tasting the bitterness of disappointment. But tried again and now at last he has succeeded.

His trouble was Kidney trouble, by no means uncommon in this province. Indeed some physicians go so far as to say it is the most prevalent malady in Canada. At any rate, it was the affliction of Mr. Anderson.

Five different doctors have attended Mr. Anderson in his time. None of them touched the root of his suffering. The amount of medicine Mr. Anderson has swallowed would doubtless surprise that gentleman himself could he see it all poured out together.

One year ago, Mr. Anderson told his friends he had found a sure cure at last. His friends smiled but said nothing in reply. His continued hopefulness was proverbial, but everybody had long since paid little attention to the remarkable remedies he was continually discovering and subsequently proving failures. But this time it was no failure. It was Dodd's Kidney Pills.

W. C. Anderson considers himself to-day as successful a man as there is in New Brunswick. He has found good health after many disappointments. Dodd's Kidney Pills have raised the burden off his life. Six boxes cured him of every symptom of Kidney Disease and he acknowledges he owes his success to them.

FARM LABORERS IN SWEDEN.

There is a special class of farm laborers in Sweden who are given so many acres of land for their own use in consideration of so many days' labor during the year for the owner of the farm. They are a sort of fixture to an estate, and their like exists in no other country.

Clergyman (mildly)—I've been wanting to see you, Mr. Kurd, with regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me? Milkman (uneasily)—Yes, sir. Clergyman (very mildly)—I only wanteh to say, Mr. Kurd, that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening.

"I wish I could think of some new and unusual birthday present to surprise mamma with this year," said Miss do Muir, wrinkling her fair brow in deep perplexity. "How do you think she'd like a son-in-law?" hoarsely whispered young Spoonsmore, falling readily into the only line of thought that seemed to suggest itself.

England has 27 railway tunnels of a mile or more in length.

JUDGING FROM THE SALE OF

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA it is clear that the public recognize the superiority of this popular blend.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to **The Dawson Commission Co.** Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

EARS NEVER STOP GROWING.

Luckily Most Human Noses Have Not the Same Peculiarity.

The systematic examination of more than 40,000 pairs of human ears in England and France has resulted in some interesting conclusions. For one thing, it is ascertained that the ear continues to grow in the later decades of life; in fact, it appears never to stop growing until death. If one will take the trouble to look around in any assemblage of people, as at church, he will discover that the old folks have ears considerably larger than those of the middle-aged. A woman who has small, shell-like ears at 20 years of age will be very apt to possess medium-sized ears at 40 years and larger ears at 60.

Why ears should go on growing all one's life, any more than noses, is a mystery. There are a good many other points about them that are instructive, their shape being markedly persistent through heredity. An ear will be handed down, so to speak, from father to son for generation after generation with comparatively little modification. Some authorities on criminology assert that criminals are very apt to possess a peculiar kind of ear, which is recognized by an expert in such matters.

There is probably nobody in the world who has a pair of ears perfectly matched; in most people the two differ perceptibly, not only in shape, but also in size. Frequently they are not placed precisely alike on the head. The age of a person may be judged with great accuracy by the ears, which, after youth is past, assume an increasing harshness of contour. A pretty woman whose first youth has departed may not show the fact in other ways, but these tell-tale features will surely tell the story of the fight of time. Then there is the little wrinkle that comes just in front of each ear during the 30's—a fatal and ineradicable sign.

Near the top of each ear, just within the down-turned edge and slightly toward the back, will be found, if one feels for it, a small lump of cartilage. This is a remnant of what was originally the tip of the ear, when, ever so long ago, that organ in our remote ancestors had a point to it. Most of the apes to-day have pointed ears, but in human beings the upper edge of the organ has, in the course of ages, been folded over so as to cover the real tip.

QUITE ALARMING.

A countryman presented himself at the clerk's desk in an hotel and, after having a room assigned to him inquired at what hours meals were served.

"Breakfast from 7 to 11, luncheon from 11 to 3, dinner from 3 to 8, supper from 8 to 11," recited the clerk, glibly.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the countryman, with bulging eyes. "When am I a-going to git time to see the town?"

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Glamis, Ont. R. W. HARRISON.

SCOTCH CRAFT.

A drunken Irishman was once lodged in the cell of a Scotch country police station, when he made a tremendous noise by kicking the cell door with his heavt hob-nailed boots.

The constable who had charge of the police station, going to the cell door, opened it a little, and said:

"Man, ye micht pit off yer buits, an' I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable-like when ye come up afore the bailie the morn."

The prisoner, flattered at the request, at once complied, and saw his mistake only when the constable shut the door upon him, saying coolly:

"Ye can kick awa' noo, my man, as lang as ye like."

PERTINENT IMPERTINENCE.

A certain Sunday school superintendent always conducts the lesson review in his school. He spends about five minutes in explaining the lesson, and then asks:

"Now, has anyone a question to ask?"

A member of the boys' junior class raised his hand.

"Well, what is your question?" asked the superintendent.

"Please, sir, are we going to have a pic-nic this summer?"

"I heard you ask Sis for a piece of her hair, and I've got you a bit!"

"Indeed; she gave you this for me?" "No; I got it when she was out of her room!"

Analysis of a pound of chimney-soot has showed that it contained iron, calcium, nickel, manganese, copper and silver.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Wife (with a determined air)—"I want to see that letter." Husband—"What letter?" Wife—"That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!" Husband—"Here it is. It's your milliner's bill."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A traveller riding in an unfrequented part of Scotland came to the edge of a morass which he had thought was quite safe. Hailing a peasant lad who was standing close by, he asked him if the bog was hard at the bottom. "Ou, aye, quite hard!"

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

"Darling," exclaimed the happy husband, after the minister had pronounced them one, "I am not worthy of your love." "Of course you're not," she replied, "but at my age a girl can't afford to let even an opportunity like this go by."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

She—"You're lucky at cards!" He—"Very." "'Lucky at cards, unlucky in love!'" "I don't believe it. I've been refused three times."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Twenty members of the present British Parliament are between 70 and 80 years of age, and over a hundred between 60 and 70.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"Our party," said the politician, confidently, "will sweep the city."

"I'll vote for it, then," replied the citizen; "the city certainly needs sweeping."

W. P. C. 1092

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

ROOFING and Sheet Metal Works ROOFING SLATE, in Black Red or Green. SLATE BLACKBOARDS. We supply Public and High Schools, Toronto). Roofing Felt, Pitch, Coal Tar, etc. ROOFING TILE (See New City Buildings, Toronto, done by our firm). Metal Ceilings, Cornices, etc. Estimates furnished for work complete or for materials shipped to any part of the country. Phone 1863 D. DUTHIE & SONS, Adelaide & Widmer Sts., Toronto

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

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Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 2000 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

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CLEANING LADIES' ... OR WALKING OUTING SUITS

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Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.

Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Moderate rates. Excursions are available. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING J. L. JONES LTD. 8-10 ADELAIDE W. TORONTO

Did you ever compare Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea with other much advertised brands? Don't you think they owe an apology to the public?

CORSETS.

Women's B & C Straight Front Corsets all sizes, in stock at 50c. 75c. and $1.00 per pair. To be had only at this store.

W. A. McMASTER.

HOME NEWS

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 12, 1901.

—The partridge season opens on Monday next.

—Coe Hill fall show will be held on Thursday, Oct. 3rd.

—A good ad. is like good seed. If sown on fertile soil there is sure to be a day of reaping.

—American and Canadian Coal Oil at G. A. Rollins', Victoria Block.

—Several wagon loads of watermelons have been sold on the streets of Madoc during the past week. The supply is plentiful this season and the price low.

—An exchange says:—"Professor Goldwin Smith speaks of a time when of all living things only man and the mosquito will be left. And ten to one the mosquito will be after the man."

—The taking of the census is said to have cost over a million dollars. How is that for a cheap country to live in, when it costs a fellow about twenty cents to be counted?

—Dear reader, if you could but realize the actual cost of running a newspaper for fifty two weeks in a year, we are certain you would be more prompt in forwarding us your remittance.

—If you have a bargain, tell the people about it, advertisements bring good results. In this enlightened day, people go where they are invited and where they can get the best bargains.

—Dry picked poultry wanted. Call and get prices. F. G. LYNDE.

—Chas. Jose, V. S., of Foxboro, made a professional visit to Madoc last Saturday and was so encouraged with the demand for his services that he has decided to make another call on Saturday, Sept. 21st. See advt. in another column.

—If old prophecies speak true, we are to have an exceptionally long and cold winter. The crop of beech-nuts has not been so prolific for many years, and, according to the old saying, this is an infallible indication of a hard spell.

—"How to see Toronto in a Day" is the title of a handsome little booklet issued for free distribution by the Globe. It is beautifully illustrated, and also contains a map of the city showing all the streets and street car lines.

—LEARN SHORTHAND.—Complete course of instruction in Sir Isaac Pitman's system. One hundred words per minute guaranteed. For terms, etc., apply to G. E. CORK, Madoc. 34-3

—Samuel Little, of Kingston, when a young man, planted a white holly tree near his home. Before his death, a few days ago, at the age of 82 years, he cut down the tree, sawed it into lumber and with it made the coffin in which he was buried.

—In several parts of this town the streets and vacant lots are crowded with weeds, burdocks, and a sprinkling of thistles, and no proper efforts are being made to cut them down. This is the time of year these noxious weeds go to seed and in order to prevent them spreading they should be removed at once.

—Nine hundred preachers in convention at Winona, Indiana, unanimously decided that there is a hell, and one of the number declared that there is too much namby-pamby preaching nowadays, and that people need to have hell impressed on them. If other preachers hold with the idea, many of us may expect to get hell—as a theme of discussion for some time to come. The bare idea makes one shudder this hot weather.

—A local newspaper reflects the business of the town. A business man looking for a location always examines newspapers to see how his particular line is represented. If he is a druggist he concludes there are no druggists, or if there are, they are all dead. If he is a doctor or lawyer he looks over the professional cards to see if his profession is represented. Among the farmer subscribers the home paper has a similar mission. The prospective buyers like an invitation to come and trade with the merchants. A card of the professional man is just as essential as the sign in front of the door. —Exchange.

FOR SALE.—About 60 feet of iron fencing with posts, 25c. per foot G. A. Rollins.

—Marmora fall fair will be held in that village on October 1st.

—This is the open season for speckled trout, also for speckled fruit.

—Madoc township Voter's List was posted up for inspection last week.

—Duck hunters report wild ducks scarce this season and the birds are very sly.

—A Tweed young lady teacher, Miss Laura Holdcroft, is attending the Norwood Model School this session.

—The North Hastings fall fair will take place at Stirling on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, September 17th and 18th.

—Asbestos plaster is the newest thing in this line. It has been used on the residence of Mr. James Mercer in this village by Mr. Clement, plasterer, with the most satisfactory results.

Cash for Eggs and Hides. F. G. LYNDE.

Camp Meeting.

The Holiness Movement people are holding a camp-meeting at Moira this week, which will continue until after Sunday next. The presence of Rev. Mr. Horner gives additional zeal to the meeting. There is a large attendance at the various services.

Successful Harvest Home.

The Harvest Home dinner held by the Presbyterian congregation at Allen Settlement on Thursday last was a most successful and thoroughly enjoyable affair. There was a very large attendance, and the spread was one of the best—a reputation for which the ladies of the Allen Settlement are noted. The net proceeds of the dinner amounted to $116.

Belleville Peaches.

Ontario:—"A number of peaches from Dr. Yeoman's garden are on exhibition in one of the windows of Wallbridge and Clarke's store on Bridge street. Mr. Wallbridge says they are the finest peaches he has ever seen. They are ahead of the California or Niagara varieties. Talk about climate, what is the matter with Belleville."

The Strike Settled.

The strike of the trackmen on the C. P. R., which lasted nearly eleven weeks, was settled lately, when an agreement mutually satisfactory to the men and the company was reached. It includes terms favorable to the men in regard to reinstatement in the positions they held before the strike, and the recognition of their order, but the rates of pay are to be in accordance with the terms offered by the general manager in his letter of June 12th.

Successful Alarm.

Parents who like to encourage early rising in their children might find this scheme successful. It is related by a Boston newspaper:

A patrolman has two boys of about the same size. He bought for them two suits of clothes, one new and expensive, the other very ugly and cheap. They own these suits in common and the one who gets up first in the morning wears the good suit as a reward. Both boys like to be neatly dressed, and the plan works well. The minute the lads are called they spring out of bed and make a rush for the new suit. Sometimes they reach it together; then the father steps in and renders a decision from which there is no appeal.

Unsanitary Nuisances.

The following from the last issue of the Marmora Herald, is applicable to Madoc as well as to our sister village:—

"The Board of Health have had several complaints of late. This is a season of the year when sanitary conditions of yards and premises should be well looked after as offensive odors spread long distances in the prevailing calm weather. Some will persist in keeping pigs even in the thickliest populated parts of the village and should give special attention to their pens and yards. Some do not seem to like interference and the feeling of independence rises up in them to the extent of making them feel like martyrs. Such should learn the lesson that we must respect the rights of others as our neighbors can not be expected to constantly put up with conditions that endanger their health and make life more or less disagreeable."

Madoc High School.

The High School opened last week with an attendance of about 60. Nearly 40 new pupils have entered, which is more at the opening than for some years past. Half a dozen more pupils are expected next week. The staff will take up IV. Form work if sufficient pupils enter for this class.

Disgraceful Fight.

For upwards of an hour several men engaged in a disgraceful and brutal fight in the St. Lawrence Hotel yards on Saturday afternoon. To see a crowd stand around while men who are so drunk they can hardly stand alone are knocked down by others and kicked on the head, is an evidence of lack of either moral or physical "law and order authority" in this village. The imposition of a fine afterwards is scarcely compensation for the bad name such a scene stamps on our village.

An Alphabetical Advertisement.

This Alphabetical advertisement appeared in the London Times in 1842:

To widowers and single gentlemen—Wanted by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, etc. Address X. Y. Z., Simmonds Libray, Edgwareroad.

Early Saturday Night Closing.

The Lord's Day Alliance, it is said, will approach the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, at its next session, for legislation compelling the closing of stores and other places of business at an hour not later than 9 o'clock on Saturday night. The proposal is a radical one, and yet, upon the whole, we think it would be favorably regarded. Most merchants would be glad to shut down at such an hour if they were running no risk of an unfair advantage being taken of them by their competitors, and the public would soon form the habit of doing their shopping at an earlier hour.

A Necessary Art.

The Presbyterian Review, of Toronto, has the following good advice:

"Deaths by drowning have been painfully frequent this year. In the majority of instances the victims could not swim. And yet the art of swimming is easily acquired. Not only should every child be taught to swim, but each should know how to act if suddenly thrown into the water with a comrade. In many of the public schools the art of swimming is theoretically taught. That is useless if the boy or girl has no opportunity and is not induced to put these instructions into practice. Instead of trying to keep the children from the water, encourage them to learn to take care of themselves while in it."

A Legal Cow By-Law.

(Marmora Herald.)

At the last session of Marmora and Lake Council a by-law was passed to prevent the running at large in the municipality of cattle owned outside. Some one has written the Municipal World—a recognized authority on such matters—asking if such a by-law would be legal, and the answer is that it would not be legal. The following is what the Municipal World says:—

"S.M.—Can a township pass a by-law prohibiting cattle of town residents from running at large in the township, as town has a by-law passed prohibiting cattle from running at large in the town?

The circumstances are that the town folk owning cattle (in consequence of the prohibitory town by-law) drive their cattle into the township to get their pasture free. Some town folk think that because of free pasturing so many years, the owner paying taxes is injuring the town folk by fencing off their land from continuing in commons."

This is the answer:—

"The council of your township can pass a by-law pursuant to sub-section 2, of section 546, of the Municipal Act, restraining and regulating the running at large of all animals within the limits of the municipality, whether they belong to the town people or otherwise, but we do not think the by-law can be limited to the cattle of the town."

MINING NOTES.

Marmora Herald: "The Cook Co. of Toronto, have decided to start five stamps at their Deloro property in order to make a test of the ore. The work is in charge of Mr. Jamieson.

The Boerth mine is again starting operations. All the difficulties of the company have been settled and sufficient working capital on hand to push the work steadily. Mr. E. Cowain, of Marmora, has gone down as Manager.

The Kingston Whig rightly chides the Belleville Sun for arguing that a bonus to the arsenic industry is not needed. It is true the manufacture of arsenic has been successful at Deloro, but there are other mispickel properties and we need to encourage the syndicates to manufacture on a large scale and thus supply the entire American market. A bonus on arsenic would attract great attention to our mispickel and would do for it what the bonus has done for iron.

Mr. W. F. White, a mining expert, who has been prospecting in the Sturgeon Lake district, north of St. Ignace, on the C. P. R., for some months past, called at the Provincial Bureau of Mines, with some specimens of free gold ore, which are said to be even richer than those found near Wahnapitae Lake. He is enthusiastic over the prospects of Sturgeon Lake, and believes that in a few years it will rival many of the older mining districts of Canada.

A fast freight on the Grand Trunk ran into the rear end of a passenger train and another freight near Princeton, causing a fearful wreck. Engineer Denne, of York, and Conductor Harmon, of Toronto, were killed and their bodies almost consumed in the flames that destroyed the wrecked cars.

Personal = = =

Every reader is invited to assist in making this column interesting and reliable.

Sheriff Hope, of Belleville, was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Lizzie Smith left for her home at Niagara on Friday last.

Miss Ida Phillips left last week for a visit to friends in Collingwood.

Miss Scrimgeour, head milliner at O'Hara's, has returned to town.

Miss Helene Anley, of Niagara Falls, is visiting Madoc friends this week.

Mrs. Hickey and Miss Maggie Hickey, of Port Huron, Mich., are visiting old Madoc friends.

Mr. Fred Curry, of Madoc, has secured a good situation in the New Royal Hotel, Galt.

Belleville Ontario:—Mr. W. C. Coe and Mr. Pete Hoover, of Madoc, spent Sunday in the city.

Miss Templeton, of the D. & D. Institute staff, Belleville, was the guest of Miss Wood this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Delyea and daughter of Roslin are visiting friends in Queensboro this week.

Miss Isabella Dale left on Monday to resume her studies at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Mr. John Campbell, son of Mr. Colin Campbell, of Coe Hill, has lately returned from South Africa.

Messrs. E. A. Halliwell and Wm. Parker, of Stirling, spent Sunday with Madoc friends at Moira Lake.

Rev. T. Porter Bennett, of Kendall, Mich., has been visiting friends in this neighborhood for the past week.

Mr. W. J. Moore, barrister, of Madoc, was in Toronto last week, and attended the Conservative Convention.

Mr. Chas. Wellington, painter, returned from Bancroft this week where he has been engaged for some months.

Mrs. J. R. Brown, of Hamilton, a resident of Madoc some years ago, is visiting the Misses Brown and other old friends in this village.

Messrs. P. Hoover and Bert Connor, took a trip to the Toronto fair last week. The latter also made a visit to Bowmanville for a few days before returning to Madoc.

Mr. John McGregor, formerly of The Ridge, Wollaston, who enlisted last April in the Baden-Powell Constabulary, South Africa, has been promoted to the position of Lieutenant for conspicuous bravery.

Norwood Register:—Mr. Charles Tucker returned on Monday after a few weeks visit with friends in Madoc, Belleville and other places east. He also spent a few days at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Rev. H. Leonard Phelps, pastor of the Methodist church in this village, returned on Monday after a two months visit to his old home in England. He was accompanied by his son, Arthur, both of whom enjoyed a pleasant trip.

Madoc Pan-Am. visitors during the past week:—Mr. and Mrs. Dr. G. F. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Eagleson, Miss Edna O'Hara, Messrs. G. F. Maybee, E. Givens, Stanley and Raymond O'Hara, Ab. Collinge, and others whose names we did not get.

The Fisherman.

There was once a fisherman. And of course he went a fishing, for no one expects a fisherman to go out shooting rabbits. And he caught two little fish, and they were so small that he threw them back again. And he went home without any, and did not stop at the fishmonger's to buy large ones. And his wife said to him: "Where are the large fish?" and he said: "There are none." And she said: "And where is the lie about the twelve-pound trout?" And he said: "I have not one." Then his wife said: "I do not believe you have been fishing at all, but have been to the races and lost a lot of money and are afraid to tell me. I think it is cruel, and I shall go home to mother." And she wept for a long time, and was only persuaded by a diamond ring that he was telling the truth.

Moral.—A fishy lie is cheaper than the necessary truth.

Dr. Perry G. Goldsmith

Belleville, late Senior Registrar and House Surgeon, Central London Nose, Throat and Ear Hospital, and Clinical Assistant Royal London Opthalmic, Moorfield's Eye Hospital, London, England, will be in Madoc the second Monday in each month at St. Lawrence Hall for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

NOTICE.

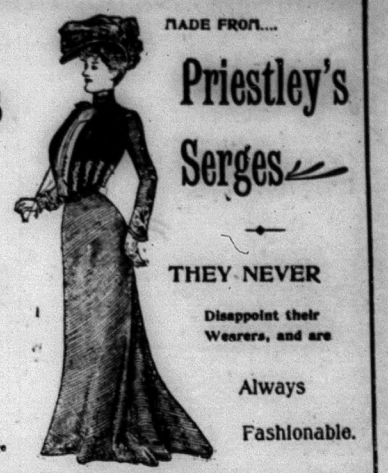
CHAS. JOSE, V. S.,
FOXBORO, ONT.,

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, member of the Ontario Veterinary Association of Toronto, will be at the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, on Saturday, Sept. 21st, for consultation in the diseases of the domesticated animals.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

316 acres land, known as the Bailey Farm, within 1½ miles of Madoc Village. Brick house and large barns and sheds on one part. Frame house and good barn with stables underneath on another part. Well watered and especially valuable for dairying and cattle raising. Terms easy. Ten per cent. down, balance annual payments to suit purchaser at 6 per cent. This is an exceptionally good opportunity for man with small capital. Title first-class. For fuller information enquire of

A. F. WOOD,
33-3 Madoc.
August 9th, 1901.



DAINTY DRESSES FOR Maids AND Misses

MADE FROM.... Priestley's Serges

THEY NEVER Disappoint their Wearers, and are Always Fashionable.

Rolled on the "VARNISHED BOARD," and name "Priestly" stamped on selvedge of every 5 Yards

OUR

Dress Goods Department

IS AGAIN IN FULL SWING.

Have you made your selection yet?

If not, there are reasons why you should think about doing so.

You can select now from a large, choice stock. Goods won't be cheaper by waiting, and they will be picked over and less choice.

We can have them made up for you now on short notice. Make your selection from the largest stock we have ever shown.

B. O'HARA.

We Tender Our Thanks

Under the circumstances we feel it a pleasure to thank our many customers who answered to our call last week when we advertised Prints. We never had a more successful sale. There are a few odds and ends left yet that will be sold very cheap.

This week we turn our attention to Crockery. We have a few Dinner Sets we are to clean out very cheap, for instance:

J. & G. Meakin's Iron Stone China, 97-pieced Sets, sale price this week $7.25, $8.50, $9 and $12 a set.

Our Tinware Department is well stocked and our prices are the very lowest on record. We quote prices to give you an idea what we are doing.

No. 9 Nickel-Plated Copper Tea-Kettles 85c. each. Mrs. Pott's Best Smoothing Irons, 60c. a set, this week at

THE BEE-HIVE,

4 doors south of Moon's Hotel

ALEX. MacGREGOR, Mgr. CASH OR EGGS.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Where can I get a Good Suit of Clothes?
At the Big 4.
Are they Well Made?
Yes, they are.
What can I get a Good Suit for?
He has Men's from $3.75 to $12.50.
Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats?
Yes, sir, and good ones too.
Where can I get a Good Hat?
At the Big 4.
What price will I have to pay?
He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1.00. They keep the shape and color and wears just as well as a $2.00 Hat.
What else does he sell?
Oh, everything.
TOP SHIRTS, OVERALLS, ODD PANTS, SOX, BOYS' CLOTHES, RUBBER COATS, AND DRY GOODS. All very cheap and good.
Who keeps the Big 4?
Why

THOS. McNAMARA.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

FILLING THE SILO ECONOMICALLY.

The method usually employed in filling a silo consists of first passing the forage through a cutter, and then conveying it to the silo by an elevator, or a blower. To a small farmer the necessary outlay for this machinery is a question of vital importance; hence many, on this account, are deterred from adopting the silo. However, there are a large number of silos which have been operated successfully with uncut forage. It is generally conceded that passing the forage through a cutter before putting it into the silo has a decided advantage over the system of putting it in whole. From a close observation recently made it was found that it required practically the same amount of labor to put whole clover into the silo as it did the cut clover, the only saving being in the engineer and the cost for use of machinery. The cut silage is in a much more convenient form for feeding and can be taken from the surface of the silo in layers of a uniform depth. It was also noted that much more cut than uncut forage could be gotten into the silo. In two silos of equal size it required 20 tons of cut clover to fill one of them on the first run, while only 10 tons of whole clover could be gotten into the other at the

FIRST ATTEMPT TO FILL.

This ratio, however, is not liable to be maintained, as the whole clover will settle much more than that which is cut.

The addition of water to whole material while filling the silo materially assists in making the silage more compact. This, however, is almost impracticable in the absence of a convenient water system. To elevate by hand the quantity of water required for this purpose represents considerable labor. When whole material is used it should be handled in as fresh a condition as possible; so that by retaining its weight the settling of the silage is facilitated.

Also, in filling a silo with whole material, care should be exercised to have it kept level and thoroughly tramped. In small silos the material can best be thrown in with a pitchfork. This can be accomplished by putting up a light staging. The use of a derrick or hay fork in filling a small silo is not advisable, unless very small loads are taken at a time as it will be found almost impossible to properly spread a large load of tangled material when dumped into a small silo. With a large silo the use of the hay fork or derrick will be entirely feasible.

There need be no haste in filling a silo. If a few loads are put in each day untill it is filled, the silage will become more compact than if it were filled hurriedly. If it is desirable to perform the work more rapidly, the silo can be filled and allowed to settle for two or three days, then refilled. This operation may have to be repeated three or four times in order to secure the maximum amount of silage in the silo. In case sufficient material is not ready to complete the filling of the silo,

OTHER MATERIAL

may be added at any time. It would be well, however, to first remove the covering or spoiled silage on the surface of the silo.

When cut fodder is put into the silo the carrier should be adjusted so as to deliver the material in the centre of the silo, thus facilitating its proper distribution. In filling with corn, there is a tendency toward an unever distribution of the ears. These, being heavier than the other portions of the plant, fall to the outside, resulting in the uneven settling of the silage. To obviate this many devices are employed, the most simple of which is a long bag open at both ends and fastened to the end of the carrier. A small rope attached to this bag enables it to be manipulated so as to have the corn deposited in any part of the silo desired. The principal item to observe is to keep the contents of the silo level and well tramped. In small silos the tramping should be very thorough, so as to get the greatest possible weight of silage in a given space; for, as before stated, the friction and consequent resistance to the settling of the silage is greater in proportion in a small silo than in a large one.

THE ORCHARD COVER CROP.

This is the time to make preparations for sowing a cover crop in the orchard. We take it that you have been cultivating your orchard regularly through the summer and have intended to do just what we are urging. Still there are many readers whose orchards are in grass, perhaps corn, and to them we have more to say than to those who are going to do the right thing whether told or not.

If you have not ploughed the orchard for several years now is the time to "break the ice," so to speak—that is, if you have had enough rain to make the ground plough satisfactorily. Don't plough deep, especially near the trees. Disk the land well and sow to rye, about three bushels per acre, then harrow it down smooth.

An orchard that has been cultivated through the summer should be seeded in a similar manner. We would use rye in preference to any other reliable cover crop, though vetch makes a most excellent winter cover if a good stand is secured. The reason we do not recommend it generally is because it demands a little better attention than most farmers are willing to give an orchard cover crop. Besides its ways and characteristics are not very well understood by the average farmer. But it would be a good plan to get a small quantity of the seed and sow it in the orchard early in September.

By all means provide your orchard with a covering of some kind before winter comes. Don't let cold weather find the ground naked. You can rely on rye; it never fails. It will give you fine calf pasture during the fall, winter and early spring, when it should be disked up.

BOY'S BOX PLAITED DRESS.

2 and 4 Years.

Nothing suits the tiny boy more perfectly than the garment that is made in one piece. The charming little model illustrated is boyish enough to suit the most exacting of little men, yet is graceful and childish at the same time. The three box plaits, back and front, give ample fulness below the waist line, where they are allowed to fall free, and are stitched and pressed flat above. The fitting is accomplished with shoulder and under-arm seams. The big sailor collar is stitched under the outside front pleats, the closing being invisibly effected beneath that in the left side. The centre pleat is trimmed with three bands of embroidery that are pointed at the centre. The sleeves are one-seamed and slightly full, finished at the wrists and roll-over cuffs.

To make for a boy of 4 years of age, as illustrated, 2¼ yards of material 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of embroidery, will be required.

HOW TO SALT BUTTER.

A subscriber asks the proper way to salt butter. He uses fine dairy salt, but in cold weather the salt does not dissolve in the butter. He has also tried brine salting, but the butter did not take up enough salt. The proper way is to have both salt and butter warm enough. That is the secret. If the butter is churned into hard pellets, either large or small, the surface is glazed, the moisture is locked inside, and if the salt is also cold it is gritty and its solubility seriously diminished.

Butter in granular form like wheat grains is in the best form for salting. Do not add ice water to wash it, but water tempered to sixty degrees, or higher if necessary to make the butter plastic and waxy to the touch. Then salt with warm salt and it will dissolve. Do not work the butter before salting it. If the butter is salted on the worker, simply roll it down level before salting. Using brine instead of dry salt is no real advantage. Cold butter will not take up cold brine. Simply abolish cold weather with artificial heat.

A BARGAIN VICTORY.

She was shopping with her husband and was looking for bargains. Here is how she got one.

I don't want quite so much as there is in that piece, she said to the saleswoman who held up a piece of dress goods. I require only two yards and a half.

But that piece is two yards and five eighths, and I couldn't cut two yards and a half off, explained the young woman behind the counter.

But I don't want so much, protested the customer.

Well, I am sure I cannot cut it, repeated the saleswoman.

But can't you call it a remnant? persisted the woman who wanted the goods.

No; it isn't a remnant madam, calmly replied the young woman.

We'l, I shall not buy it, said the customer, determinedly. I don't propose to pay for more than I want unless you make it an object.

Well, I'll call it two yards and three-quarters, said the saleswoman as the customer started to move away.

All right, I'll take it, exclaimed the customer without hesitation, as she glanced at her husband in a satisfied way. The man's admiration for his wife's victory was expressed in his face.

HE WAS FORESTALLED.

When Tennyson's In Memoriam appeared a certain poet was standing at a bookstall turning over the leaves of the new volume, when a literary friend of rare taste and learning stepped up and said to the poet: Have you read it?

Indeed I have, was the answer; and do you know it seems to me that in this delightful book Tennyson has done for friendship what Petrarch did for love.

This was too fine for the literary friend to forget. That afternoon he called upon a lady, and noticing a copy of the same book on her table saw his opportunity. After the usual greeting he took up the book. Have you read it? he asked.

Yes, she said, and I have enjoyed it greatly.

So have I, said her visitor; and do you know that in this charming poem Tennyson has done for friendship, what Petrarch did for love?

Indeed, rejoined the lady, adding, with a mischievous smile, Mr.—— called this morning and said the same thing.

RULERS OF THE EMPIRE.

THE MEN WHO STAND AT THE HELM OF AFFAIRS.

The Permanent Officers.—Change of Government Doesn't Affect Them.

We naturally associate the running of the Empire with the men who figure in the House of Commons and in the Lords in office, says Pearson's Weekly.

But they are merely representative of departments, and so far as their "material" goes are dependent upon the permanent officials who control the complex machinery by which the State is governed. When an office in the Government is filled by a genius and a statesman, he gets a grasp of his department which compels the admiration of the permanent officials, but generally speaking, even the successful statesman is often a theorist, and the permanent official has to do the "filling in" with facts and figures in support.

The British Empire is well served in its permanent officials, and her statesmen of all parties very properly place great confidence and reliance in these gentlemen.

Our system of Government has, not inaptly, been compared to a limited liability company. In the British Empire Ltd., all British citizens are shareholders. The Cabinet for the time-being are the directors, who define the policy of the company but it is the permanent officials who carry it out. Very few of the shareholders know these heads of departments even by name, and the work of their office is generally associated with the member of the Government for the time-being who presides over the official in question.

We hear a great deal in these days about the Navy and Army. The Permanent Secrctary to the Admiralty is

SIR EVAN MACGREGOR, K.C.B.,

who is in his fifty-ninth year. This is the man who knows whether the navy is equal to its work or not; for he has had chief permanent control of this department for seventeen years. His mother was a daughter of the late Admiral Sir T. M. Hardy, and he married the daughter of Colonel W. A. Middleton, C.B., the year he was appointed to his present office. He was educated at Charterhouse, as also was Sir Courtney Boyle.

The office of Permanent Under Secretary to the War Office is filled by Sir Ralph Henry Knox, K.C.B. He was born in 1836, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the age of twenty he made his first acquaintance with the War Office. He ascended the ladder step by step, and in 1882 was appointed Accountant-General, which post he held until 1897, when he was placed in his present position, which has by no means been a sinecure. His salary is $10,000 per annum.

The Board of Education which has displaced the old Education Department has charge of the third line of national defence, and its task is to develop and utilize the brain power of the nation. The man at the wheel in this department is one of the most valuable of our public servants—Sir George Wm. Kekewich, K.C.B., D.C.L. He succeeded to the office of secretary to the Education Department in 1890, and since 1899 he has also been secretary of the Science and Art Department. He is a thorough believer in this department, and is a true friend of education. He is the fourth son, and his late father was M.P. for South Devon. Sir George married the daughter of Mr. L. W. Buck, the M.P. for North Devon. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he came off with flying colors

THE TREASURY.

has been very much called upon since the war broke out in 1899. It is a department which makes the rank and file shareholder's mouth water when he scans the salary list. The First Lord and the Chancellor of the Exchequer draw $25,000 each per annum; there are three Junior Lords at $5,000 each per annum, a Patronage Secretary at $10,000, a Financial Secretary at $10,000, and finally the Permanent Secretary, whose office is worth from $10,000 to $12,500. He has an Assistant Secretary at $7,500. There is also an army of private secretaries, and other officials at salaries ranging from $500 to $7,500. Sir Francis Mowatt, K.C.B., is the present Permanent Secretary to the Treasury. On Budget night in the House the voice is the voice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the hand is the hand of the Permanent Secretary. Sir Francis was born in 1837, and was educated at Winchester and St. John's College, Oxford.

Perhaps the most important post in our administration is that held by Sir T. H. Sanderson, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who is permanent secretary at the Foreign Office. It is a position of the greatest delicacy, for a false step may mean war, or, at any rate, undesirable foreign complications.

The Colonial Office has played an important part in recent years. The permanent secretary is Sir E. Wingfield, K.C.B. What this gentleman knows about South African politics and personages would make the fortune of a journalist in a day. Messrs. Kruger, Leyds & Co. would also give much to be in his confidence.

Then there is the Home Office, the Local Government Board, and the General Post Office, the permanent secretaries of which are Sir Kenelm E. Digby, K.C.B., Mr. S. B. Provis, C.B., and Sir G. H. Murray, K.C.B. respectively. All three are important offices and by no means overremunerated, none of the salaries exceeding $10,000. But for these and other permanent officials, no Government elected by the people could run the British Empire.

Mrs. Spendall—You look worried. Is it because you are so deeply in debt? Mr. Spendall (gloomily)—No: it's because I can't get any deeper.

HIS MOTHER'S LETTERS.

King Destroys Late Queen's Correspondence.

King Edward continues to cause himself to be discussed in all circles in London by his persistency in rearranging conditions existing in the Royal household. The utmost endeavors are put forth to maintain secrecy upon the changes ordered by the King, but inklings of what is transpiring almost daily in the palaces creep out and form the subject of newspaper articles.

For several weeks the King has personally superintended much of the work of destroying huge quantities of the private correspondence of Queen Victoria. This consists, in the main, of letters received from relatives and near friends of the late Queen, intermingled with copies of her replies and thousands of state documents.

It was found that the Queen had perfected an elaborate index system of these documents and letters, by which she was able to refer to any of them upon a minute's notice.

CARE IS EXERCISED.

In obliterating the Queen's correspondence King Edward exercised the utmost care to prevent any part of it from falling into the hands of persons who might publish it. Officials especially charged with this duty and who were made personally responsible to the King, took charge of the work, and submitted their reports to the King.

His Majesty has been at great pains to cause the removal of the relics of John Brown, the Queen's favorite gillie, which were plentifully scattered through the apartments of Windsor Castle and at Buckingham Palace, Osborne House and Balmoral. These mementoes, with many photographs, busts and other articles, have been stored or destroyed.

Complaints come from the Royal servants of the new rules regarding their perquisites and privileges, which the King has ordered into effect. Notices have been posted in all the palaces that after this month the royal servants, when travelling at the expense of the King, must ride third-class.

Hitherto the upper servants have been transported in first-class carriages and the under servants in second-class compartments.

CHECK PUT ON SERVANTS.

Many extravagant practices which endured in the servants' hall in the Victorian regime have been checked. Instead of indulging in native oysters at four shillings a dozen, and drinking stout, the King's serving men and maids will in future content themselves with American oysters, which are cheaper, and quench their thirst with porter.

Allowances for washing have been discontinued and the servants will no longer be permitted to enjoy the privileges of the royal laundry.

AROUND LONDON.

Primitive Appearance of the Farms and Farm Buildings.

The physical fact that London is surrounded by farms and woods and meadows and that its streets, terraces and rows of semi-detached houses do not extend to a distance of more than nine miles from its centre, is merely one aspect of the fact that London is not larger than it is. It is not, however, this physical fact alone which tends to render the aspect of our suburban country strange.

What is most striking in it is not the fact that it is country, but that in many directions it is a country of curiously primitive character. The villages have all the air of villages of the last century. There are old inns unchanged since the day of the coaches. There are public-houses with signs swinging in the public streets just as we see them represented in Hogarth's pictures. There are quaint, secluded dwellings, half cottage, half villa, which seem to belong to the time of Strawberry Hill.

There are farms and farm buildings carelessly and picturesquely irregular, like those which George Eliot has described so well as characteristic of the England which existed before the railways and the first reform bill. And far more strikingly primitive are the looks and the demeanour of the people. The rural laborers within fourteen miles are as leisurely in their gait, and seem as strange to the hurry of modern life as the figures which encounter one slouching along a Shropshire lane or lifting their cider kegs in a remote Devonshire field.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

Mr. Hopper—I beg pardon madam, you are sitting on my hat.

Mrs. Flopper—Oh! pray excuse me! I thought it was my husband's

ROYAL LETTER-BAGS.

A Berlin newspaper publishes some curious details respecting the letter-bags of the principal European sovereigns. It is the Pope who breaks the record, as he receives every day from 22,000 to 23,000 letters and newspapers. King Edward VII. comes next with 3,000 newspapers and 1,000 letters. The Czar and German Emperor receive each from 600 to 700 letters, appeals, etc.: the King of Italy, 500; Queen Wilhelmina from 100 to 150. The Pope, says the same authority, employs no fewer than thirty-five secretaries.

There are on the Swiss lakes 65 steamers, of which the largest can carry 1,200 passengers.

ROYALTIES MAGIC JEWELS

WOULDN'T PART WITH THEM FOR WORLDS.

Nicholas I. of Russia Wore a Ring Which Assured Happiness And Prosperity.

Kings and Queens are evidently as great believers in talismans as are the humblest of their subjects. Indeed, perhaps more so, for in Europe, at any rate, nearly every crowned head, without exception, possesses some precious ornament or another to which he or she attributes a more or less supernatural power.

Nicholas I. of Russia is a case in point. Up to the day of his death he wore a ring which, according to the legend attached to it by tradition, assured happiness and definite prosperity to its owner for the time being. It came to the Tsar as a betrothal present from Princess Charlotte of Prussia, the daughter of Frederick William III.

Madame Wildermuth, the latter's Swiss governess, was its first known possessor; till one day, when rummaging with the princess, among her collection of curios, the ring was especially noticed and admired.

"This must be a very antique piece," observed the princess, putting it on her finger, "it has such a peculiar shape, that it reminds one of some ancient talisman." Endeavouring, by-and-bye, to draw off the ring, with a view to its return, she found herself unable to remove it. Madame Wildermuth then offered it as a keepsake to her royal pupil, who accepted it.

Later on, the princess succeeded in getting it off. It was a curious little ring, very simple, and made in Gothic fashion. Closer examination revealed, engraved within it, words which though very much worn, when carefully deciphered, read: "Russia's Tsarina." Madame Wildermuth and her charge were highly amused with this discovery, laughingly attributing a not unnatural significance to the inscription.

In the course of years a marriage was arranged between the Princess Charlotte and the Archduke Nicholas, who, at that time was not in the near succession; his brother Alexander I., the reigning Tsar, having as his heir-apparent the Archduke Constantine.

HIS SECOND BROTHER.

It was at a court dinner in Berlin, where Nicholas had come in order to meet his prospective bride, that the ring for the second time changed hands. Briefly, the Archduke fell really and desperately in love with the princess, told her so, as they sat side by side at table, and craved some little token as a sign that his love was returned.

"Give me that tiny ring?" he urged, in a whisper, pointing to it. "But not here! before every body?" said Charlotte.

"No one will notice it; bury it in a piece of bread, drop the latter on the table, and I will manage to take it unnoticed."

The manoeuvre was successfully accomplished, Nicholas securing the ring—the same the princess had received from her governess years before.

Most people know of the happy wedded life of these two, but fewer, perhaps, the prophetic connection between the crowning, after eight years, of Charlotte as Russia's Tsarina, and the words engraved within the ring. Nicholas, it is said, never, until in late years it became too small for him, removed the ring from his finger.

Ultimately, he had it attached to a gold chain, and wore it continually round his neck.

The Empress Eugenie at one time possessed a certain breast-pin, shaped like a clover leaf, and formed of closely-set diamonds and smaragds, which she regarded in the light of a lucky jewel, or talisman. Nothing would persuade her but that the little ornament had a direct influence upon her happiness, so she wore it continually. She had won it at a Court raffle arranged by Napoleon III., and when her husband died, she forthwith put it away out of sight, never once wearing it during

ALL HER MOURNING YEARS.

The Prince Imperial, however, went to Zululand, and his departure for the seat of war was the signal for her to don it again. When news came of her son's untimely death she took it off once more—and for ever. Eventually she gave it to the Princess Mondy, the daughter of Murat, ex-titular King of Naples.

The Rajah of Mattau, in Borneo, is the happy possessor of the largest known diamond in the world. As a royal ornament the jewel is 120 years old. It is pear-shaped, and has a small hole drilled through it.

Were this all, however, about it, there would be nothing peculiar to chronicle. It is the romance attached to it; the legendary properties attributed to it, which give it a foremost claim to be included in the somewhat limited list of royal precious talismans.

Many battles have at various times been fought for its possession; but in spite of every known dodge on the political board, it still remains in the Rajah of Mattau's family, a prized heirloom, and venerated mystery stone.

The Dutch Governor of Batavia for the time being, once offered the sum of $150,000 for it, with, in addition, two men-of-war, fully equipped with guns and ammunition.

It is said that the Rajah's refusal to part with the diamond on any terms was couched in language more forcible than polite It being in Malay, the Governor, fortunately for everybody, did not get the full benefit of it. The Rajah's final word on the subject was that he regarded it as a talisman, upon the possession of which both his and his family's happiness and success depended.

School-Board Inspector—Who is it that sits idly by doing nothing while everybody else is working? Bobby—The teacher.

AFFECTED 1,500 FAMILIES

SMASH OF THE LEIPSIC BANK COST $25,000,000.

Ruin Followed German Bubble — Victims Execrate Director Exner.

Never since Germany stepped into the arena of industrial and commercial powers has the financial outlook of the country been so troubled. All the greed and lust of gain have not been free from an element of criminality.

The smashes culminated in the stoppage of payment by the Leipsic Bank. This was an old-established, conservative concern. All went well until about five years ago, when a certain Herr Exner became director. The capital of the bank was about $5,000,000 when he joined it. He rapidly ran it up to $16,000,000. Exner saw his way to a great coup and singled out an insignificant grain-drying establishment in Cassel which he determined to boom. It was probably worth $100,000. The Leipsic Bank began to support it and Exner ran up the shares. In a few years the bank had lent the Cassel grain-drying firm about $20,000,000 and the enterprise was paying some years fifty per cent. dividend—of course, out of the money lent by the bank. Exner bought Cassel shares when they were next to nothing and sold them when they were quoted high above par. He must have realized $5,000,000 on the shares.

THE CRASH CAME.

Like a bolt from the blue sky came the crash. The directors of the bank announced that they had stopped payment, but informed their victims that if they only had patience all their claims would be met. They were about $25,000,000 to the bad then. Days of panic and wild talk such as Leipsic had never known followed. The customers of the bank stormed the offices but the doors, the pay desks closed. Women wept, fell fainting, and were carried out. Lohmann's big flannel works dropped $200,000; a huge paper manufactory lost $370,000; the Humanitarian Institute of Leipsic, a concern supported by Government, lost $125,000, and it is computed that of the small people concerned over 1,500 families are practically ruined. Exner was arrested at his villa and lodged in jail, where he hears the execrations of the crowds he has ruined. The banker, Edward Krohmann, believed to be implicated, and feeling the disgrace coming, shot a bullet through his head. Henry Schaffer, one of the directors, followed the same course. Robert Kohlmann, a man in a large way of business as an iron merchant, hanged himself. Ferdinand Rahden, a wool merchant, cut his throat. A man in Coburg, driven to despair by his losses, shot himself dead after shooting and severely wounding his wife and daughter. One of the smaller traders ruined by the crash flung himself into the Elbe at Dresden.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

Latest Phase of Joseph Chamberlain's Career.

Joseph Chamberlain, Britain's great commoner, is a man of definite aims, and endowed with the inexpugnableness of mind and purpose essential to their complete fulfilment. Life to him has always been an unbending reality, a ceaseless searching for the solutions of present day problems. Recognizing the fact that England's dependencies must soon be linked with indissoluble bonds if she is to retain her world-wide supremacy, he has evolved a broad scheme for the knitting together of the Empire's scattered strands. Generally speaking his plan is to leave local matters in the hands of colonial legislative bodies, and convert the two Houses of Parliament into council rooms for the chosen representatives of the diverse powers that form the Empire. His Imperial project calls, among other things, for the English as an official language, and as a first result has raised a storm at Malta, where Italian obtains in the courts, and indicted Britishers cannot tell on what evidence judgment is being given for or against them. The agitation is entirely due to a few disgruntled members of the Maltese Council, who recently declared that a language was being forced upon them by the Colonial Secretary, and determined to revenge themselves on the Home Government by refusing all taxes, most of which were required for the immediate advancement of the people. As a matter of fact, in this case Mr. Chamberlain simply carried out the wishes of a majority of the islanders when he selected English as the official language of the colony. The non-payment of some tax levies compelled him to take measures which would ensure their collection, and these acts have caused no end of rioting. No serious or lengthy objections will be raised, however, and in a few years Malta will praise and honor the man who simplified her court systems.

Mr. Chamberlain's policy in South Africa was vigorously denounced when the campaign commenced and reverses began to pour in, but now that defeat has been turned into victory his uncompromising attitude in dealing with the Boers is gaining general approval. When peace has been restored to the Orange River Colonies, they, too, will share in the great commoner's scheme for a united empire.

Edith—No, Herbert, I can never be your wife, but I will be ——. Herbert—Don't say a sister to me. So many girls have said that. Edith—I wasn't going to say that. I was going to say I shall be delighted to be your aunt. I accepted your uncle George last night.

Jack—I am afraid that if I asked you to be my wife, you would treat my proposal as a joke. Molly—But all jokes are not rejected, Jack.

ON THE FARM.

FLAVOR IN MILK AND ITS PRODUCTS.

Good flavor sells milk, cream, butter and cheese; poor flavor condemns them. Flavor is that indescribable something which in good dairy products appeals pleasantly to our senses, but often passes unnoticed because so familiar; in poor products it is equally indescribable, but more often characterized in vigorous language, when "frowsy" butter, "garlicky" milk, "bitter" cream, or "strong" cheese present their offensive odors and tastes. The ordinary consumer calls flavor the "taste" of the article which tickles his palate; but the expert knows that the nerves of smell play the larger part and he depends for his judgment largely upon a trained nose. Hence we see the butter judge or cheese scorer pass the trier beneath his nostrils, with deep drawn breath and meditative study of the aroma which arises. Smells, however, cannot be measured in degrees or separated into their elements by the spectroscope; therefore, we have to depend upon general terms, often differing with the different experts in our discussion of flavor; yet we have some well-marked classes which serve as a basis for reference.

We can separate the faulty flavors into classes

BY THEIR ORIGIN.

The minute particles thrown off by dairy products, whose impact upon tongue or nostrils give rise to taste or smell, may come (1) from compounds in the food of the cow or developed in her body, (2) from matters other than germs, taken up by the milk while it stands in poorly ventilated stables or rooms reeking with foul smells, or (3) from substances which are the direct or indirect result of the activity of living organisms in the milk.

Odors of the first class will be most noticeable while the milk is warm from the cow, and will not increase with time. They are really far less common than dairymen generally believe, and may be avoided almost entirely by careful feeding. Garlic, turnips, cabbage and such "fragrant" edibles will, of course, taint the milk, if they are fed within a few hours before milking, but when fed soon after the cows are milked, the volatile oils to which these odors are due will generally disappear from the animal's system before the next morning or evening.

Too often odors of the second class are assigned to the first, and the old cow takes the blame for

THE MAN'S FAULT;

as milk very readily takes up smells and tastes from its surroundings. When the owner delivers milk to the factory and is told that it smells bad he forgets that he or his men let it stand in the uncleaned stable to draw in the cowy and worse odors, while the cows are being fed and some other chores attended to; or, that they poured it into pails that lacked a little of perfect sweetness; and he immediately says: "If've got to stop feeding silage." "The cows ate some cabbage trimmings last night," or, "Someone forgot to close the rye-field gate."

Odors of these two classes, due to volatile compounds in the milk, are of the most importance in the milk and cream trade, as the faults largely disappear in making butter and cheese. Thorough aeration is often helpful in the removal of such flavors.

Odors of the third class, except in some very rare cases, where the udder itself is the seat of colonies of bacteria. The bacteria molds and yeasts which causes them must have a chance to develop and to set up chemical changes in the milk; and this rarely occurs to any great extent within 12 hours from the time the milk is drawn.

A HIGH TEMPERATURE,

however, is favorable to the growth of these low forms of plant life; so in warm weather milk faults are common. In butter making and in cheese making, also, the heat often used to ripen the cream, and the high temperature at which the milk is held in setting and cooking the curd, furnish conditions very favorable to the germs present, and they develop with great rapidity. In their food growth part of the milk is used for food, and in its breaking down into simpler compounds the aromatic substances which make flavor, good or bad, are formed.

The flavor of good milk and cream, then, is an inherent quality due to the normal constituents of the milk; the flavors of the butter, both good and bad, except that due to the fat and odors absorbed by the milk, are held to be the result of bacterial action; the fundamental flavors of cheese are probably due to chemical decomposition, started by unorganized ferments, known as enzymes, joined with which are other flavors marking the individual cheeses, which are probably due to bacteria; and it has recently been found that in some cases yeasts have been the cause of bad flavor.

WARM POULTRY HOUSES.

Poultry houses should be so constructed that even in the coldest winter weather the temperature will not go below 50 degrees during the night. Of course a healthy flock of fowls will not care for cold weather during the daytime provided they have a nice light shed where they may scratch and hustle, but during the night a warm house is absolutely essential. Hens that are found to roost in a house where water will freeze will not lay, and it is folly to try to make them.

Build the house so that the heat may be easily regulated, but do not attempt to supply artificial heat by means of stoves or heaters. Fowls subjected to unnatural heat will easily contract colds and in time become sickly. Let the ventilation be so arranged that when the weather moderates the heat may be at once reduced, and do not force the fowls to stay at all times in a house which is intended for zero weather.

If the same conditions could be made to exist in winter as in summer the hens would lay equally well at all seasons, but since the natural order of things vary so much, it therefore rests with us to supply, as nearly as possible, those things which nature has deprived them of. Heat, light, exercise, pure food are most to be considered, without one of which there is no sure road to success. All else hinge on these, and our profits will depend on the economical way we have provided for the fowls.

THE PIGS.

Keep the sows and pigs out on the ground.

Pig eating is caused by a lack of nitrogenous food.

Fed on corn and like foods of a heating character the sow becomes feverish and irritable. Give her a cooling, nitrogenous ration, such as clover pasture, bran, middlings and oats, and there will be no trouble.

If the sow shows an inclination to destroy her pigs, give her a chunk of lean salt pork and this will satisfy her craving for nitrogenous food.

When feeding the fattening pigs, cornmeal and skim-milk with the clover pasture will cause them to make rapid growth.

If fed in this way they will be ready for the early market in the fall.

The advantage of giving grain on pasture is that all the grain given will go to make flesh and growth, none being required for maintenance.

Care should be taken when graining animals on pasture that their appetite is not wholly appeased by the grain. Feed the grain in the late afternoon so they will rustle through the pasture during the day to satisfy their hunger.

The young pig will not make as much use of grass as the older ones, but he should be encouraged to do so as much as possible by giving him access to fresh, tender clover.

When pigs are weaned at six to eight weeks old they should have plenty of skim-milk.

With no milk at hand it is well to let the pigs remain with the dam until about three months old.

When two litters are raised from the sow each year it is necessary to wean the pigs at from six to eight weeks old.

Hence the two-litter method is most successfully maintained on dairy farms or establishments where waste and highly palatable products are continually at hand.

A HARD MAN TO KILL.

Adventures of a Captain of a Whaling Ship.

Accounts of whaling voyages often convey the idea of a very agreeable pastime, but sometimes, as in the case of the historic tiger, the whale takes it into his head to hunt you; then look out for trouble. Mr. Bullen gives, in "The Men of the Merchant Service," a description of the experiences of Captain Gardiner of the ship Union, which resulted somewhat disastrously for the fearless mariner.

While he was in pursuit of his calling off the west coast of South America a sperm whale flung its jaw upward across the boat, and caught him by the head and shoulders. The blow did not sweep him overboard, but laid his scalp back from the skull, broke his right jaw, tearing out five teeth, broke his left arm and shoulder-blade, and crushed the hand on the same side between the whale's jaw and the gunwale of the boat.

In this deplorable state he was carried on board his ship, and his young officers may well have been excused for considering his case hopeless. His brave spirit, however, did not recognize defeat. He gave directions mostly by signs, for the preparation of bandages and splints, and instructed his willing but ignorant helpers in the way of using them.

When all had been done that he wished or could think of, he ordered the vessel to be taken into port, and although apparently at the point of death, he lay in a commanding position and piloted the ship. A Spanish surgeon was brought on board, who, as soon as he saw the sufferer, advised sending for a priest, as the case was hopeless.

This advice was lost upon the valiant Yankee, who sent a messenger thirty miles for another doctor—a German. This gentleman hastened down to the ship, dressed the skipper's wounds, and had him transported on an improvised ambulance swung between two mules up to the healthy highlands of the interior. In six months he was fit to resume command of his ship, which meanwhile had made a most successful cruise under the mate.

The captain's left hand, unhappily, had been so badly mangled that it was hardly more than a stump, the first two fingers being so twisted in the palm that he was afterwards always obliged to wear a thick mitten to keep him from being entangled in a lance-warp while he was lancing a whale.

This good man was for a quarter of a century master of a whaler, and lived to be nearly ninety years old.

THE SCHEMER.

Dick—Everybody's remarking how soft you are on that wealthy Miss Wilfel. What are your chances with her?

Jack—Very promising. She likes me pretty well, and I'm doing my best now to get her parents dead-set against me.

So you want to marry my daughter do you, thundered the stern father. Y-y-es, stammered the terrified young man but not any worse than she wants to marry me.

WITH DISCRETION AND DESPATCH.

I

Hercules Bulpett, of Bulpett's Private Detective Agency, opened the door of his private house in Belsize Square with his latchkey, and hung his hat up on the wall on its accustomed peg. He had had a profitable day, and felt at peace with all the world.

A widower of four-and-fifty, Hercules Bulpett, stout, ruddy of face, and comfortable in appearance, looked entirely unlike the popularly-imagined detective, with hatchet face, and long slim hands. He looked upon his business as a trade, and he himself looked far more like a respectable tradesman than like the man of mysteries he was.

Things had gone very well with Bulpett, and he was blessed with a not inconsiderable portion of this world's goods. He was blessed, too, with a charming daughter—Kitty—and as that daughter came dancing down the hall, and put her sweet face up for her father's kiss anyone who saw the two might have been disposed to envy Mr. Bulpett his daughter, far more even than his money.

"Dinner ready, Kitten ?" he asked for Hercules was a man of regular hours, and liked to sit down to his meals at stated times.

"Yes, father, dinner's quite ready, and—— Oh, here's a letter, which has dropped out of your overcoat."

"Something I forgot to post ? No, it's addressed to me. Hm ! I don't know the handwriting. What ever can it be ?"

"Suppose you open it, father ?" laughed Kitten. "Dinner's on the table, and the soup is getting cold." And, with one hand on his pretty daughter's shoulder, and the letter in the other, Hercules Bulpett went in to dine.

Kitty Bulpett was a charming blonde of twenty. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, merry as the kitten her father loved to call her, Kate had always tried to replace, and had thoroughly succeeded in replacing, that gentle, blue-eyed mother whom she scarce remembered, and Hercules Bulpett, in his home-life, as in his business, had much reason to be grateful.

"What I should do without you at home, Kitten, and John Mervin in the office, I really do not know," was a favorite phrase of Bulpett's after dinner, as he sat in his capacious armchair by the fire-side, sipping his coffee, and playing with his daughter's golden hair.

"Oh, John Mervin !" Kitten would retort, with a mutinous toss of her pretty head. "I'm tired of hearing of the virtues of John Mervin."

"John will be Bulpett's Agency some day, my dear," was the invariable answer; and there the matter usually dropped.

John Mervin, at the time of our story, a man of thirty-three, had been nine years with Bulpett, and had made himself quite indispensable. In fact, he was the real director of the agency, for—of late years, at all events—its success in many intricate pieces of businesss had been entirely due to his unaided acumen and industry.

Kitty liked John, but she never said so to her father. The old man was by no means unselfish, and was disposed to frown at any youths who came to see Miss Kitty. The fact of the matter was, that he began to dread the time when another love must fill her father's place in her young heart, and he trembled to think of a bachelor existence, when Kitty should have a husband of her own, for whom to exercise her housekeeping powers.

While they were waiting for the fish, Bulpett opened his letter. His face, as he read it, might have stood for a model of amazement to any painter.

"Read this !" he gasped, handing it to his daughter across the table. And this—written with a typewriter, on blue commercial paper—is what Kitty Bulpett read aloud :

"Sir," said the letter, "I love your daughter, and intend to marry her. Do not worry about the matter, and do not try to find me out. In good time I shall tell you my name and position; but then it will be too late to interfere." There was no signature of any kind.

Kitty broke into peals of silvery laughter, and blushed a little.

"Why, it's a joke, father !" she cried.

"A joke ? It will prove a poor joke for the writer, I can tell you ! One of those boys you met at Mrs. Howlett's, I suppose, who sent you flowers afterwards. I—I'll trace him out, and—and rub him !" shouted Bulpett, growing very angry as he thought that the overcoat of Hercules Bulpett, private detective, had been made a post-office for so ridiculous a communication. "And anonymous, too !" he added, as though that made it worse.

"Well, finish your dinner, father, and then think it over," said Kitty, laughing still. "He won't marry me before dessert."

And, laughing at his daughter's point of view, Bulpett managed to dine about as well as usual, and next morning had almost forgotten the impudent letter of the evening before.

II.

Unfortunately for the detective's peace of mind, his unknown correspondent had no intention of allowing himself to be fotgotten. During the next day or two anonymous letters simply rained on him. He found them in his pockets, on his desk at the office, on his hall-table at home, and in his letter-box.

Every day he received two or more of them, all couched in the same strain as the first, and all expressing the writer's intention of marrying the detective's pretty daughter, and his certainty of succeeding in so doing. The thing became a perfect nightmare to him; and finally, after receiving seven letters in one day, he determined to consult John Mervin on the matter.

"We must track him out, and stop this nuisance," said the young man firmly. "Miss Kitty must not be annoyed by the misplaced wit of some coarse practical joker."

"Exactly, exactly, John !" said Bulpett pettishly; "but how can we prevent it ?"

"Well, to begin with, I will keep you in sight myself as much as possible, and try to discover who it is who uses your pockets in this unprecedented fashion. You don't suspect anybody ?"

"No."

"Nobody at home, or in the office ?"

"No. John—no. Don't cross-examine me, man ! I'm not a client!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Bulpett, you are a client in this case, and I have quite made up my mind to save you from the annoyance this ill-mannered fellow is causing you, and to bring him to justice."

"Thank you, Mervin—thank you. You are very good. Excuse my irritation. It is very natural, you must admit."

"Of course it is," said Mervin, smiling; "but do not let it interfere with business, sir. Inspector Clitheroe is here from Scotland Yard, and wants to see you about that murder down at Harveston. I told him that you had some previous knowledge of Lady Verleigh's jewels through another matter."

"Quite right—quite right, my boy. Our own troubles must not be allowed to interfere with those of the public. Show the inspector in."

That evening, although John Mervin walked home with his employer, and dined with him and Kitty, the following note was found under Bulpett's napkin when they went to table :

"You fool ! Do you think a mere whipper-snapper like Mervin will prevent me from carrying out my plans ? I will marry your daughter, in spite of you, and in spite of him, the more so as I suspect that he has designs on her heart and hand himself, presumptuous upstart that he is ! Tell Miss Kitty that the bouquet which will be handed in at the back-door at nine this evening is from me."

Bulpett grew purple with rage. He could talk of nothing but the letter during dinner; and when, after going together to the kitchen door just before nine, to try and catch a glimpse of the messenger, and lay forcible hands on him if they could, Kitty and John Mervin returned with a bouquet of splendid pink carnations, and a line, typewritten as before, saying : "Did you think I would wait for your spies, you idiot ?"

Days grew into weeks, and weeks into a month, and no trace of the anonymous disturber of Hercules Bulpett's peace of mind had yet been found. At length, after five weeks of constant annoyance, there came a letter saying that the unknown intended "to marry Kitten within a fortnight." This was the climax.

John Mervin was away from town on the evening of its arrival, but he was summoned to his employer's private office immediately on his return, and Bulpett spoke as follows :

"John, I am determined to put an end to this. You see this letter ? The—scoundrel says that he will marry Kitten—he dares to call my daughter Kitten, the scoundrel !—within a fortnight, and I—I believe he will do it."

"Absurd ! How ?" said Mervin, laughing. "Anonymous letters and presents are well enough, but he can hardly marry your daughter without her knowing it."

"No; you are quite right. But I believe he will, somehow. The notion of this ill-mannered brute quite haunts me. He makes me feel so—so helpless in his hands. No, John, there's only one way to prevent his carrying out his threat, and that must be our way of circumventing him. You must marry Kitten yourself before the fortnight expires."

John Mervin grew pale, and then flushed rosy red under the tan of his clean-shaven, manly face.

"If this is a joke, Mr. Bulpett," he said, "it is a very unkind one."

"It is not a joke, my boy. I really mean it. And—and I have spoken to Kitten."

"What did she say ?" asked Mervin eagerly.

"She made a little fuss at first, of course; but ultimately she consented. She's always been a good daughter, has my Kitty."

"Well, Mr. Bulpett," said John Mervin, flushing again, "this is all very extraordinary, and very unexpected. Are my future prospects such as to warrant Miss Kitty——"

"You shall become my partner on the wedding day, John."

"Then I accept, sir. The more so, I may add, that I have long worshipped your daughter from a distance; although, of course, I should never have——"

"Of course, John—of course. Well, take her, my boy, and be happy. I hoped not to have had to part from Kitty for some time; but, under the circumstances——" And, with a sigh, Bulpett immersed himself once more in the letters he had been reading when John Mervin had come in.

During the preparations for the wedding, the typewritten letters became less frequent, and the presents ceased entirely. One letter, however, was repeated at half-daily intervals, and bore the following words :

"I shall be at the wedding. I, not Mervin, intend to be the bridegroom !"

"How does the scoundrel know what we are doing ?" muttered Hercules Bulpett, in perplexity.

The wedding day arrived, and although the whole of Bulpett's staff were in the church, no stranger was discovered, either there or at the house.

"We have foiled him, John, at last. God bless and keep you, Mrs. Mervin !" said the father of the blushing bride, folding his daughter to his heart, and kissing her affectionately.

"We have indeed, sir," said John Mervin.

Just as the train which was carrying the happy couple away on their honeymoon began to move, Hercules Bulpett handed his son-in-law a fat-looking envelope.

"There's something for you two. God bless you !" he said.

John Mervin and Kitty read the enclosed letter together.

"As I thought that if you two did not marry I might lose you both, I myself wrote those mysterious letters which were always turning up. I was not going to be foiled in my most cherished scheme. Now I shall not lose either of you. Cheque enclosed to be spent during honeymoon.

Hercules Bulpett."

"Nor will he ?" they said.

BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT.
4 to 12 years.

The Norfolk suit as here shown is one of the latest modes for little boys and growing lads and will be much seen this fall. The original is made of cheviot in a mixture of browns and tan with threads of green, but all wool suiting cloths are suitable for cold weather wear, linen, duck and galatea for summer suits.

The knickerbockers are cut on the most approved tailor lines, and can be gathered into bands below the knees, as illustrated, or drawn up to the required size by means of elastics run through the hems. The jacket is made with a smooth yoke that is pointed at the lower edge and finished with a collar that rolls over with the fronts to form lapels. Below it the jacket portion is laid in box plaits and a belt passes around the waist under or over the plaits as desired. The sleeves are in coat style, and a patch pocket is stitched to each front below the belt.

To cut this suit for a boy of 8 years of age 4¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 or 50 inches wide will be required.

EARS IN QUEER PLACES.

In Some Animals These Organs Are Placed in Strange Positions.

A wise man's eyes are in his head, and his ears also, but these latter organs in some animals are placed quite otherwise. Fishes, for example, have both ears in their head, and also structures in the skin of the body which help them to perceive any movements in the water. A dark line, easily seen along either side of a fish's body, is the seat of such organs.

If you examine a lobster or prawn, you will find two pairs of horns, or feelers, sticking out of his head, one pair being large, another small. Lodged in each small feeler is a little bag opening to the outside, which enables the creature to hear.

There is a little shrimp, the opossum shrimp, which has an ear embedded in each side flap of his tail, quite the wrong end for it. Shellfish, such as mussels, and cockles, are blessed with a single fleshy foot which sticks out from under the side of the body, and is used to shove the animal along. Two little bag-like ears are contained in this, so that the creature can listen to his own footsteps, so to speak.

Flies and other sorts of insects carry one pair of feelers on the head, and there is reason to think that these enable their possessor not only to feel, but also to smell and hear. Such things as grasshoppers go in for a pair of ears contained in two out of their six legs, and these are constructed to appreciate the "chirping" noise we hear in the country during the summer time.

And we may suppose that Mother Grasshopper has to box her unruly offspring's ears by smiting his legs.

IN FAVOR OF HARD BEDS.

A well-known doctor advises the adoption of a hard bed, and that children should be trained from the beginning to sleep upon no other kind. It is certainly true that as a rule a hard bed conduces to the most refreshing kind of sleep, the feather bed, so dearly loved by our grandmothers, being enervating in the extreme.

NOT UNUSUAL.

May—Have you heard of Clara's hard luck?

Belle—No. What is it?

Now that they are married they have to retrench awfully to make up the money he wasted while courting her.

The latest returns of the world's merchant shipping show that the United Kingdom possesses 14,261,254 tons out of a total of 29,043,738. The United States comes second with 2½ million tons, and Germany has 100,000 less.

ENEMIES WORTH HAVING.

PEOPLE WHO HELP THEIR FOES TO FORTUNE.

Two Australian Bushmen's Experience With the Boers in South Africa.

There are two young Australian Bushmen who have no idea of returning to their homes when the war in South Africa is over.

Three months ago they were out on scouting duty a few miles east of Jacobsdal, when the ping of a Mauser bullet warned them that they had better get to shelter. They galloped off to a neighboring ravine, and took refuge between its steep and narrow sides. Picketing their horses, they then continued up the ravine, hoping by this means to creep near enough to the enemy to get a shot in return.

The rock channel grew more and more narrow, until at last the two were forced to crouch on their hands and knees, and wait until

THE BOERS CAME IN

sight. But the latter were in no hurry, and the Australians amused themselves by enlarging with knives and fingers their very cramped quarters. Suddenly one uttered a slight exclamation, and picked something from the soft bank. It was a quartz pebble, lined and seamed with gold. Just then the Boers came riding along. A brisk fusilade from the ravine emptied three saddles, and the rest went off. The Bushmen took a few more samples of quartz in their pockets, and then quietly rejoined their column. But they each have a map of that kloof in their heads, and, if they survive the rest of the fighting, intend to join the ranks of South African millionaires.

If certain of the sub-chiefs of the Sultan of Brunei had not become jealous of the friendship between that gentleman and

SIR JAMES BROOKE,

the world would probably never have heard of Rajah Brooke, nor the great province as big as England which he added to the Empire.

The chiefs tried to murder Brooke, and the Sultan promptly gave him the job of suppressing them. This gave Sir James a chance of using the six six-pounders with which his yacht was equipped. He employed them to such good purpose that the few rebels who were left were only too glad to sue for peace, and the Sultan made his English captain Rajah of Sarawak, a post which he, and his son after him, filled with the greatest distinction.

It is curious, indeed, how often an underhanded attempt to ruin a man results in the very opposite way to which it was intended. An instance in point was the splendid advertisement given to a play, "The Next Maid," when it first came out at Manchester, England, some years ago. The writer, Henry Kemp, had got himself disliked by a plucky attempt to clear the gallery of the theatre in which his play was to be acted of a very objectionable set of roughs. The roughs assembled in force on the first night, and, after much hooting and hissing, hurled a volley of ginger-beer bottles on to the stage. The author himself led the police in a rush to

CLEAR OUT THE DISTURBERS.

He was badly hurt, being knocked down, and getting several ribs broken. Next day the papers were full of the matter, and crowded houses were the rule for many nights to come.

The Desmond block and tackle, which is now so widely used, and which brought its inventor so many thousand pounds, would probably never have seen the light had not a rival inventor done his best to make a bonfire of both inventor and invention. Desmond had for many months given all his spare time to his invention, and at last perfected it, but was too hard up to do more than provisionally protect it. His enemy, a man named Flynn, who was desperately jealous of Desmond's success, one night set fire to Desmond's house, hoping to get rid of his rival and the model at the same time. By good fortune, the model was already at the railway station, ready to be sent up to London, and the insurance money which Desmond received for his burnt house enabled him to take out his patent. Flynn was caught and got a long sentence.

In rather similar fashion, his deadliest enemy presented M. Leon Saye, the noted balloonist, with a fortune of $40,000. In the summer of 1898 Saye was experimenting with an entirely new form of balloon—a large double air-bag. He inflated it for the first time in the grounds of his house, near Chalons, in France; but as he was not sure how it would act, gave orders that it should be held captive by the usual cable, wound and unwound by a steam traction engine. Clemence, who had once been Saye's foreman, but had been discharged for theft, stole into the yard in disguise, knocked down the man who had been looking after the engine, and

TOOK CHARGE OF IT HIMSELF.

So soon as Saye, who had seen what had happened, signalled to be brought down, Clemence wound in the cable until the balloon hovered only fifty feet above the ground. Then he quickly cut the cable. The balloon bounded five thousand feet into the air, and was rapidly swept away northwards. But its navigator never lost his head, and so well did he manage that he landed safely, fifteen hours later, near Waldbrol, in Germany. Here a farmer took care of him and gave him lodging. Next day the balloonist, walking across the farm, came upon a seam of nickel ore, of the value of which the farmer knew nothing. Saye suggested working it on shares, and a year later sold his interest for $40,000 cash.

London is the only town in England which has not control of its own police. They are all, except those of the city, under the direct control of the Home Secretary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Railroads are constantly gaining in importance for war purposes, and this is especially true in a country of such vast distances as Russia. As soon as Russia gained a firm foothold in central and eastern Asia the necessity for a railroad to connect these distant domains with the motherland became evident and brought into being the trans-Caspian road, which has been extended to the Afghanistan and Chinese borders. Then the great Siberian road was commenced to reach Vladivostok, the most important strategic point in eastern Asia. Finally, Russia obtained from China permission to build the trans-Manchurian branch of the China road, which has been extended to Kwantun, Russia's latest acquisition, on the Liao-tung peninsula, and to Port Arthur and Talienwan, now the Russian town of Dalny. The trans-Caspian road had originally a purely military object. The first expedition against the Teke-Turkomans proved the necessity for a railroad to transport the enormous train required; a road was built to carry supplies and material for the troops of the second expedition to the depot at Bami. It fulfilled its purpose completely, but Russia soon saw that, aside from the commercial advantages, it was absolutely essential for the maintenance of her supremacy in central Asia that the road be still farther extended.

Steadily and surely Russia has advanced in central Asia and has made herself mistress of Turkestan: in 1865 Tashkent fell, in 1868 Samarkand and the Chanat Kokan ceased to exist, in 1873 followed the expedition against China, in 1880 the Teke-Turkomans were overthrown, in 1884 Merv was absorbed, and in 1885 the Afghans were defeated, and the Russians established a military station at Kushk on the river of the same name, extending the railroad to that point. This last advance is especially important in case of war with England. Herat, the strategic key point of Afghanistan is only eighty miles from the Russian border. By the extension of the trans-Caspian road to Kushk, as well as through the central Asia roads, Russia can concentrate at this point all her troops in Turkestan, for an advance on Herat, and can bring reinforcements from the Caucasus and European Russia. The railroads available for this purpose are the Batum or Poti, on the Black Sea; the line from Tiflis to Baku on the Caspian Sea and the line from Rostov on the Sea of Azov, to Petrovsk. From Baku transports connect with Krasnovodsk; thence troops can be sent on over the central Asian route.

It was shown by actual trial in 1809 that the advance guard of an army corps can be shipped in eight days from Tiflis to the Afghanistan border. An army corps can be sent in about a month. England can hardly bring up an equal force in that time. As soon as the Orenburg-Tashkent road is completed there will be another means of transporting troops from the interior of Russia to central Asia. The Merv-Andishan or Marghilan route is directed against Chinese Turkestan. The central Asian road, also, has an important bearing on Russia's relations with Persia. Russia desires a route to the open sea, and is planning the construction of a railroad from Resht, near the southwest coast of the Caspian Sea, over Teheran to Bender-Abbas, a port on the Persian coast. Should this road ever be constructed the central Asia road, passing as it does, close to the Persian border, will be of even greater military significance than at present. The fact that it passes through Bokhara has already made the Amcer practically a vassal of Russia. By these railroads Russia's forces in Turkestan thus front on western China, on Afghanistan and on Persia.

Turning now to the trans-Siberian road, we see that it, too, has a high military value, especially in connection with the east China road and its branch to the south, which is also practically Russian. In the Far East the advance of Russia has been similar to her progress in central Asia: the strategic points of Vladivostok, Port Arthur and Talienwan are all connected by rail with the interior of Russia. During the troubles in China this road did important service, although it left much to be desired. The recent appropriation of eight and a half million roubles will, however, put it in condition for all that will be required of it. The sea route by way of Odessa to the Far East is easily impeded by an enemy at the Dardanelles, consequently this land route, when once in good condition, will become the more important in a military sense. In Manchuria the road from Mukden to Tientsin and Pekin, with a branch from Kinkhau to Niuchwang, where it strikes the road to Port Arthur, is of great importance. By these railroads, Russia encloses China on the west, north and east. The strategic importance of her network of railroads is thus evident. The system enables her to concentrate troops from all parts of the empire either against China in the Far East or against Afghanistan and Persia on the south.

HOME.

SOME RECIPES FOR FUDGE.

A few weeks more, and the cool, autumnal nights will be here, when the sun will set early and the long pleasant evenings about the fireside at home will take the place of the charming summer hours of the present. At such a time a very pleasant incident in the home life, and one which appeals especially to the children, is the making of fudge.

While in French cream candies the chief aim is to prevent the sugar from graining, in fudge the opposite effect is desired. For this reason the mixture must be stirred continually from the moment it is placed on the stove until done. It rarely needs to cook longer than four minutes from the time it commences to boil hard, but it is best to test it before removing from the fire. Drop a little in cold water; if done, it may be rolled between the fingers in a soft ball.

Chocolate Fudge—Two cupfuls of granulated sugar; two-thirds cupful of new milk; two squares of chocolate; butter the size of a walnut; vanilla to flavor. Put the sugar, milk, chocolate (grated) together in a granite saucepan and when almost done add the butter. Boil, stirring constantly, until when tested in cold water a soft ball may be formed. Take from the fire at once, add vanilla and stir until smooth, heavy and cool enough to retain its shape. To facilitate this, stand the whole in a panful of cold water during stirring. Butter a shallow, square pan, using unsalted butter, and spread the mixture in this to the depth of half an inch. Check in squares.

Chocolate Nut Fudge—To the preceding recipe add a cupful of any preferred nut meats. Chop the nuts fine, add to the mixture as soon as it is taken from the fire and proceed the same as in plain chocolate fudge.

Cream Nut Fudge—Two cupfuls of granulated sugar; two-thirds cupful of milk; butter the size of a walnut; vanilla to flavor; one cupful of chopped nut meats. Put the sugar and milk together in a granite saucepan and heat rather slowly to boiling. Boil hard, stirring constantly, and when almost done add the butter. Test by dropping a little in cold water; when a soft ball may be formed it is done. Take the mixture from the fire, add vanilla and nut meats and stir until smooth and will keep in shape. Pour into a buttered pan to the depth of half an inch, then check in squares. English walnuts and almonds are the favorite nuts, although one or several other kinds may be used. Almonds should be blanched before chopping.

Cocoanut Fudge—Follow the directions given in the preceding recipe, substituting cocoanut for other nut meats. Freshly grated cocoanut is the best, although the prepared variety may be used. Grate the nut and let stand over night in a slow oven without browning, so it will not be too oily.

Fruit Fudge—Chop fine some candied fruit, raisins, figs, dates and citron—a cupful in all; or use several kinds of fruit and about a fourth part of nuts. To make cream fruit fudge follow the directions given for making cream-nut fudge, substituting fruit for the nuts.

Maple Fudge—Two cupfuls of maple sugar; two-thirds cupful of milk; butter size of a walnut; vanilla to flavor. Grind the sugar fine before measuring and proceed exactly as directed in cream-nut fudge. If maple nut fudge is desired, add a cupful of nut meats to the recipe. It is delicious with cocoanut, hickory or Brazil nuts.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Corn Soup—Cook one can of corn, in an equal quantity of milk until perfectly tender, being careful that it does not scorch. When done, pour through the colander, mashing as much of the corn as possible through with the liquid. Melt a large tablespoonful of butter in the frying pan, and stir into it a heaping tablespoonful of flour. Add gradually a little of the milk and corn and when the mixture is thoroughly smooth, pour all together into the saucepan. Season with a little salt and pepper, and a tiny pinch of nutmeg. Serve with sippets of toasted bread.

Tomato jelly is an appetizing and effective relish that will be found particularly acceptable at tea or luncheon. It is made from a can of strained tomatoes. Season the juice well, remembering that tomatoes stand generous salting, and add hot to half a box of gelatine.

Celery Cheese—Take a head of celery, wash thoroughly and boil until tender; drain well and cut up into small pieces. Have ready a pint of rich drawn butter and add pepper, salt and an ounce of grated cheese to it, put the celery into the sauce for a few minutes then fill buttered scalloped sheils with the mixture, scatter grated cheese over the top and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven, when the cheese should be evenly browned.

Ham Patties—Two cupfuls cold minced ham, one cupful bread crumbs moistened with milk. Mix and put the batter into gempans. Break an egg over each, sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and bake till nicely browned over.

Before we go further let us whisper in your ear that pieces of bread should never be thrown away. No matter how dry, if they are clean and the bread is good, they will be good in making up these relishes, for croutons, garnishing and other purposes. If not wanted for immediate use, dry thoroughly in the oven, put in a paper bag and keep in a dry place to prevent moulding.

Cheese Potato Puffs—Add to half a pint of cold mashed potatoes one egg well beaten and a tablespoonful of butter. Beat the mixture till it is very light. Then add plenty of seasoning, salt and pepper and two spoonfuls of grated cheese for this amount of potato. Again beat light and turn the mixture into buttered tins and bake in brisk oven. This is a good way of using a small quantity of mashed potatoes for luncheon without meat.

Cheese Pudding—Add one-half pound of grated cheese, four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream or half a cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Rub cheese and bread together, add the yolks, then the cream, lastly the well beaten whites. Bake twenty minutes, serve at once. Very good.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Not every variety of grape is suitable for jelly. Concords make an insipid jelly, as do other sweet grapes. The best cultivated grape from which to make jelly is the Catawba; better than even it is the wild or fox grape. But it makes a heavy draft on the sugar box. A pound and a half of sugar to a pint of wild grape juice is not too generous a proportion.

The life of the paper-covered books that accumulate on everybody's hands, and among which one sometimes finds one she would like to keep, may be prolonged by this process: Cut a piece of gingham or print a trifle larger than the cover. Paste it to the paper covers and trim the edges. Dry under a weight and letter the title on the cover. The cloth should be in one piece.

Truly, this is an age of inventions, and the west is at the front in designing them. Somebody has invented a housecleaning machine! A big red van is stationed in front of the house. The operator runs a hose into the rooms, and with an odd little device resembling a carpet sweeper inverted he cleans everything in sight and out of sight, walls, draperies, upholstery, everything is made clean without clearing the rooms. It sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?

Try a rice-root brush on the inside of the neck and wrist bands of shirts. It is as effective as a hard rubbing on the washboard, and not half as hard on the shirt and the hands.

FASHION GLEANINGS.

Rough goods are to have their innings again this fall and winter, being used for morning and street wear, while smooth finished materials are more favored for afternoon and dressy wear.

Tailor gowns for fall are built on the lines of those made in the spring. Most women prefer to have their new suits in the spring and wear them as late in the fall as the season permits. It is a good plan, for then one gets the best of the suit during the spring and summer, and the fall styles seldom differ materially from those of spring. The only really new feature in the fall tailor suit is the absence of a collar on the coat, and a little closer fit in front.

We are threatened with a return of the long coat. So we were last fall, but it failed to arrive in any great degree. Whether it will succeed in establishing itself this season remains to be seen.

The cutaway coat, with waistcoat, is being made in rough materials, but the long coat in princess effect is thought very stylish.

Separate waists are not out of fashion. It is safe to predict they never will be so long as the skirt and coat costume is in vogue, and this is too convenient and sensible to give up.

The skirt is still worn over the waist and pushed down as low as possible, and the belt is so narrow it seems to be one of the lines of the trimming. The pouched front is still seen, but it is well to remember that the extreme of this fashion is exceedingly vulgar and never seen on a correctly dressed woman.

MISTAKES OF ARTISTS.

Order of the Garter Painted of a Wrong Color.

In the portrait of Queen Victoria lately executed by M. Benjamin Constant, the great French artist painted the ribbon of the Order of the Garter of a wrong color. All London is laughing at the mistake, and the artist is much chagrined by the evidence of his carclessness.

Apropos of mistakes of artists, the Daily Mail recalls a landscape by a famous English painter in which a rainbow is depicted behind the sun, and a picture of Eden in the gallery of the Gesu in Lisbon where Adam and Eve are represented as watching a procession of monks.

In the famous galleries at Antwerp are certain pictures by old masters, in which the jumble of ideas is as remarkable as the technique is fine. In one picture of heaven the archangels are armed with bows and arrows, and in a famous painting of the "Murder of the Innocents" the massacre is represented as taking place in a city of Holland. The parents of the children are stout burghers, the Roman soldiers are Dutch policemen armed with muskets, and the innocent infants are transformed into solid schoolboys in bulgy woolen trousers and jackets and hobnailed shoes.

In most of the great religious paintings, including those by Raphael, Murillo and Michelangelo, the characters are represented as Italian and Spaniard rather than persons of Hebrew type. This, however, so far from being an anachronism or other exhibition of ignorance on the part of the artist, is rather an evidence of the devout spirit in which he approached his work. He gave to the members of the Holy Family the features of his own race and the garb of his own time, and placed them in the midst of the familiar scenes which lay about him, because he took the sacred characters which he painted into his own life, and made them a part of it. Therein lay the secret of his power.

The French Lifeboat Society has a record only second to the English. It has saved in thirty years 12,328 lives from 1,104 vessels. It has 96 boat stations, and 500 rescue posts.

OLD AND NEW SURGERY.

BASED UPON EXPERIENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir William MacCormac Gives Paper Before the British Medical Association.

At the meeting of the British Medical Association at Cheltenham, England, a most interesting paper was read by Sir William MacCormac on "War Surgery: Old and New."

He said a remark made in reference to the position of military surgeons at the time of the Crimea was applicable to-day. Surgeons had not attained the position to which their varied acquirements, skill and devotion entitled them. Chloroform was first tested on a large scale in the field during the Crimean war, and its success was complete. It was found even more precarious in the field than in civil practice. In the Austro-German war, in 1866, antiseptic surgery had not been introduced, nor was it employed during the Franco-German war, except to quite a limited extent. The mortality after operations then was very great indeed. Wounds of large joints entailed fatal results, abdominal wounds were scarcely ever recovered from, and one-half or more of the cases of chest injuries died. Amputations were frequent, and attended by large mortality. A large proportion of those who died on the field of battle perished from hemorrhage. The large bullets of former campaigns, weighing often twice as much as those now in use, inflicted most extensive damage, both on the soft parts and on the bone.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

as yet no complete statistics were available. He would, however, attempt in a general way to indicate some of the improved conditions of modern warfare as exemplified there. The use of chloroform was universal; also morphia. But shock was less severe in the case of modern bullets than previously was the case, due no doubt to the different character of the wound. The limited amount of local damage produced in most cases by the comparatively small and very swift Lee-Metford or Mauser bullet had impressed all observers. The soft parts and bones were damaged, as a rule, only in a limited degree, and recovery generally took place rapidly, and without complications. The manner in which the bullet might traverse the abdomen, thorax, cranium, the great joints, and important viscera, often producing only a minimum of constitutional disturbance, must be witnessed to be realized. He was impressed also with the small number of cases of primary fatal hemorrhage in the Franco-German war. Deaths from this cause were about 20 per cent. in every region of the body. The percentage of cases terminating fatally was now diminished. Formerly a gun-shot fracture of the femur formed a serious menace to life. In the Civil war 3,000 cases of this sort were treated by amputation, and the mortality following the injury amounted to 50 per cent.

In South Africa there must have been very few cases of amputation, and recovery was looked upon as the ordinary result. The way in which many perforating wounds of one side or both sides of the chest recovered was nothing short of marvellous. It might be taken as proved that a Mauser or Metford bullet might traverse the knee and fracture bones entering into the joint without causing any risk to life or limb, or even any permanent disablement. He believed the records of the war would show amazingly few primary amputations. The character of gun-shot wounds had

COMPLETELY CHANGED.

Their severity was not only diminished, but also their relative frequence so that the progressive movement in lethal weapons did not appear to render the prosecution of war more difficult or impossible, as some had lately contended. Only 6 to 8 per cent. of those wounded now died. In the American Civil war the percentage was 14½. Stress had been placed upon our losses in South Africa. They were almost insignificant in comparison with those of former days. In the Crimea they reached nearly half our strength. The invisibility of the enemy had made the greatest change in warfare.

On one day, September 1st, 1870, in the Franco-German war, the French lost 3,000 killed and 14,000 wounded, not far short of our total loss for the entire period of the South African war. Modern troops in the field were now supplied with a packet of antiseptic material called a first field dressing. If no surgeon was near, a wounded man would apply the dressing for himself, or a comrade would help him. This certainly helped and comforted the wounded, but he (Sir William) did not much believe in its antiseptic efficacy. The Roentgen rays would serve to abolish the use of the probe, a fertile cause of mischief and of needless suffering. Formerly there was no such organization as existed to-day for the transport of the wounded to the field hospital. The organization was now very complete, and worked well in South Africa. Hospital ships and trains were comparatively new, and were of immense value. The ships, he considered, were as near perfect as could be—(cheers) and the hospital trains did splendid work. At the Battle of Colenso, before the firing had ceased, a hospital train was loaded with 120 wounded men, every one of whom had been dressed and attended by the bearer companies. What a contrast was this with the Crimea!

MIXING THEIR METAPHORS.

Few things are more joyous to an audience than the mixed metaphors of an orator. The Irish race is famous for its contributions to merriment in this particular. The Academy gives three illustrations:

You are, said a late Lord Mayor of Dublin, standing on the edge of a precipice that will be a weight on your necks all the rest of your days.

HE MADE HIM PAY.

Some little time ago a carrier in the neighborhood of M—— was engaged in removing the furniture of a certain well-known man of the district.

As the latter was a notoriously slippery customer Mr. C——, the carrier, personally superintended the unloading of the van, with an eye to the immediate settlement of his bill on completion.

Unfortunately he was called away on urgent business but he intrusted the affair to one of his men, a very trustworthy fellow.

Understand Bill, he said, you don't come away without the money on any account.

Right, said Bill.

When the contents of the van were at length safely stowed in the house Bill approached the man, who had been fussing about in his keen, alert way, and demanded payment.

Is everything out? asked the latter gazing eagerly in the van. Ah, my friend, I can't pay you to-day, because I haven't got the money—not a farthing. And he looked at him with a sly triumph at his own imagined smartness.

You think you're mighty clever, don't you? said Bill, coolly, waiting till we cleared out; but I reckon you didn't know what was left under the sacking there! and he nodded carelessly inside the van.

Ah, what's inside, then? asked the man in quick dismay, darting in.

You! roared Bill, as he slammed the door to and dropped the bar, with a chuckle.

Half an hour later he arrived home.

Well, Bill, inquired his master, got the money?

No, answered Bill, to his consternation, but I've got the man.

The prisoner was already in such a state of collapse that he paid up on the spot.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Lord Guillamore used to tell the following story of a dialogue between the guard of a mail and a mincing old lady, with whom he once travelled from Cork to Dublin in the old coaching days.

The coach had stopped to change horses, and the guard, a big, red-faced, jolly man, beaming with good humor and civility, came bustling up to the window to see if the "insides" wanted anything.

Guard! whispered the old lady.

Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?

Could you—in a faint voice—could you get me a glass of water?

To be sure, ma'am, with all the pleasure in life.

And, guard—still fainter. I'd—hem!—I'd—a—like it hot.

Hot water! Oh, all right, ma'am. Why not, if it's plazing to you?

With a lump of sugar, guard, if you please.

By all manner of means, ma'am.

And—and—guard, dear—as the guard was turning to go away—a small squeeze of lemon, and a little—just a thimbleful of spirits through it.

Och! Isn't that punch? shouted the guard. Where was the good of beating about the bush? Couldn't you have asked for a tumbler of punch at once, ma'am, like a man?

VERY USEFUL INDEED.

A certain gentleman who served with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa is rather fond of drawing the long-bow when referring to his personal experiences. This fact has not escaped the notice of the gentleman's faithful manservant, whom we will call Donald. The other afternoon the returned warrior had been relating to Donald a particularly startling story of heroism and deadly peril, when the canny Scot gravely observed: It's a peety ye didna tak' me wi' ye.

Oh! went on the narrator, I daresay you would have done your best, but really you couldn't have assisted me much. I was completely hemmed in, and there was nothing for it but to cut my way through the serried mass of furious burghers. If you had been there, Donald, I'm afraid you'd have only been in the way.

Aweel, said Donald, doggedly, mebbe ye're richt, but, for a' that, I wad ha' been useful as a weetness when ye telt that story to your friends.

IT MIXED HIM UP.

"As to the coming yacht race and Lipton," said Mr. ezzit to his wife, "I think it will be found that there is many a slip between the lip and the cupton."

"What ?" inquired Mrs. Sezzit.

"I mean there will be many a clup between the lip and the slipton—there will be many a clip from the slip to the—confound it, I mean there will be many a lip between the cup and the slipton—no, that isn't right—there will be many as slap from the clip to the cupton—that is—there will be a captain from the slip—hang it, Maria, you always get me confused! What I want to say is that there will be many a sip from the lip to the scupton—what the dickens are you laughing at anyhow? That's the way with a silly woman. Wonder to me any man of sense ever tries to talk to them."

"Why, my dear, what is wrong with you this evening ?"

"There isn't anything wrong. I was going to say that there will be many a slip between the lup and—well, I hope we lose the race, anyway, just to teach you to respect your husband more when he tries to entertain you."

WHAT A CANARY EATS.

People who are very dainty are sometimes said to have the appetite of a canary bird. But a scientific sceptic recently resolved to find out just what the appetite of a canary bird is. He weighed a canary, and found it weighed 247 grains, or something over half an ounce. He also weighed all the food, and found that the bird eats thirty-two times his weight every month, or actually more than his weight every day.

135 in every 1,000 of Britain's population are under five years old; only 98 of those in France.

COUNTERFEIT COINERS.

THERE CLEVER TRICKS AND HOW TO DETECT THEM.

A Well Known Detective Tells of Their Many Devices and Tools.

There is no rogue half so incorrigible as the professional coiner, says a well known detective. A reformed burglar or pick-pocket is quite common; but a regenerated coiner, in my experience, is even more rare than a black swan or a dead donkey. There appears to be some fascination in the misapplied art; for no amount of punishment seems to deter a convicted coiner from returning to his moulds and batteries the very moment he is free.

The modern coiner takes a very high rank among intelligent criminals, and is as far removed from his forerunner of a few generations ago as an average man from an ape. The coiner of our grandfathers' days was indeed a clumsy workman, who was content with a battery made of jamjars, and manufactured his coins out of iron and tin, bismute and brass; and the products of his "skill" would impose on none but the ignorant and careless.

Even to-day a few of the "baser" sort of coiners are almost equally primitive in their methods. Their batteries are crudely contrived out of domestic vessels, and the rest of their apparatus consists of plaster of Paris and plumbago to make the moulds, a crucible, an iron spoon, a file or two, and a little grease. In fact, the whole of their equipment would be dear at fifty cents. It is needless to say their victims are generally of the most ignorant classes; and even then they and their "snide pitchers," the men employed to pass the spurious coins, are often "lagged."

THE "SUPERIOR" COINER.

however, is a man of considerable intelligence, who has often made an exhaustive study of metals and electro-plating, and can produce coins as perfect in appearance as any that are issued from the Mint, and which satisfy all the ordinary tests of weight and so on. In fact, many of the coins they produce are actually made of gold and silver; only the gold is of a low grade and is liberally alloyed with copper and silver, while it is a well-known fact that it is possible to mould spurious coins of silver of the requisite fineness, and yet make a profit of 100 per cent on the manufacture. At this rate of profit the business is quite lucrative enough to compensate for a little risk; and naturally such coins, which are of full weight and of standard silver, are most difficult to detect.

But most coiners are not satisfied with reasonable profit, and they prefer to make their silver coins of antimony and lead (antimony furnishing the bulk of the coin) covered, of course, with a coating of silver. Spurious gold coins are largely made of platinum, a metal which gives the requisite weight.

The process of coining is really very simple, although it requires both delicacy and manipulative skill. An exact impression is taken of the coin to be copied, and a mould is made from plaster of Paris. The molten metal is then poured into the mould through a small aperture in it. Any superfluous metal is filed away, and the part from which it is removed is

MOST CAREFULLY MILLED.

The coins are now placed, in a rack, in a silver solution, in which they are soon covered with a coating of silver electrically deposited on them. To remove any suspicious newness they are covered with a mixture of grease and cigar-ash or lampblack. To increase the deception the coin which is copied is almost invariably old and worn; and the resultant copy, after undergoing the various doctoring processes, has all the appearance of a dirty, half-obliterated coin of the days of the Georges.

A favorite trick with coiners of gold is to take a genuine sovereign and by drawing or slicing remove as much as possible of the inferior gold, filling up the cavity with platinum, so as to preserve the proper weight and ring. By these artifices the sovereign loses half or even as much as three-quarters of its intrinsic value, while retaining the unmistakable appearance of a good coin.

Probably none but an expert teller could detect these impostures; but the ordinary spurious coin made from pewter, antimony, lead, and similar base metals can almost invariably be detected by one of the following tests:—If on rubbing the coin with a moistened finger the bright metal appears under the worn and dirty surface, you may be sure the coin is counterfeit. The practice of biting the coin, common to many people, is excellent; for the spurious coin is always "gritty" as distinguished from the smoothness of a genuine coin; and if you find that your suspicious coin will make a mark on a slate you may be sure that there is good ground for your distrust.

LAST YEAR'S MINT WORK.

Some interesting figures have been published realating to the work of the British mint last year. It seems the total coins numbered 107,000,000, valued at £15,776,000, an increase of £5,000,000 in value over the year 1899. Of the coins 41,000,000 were silver, of the value of £2,000,000, the profit on which, owing to the low price of silver was actually £974,000. The total profit amounted to £990,000, so that there was only £16,000 profit on the gold and bronze coinage. The bronze coins issued were 51,640,000, requiring 391 tons of metal of the nominal value of £168,300.

OUGHT TO BE HAPPY.

Blackwood has bitten the dust, said Keedick.

Well, he always did want the earth, commented Fosdick.

News From The District...

Interesting Jottings from our own Correspondents and Culled from Exchanges for Review Readers.—All the Happenings of the District.

QUEENSBORO.

From Our Correspondent.

The English church people held a very pleasant and successful lawn social on the Rev. Mr. Code's lawn last week.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Code are spending a couple of weeks with friends at Smith's Falls.

Messrs. J. Moore, J. Nicol and H. Wiggins spent last week at the Pan-American.

Mr. S. Smith and family are moving to Madoc, having sold their place to Mr. D. Trotter.

Quite a number from here attended the Harvest Dinner at Allan Settlement.

BANCROFT.

From the Times.

Mr. John Perry, of Maynooth, has been appointed bailiff of the eleventh Division Court, vice B. H. Sweet, resigned.

Mr. W. Hulin, who drove the stage from Bancroft to Ormsby for a number of years, has purchased the Stirling mail route. He will live in Stirling.

The residence of Mr. Sam Vance, on the Pandash lake road, was destroyed by fire on Monday, together with nearly all the household effects. He carried a small insurance in the Bancroft Mutual.

The annual fall show of the Monteagle, Herschel, Bangor, Wicklow and McClure Agricultural Society will be held at Maynooth on Thursday, Oct. 3rd. For information as to prize lists, etc., address John Perry, sec.-treas., Maynooth.

One by one the old settlers are passing away, the last to obey the summons being Mrs. Vance, relict of the late Jas. Vance, who died on Sunday last at the home of her son, James, in Bancroft, having attained the ripe old age of 82 years.

A very severe electric storm visited Fort Stewart early last Friday morning. Lightning struck Mr. Sam Mallard's barn, burning it with nearly all the season's crop and a lot of new machinery. The horses and part of the harness was saved. No insurance.

While prospecting on the farm of Mr. Chas. Bartlett, Monteagle, Mr. H. Eckert made a rather curious discovery in the shape of a blow-out or furnace-shaped hole in a rock. The hole is lined with mica, at one time of good quality, but at present it is burned to a cinder and is of an ashy color. In this hole he came upon a bed of pure sulphides of copper and nickle pyrites. He took out two bushels of the ore and left plenty of the same in the hole.

MARMORA.

From the Herald.

Mrs. W. E. Connor, of Madoc, was in town on Monday.

A gas and oil excitement in Peterboro is the newest development to record.

Marmora lacrosse club are anxious for a match with any of the neighboring teams.

Mr. J. Walter Wells, Provincial Assayer, Belleville, was in town Monday on a visit to the Canadian Goldfields. He returned in the afternoon

A happy event took place at noon yesterday in Rawdon. Peter McInroy, of Huntingdon, was united in marriage to Martha, daughter of Joseph Mumby, of Rawdon. The interesting ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. S. Houck at the home of the bride's father and was witnessed by over fifty invited guests.

There is perhaps no place in the Province having more good shots than this village and surrounding country. A number have been talking of the advisability of forming a gun club to practice shooting and have friendly matches with neighboring towns. A meeting to organize will be held at the Herald office on Monday evening at 8.30.

A severe electric storm passed over the village on Thursday afternoon, August 22nd. Mr. Pearce's house was struck, the lightning doing damage to the chimney, and running down the roof tore off a number of shingles. Miss Bessie Pearce was the only one in at the time but fortunately she was not injured. Several in the immediate neighborhood were badly shaken up and frightened.

William Sheridan died at his home in North Marmora, Monday, aged 31 years. Deceased had resided all his life in Marmora and was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. He had been in poor health during the past two years but was able to work a little until recently, when he began to get much worse. In the vain effort to be cured he was taken to Belleville Hospital. Here he underwent an operation, but gradually became worse and, in order to die in peace among his friends, he was driven home in an ambulance on Friday.

Trenton Man Killed.

An Employee of the Gilmour Company Received Injuries That Proved Fatal.

A sad accident took place Friday afternoon about 4.30 o'clock in Gilmour's mill, at Trenton, when John Kane received injuries which resulted in his death a few hours afterwards.

He was working at an edging machine when a board flew back and struck him with terrific force in the abdomen.

He was taken to his home but never regained consciousness and passed away shortly before midnight.

The deceased was about 60 years of age and was born in Trenton. He was well known and highly respected. He leaves a wife and two children.

TWEED.

(From the News.)

Mr. J. Bowers, of Moira, is very justly proud of handsome sunflower which he has raised this year. The plant stands eight feet high and bears over one hundred beautiful flowers of various sizes.

Mr. Frank Patching met with a rather serious accident while at work in the heading factory on Saturday. He was working at the turning machine when a small piece of wood struck him fairly in the eye. He will be unable to attend to his duties for a few days and his doctor cannot say definitely yet whether or not the sight may be affected.

Mary Ann Bedford, relict of the late Wm. Lovekin, passed away on Tuesday at the home of their daughter, Mr. (Rev.) J. Batstone, Bridgewater, aged 53 years. The funeral was held yesterday morning, service being conducted at the Bridgewater Methodist church, after which the remains were taken to the G. T. R station, Madoc, thence to Bowmanville for interment.

After an illness of eight or nine months Mr. James Bradshaw passed away at his home at Bridgewater on Friday last, aged 45 years. Deceased was born at Cannifton, being a son of the late Benjamin Bradshaw, and has resided all his life in the County of Hastings. For the past twelve years he has resided at Bridgewater, being proprietor of the hotel there. He is survived by a widow and three daughters, aged about ten and six years. Three brothers and two sisters also survive.

Lazier's Mills Burned.

A Conflagration on Saturday Night That Caused a Great Amount of Danger.

Ontario.

One of the most serious conflagrations that have taken place in this locality in years occurred on Saturday at midnight when the mills of S. A. Lazier & Sons were totally destroyed together with all the contents.

The fire is supposed to have had its orgin in a stack of straw which was piled at the northern part of the mill. There were 36 large loads of straw in the stack and consequently when it started to burn the heat from it was intense. There was a heavy wind from the north and it swept the flames right into the mill.

The fire was discovered in time to save the twelve horses that were in the stables and five working waggons. The harness was all burned. About fifty cords of wood which were piled in the yard also went up in smoke.

All that remains of the property is the wall of the flour mill. The paper mill, shingle mill, stables, waggon shed and other out buildings were were burned to the foundations.

Mr. Lazier places the loss between $50,000 and $70,000. On this there is an insurance of $20,000.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND Women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure 25c. E W Grove's signature is on each box.

Rooms to Rent.

Two pleasant, furnished Rooms to rent by the week. Apply to
MRS. M. E. ORR.
Madoc, Aug. 20th, 1901.

FOR SALE.

Valuable building Lots on St. Lawrence, Durham, Prince Albert and Davidson streets, in the Village of Madoc. To RENT, — Large Brick House, modern improvements.
Apply to D. E. K. STEWART.

Camping Supplies

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Canned Fruits.

Meat.

Fish.

Vegetables and Soups.

Pickles of the best brands and styles.

Sauces in all forms.

Marmalade and Olives.

Cakes and Confectionery, etc., etc.

Fine assortment of China and Glassware.

GEORGE WRIGHT.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.
W. J. ATKINS.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND Women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Pine's Medicines.

The demand for Pine's Medicines has so increased that the proprietor has decided to place them in convenient places for the public. Below are the places, where they will be found:—

F. C. Sherwin, Crookston.
Elizabeth Tanner, Ivanhoe.
A. Adams, West Huntingdon.
Geo. W. Collins, Plainfield.
Hewitt & Cornish, Roslin.
J. H. Roberts, Actinolite.
Hawley Stone, Flinton.
Wm. Both, North Brook.
James Murphy, Bogart.
Patrick Murphy, Stoco.
F. O. Diamond, Queensboro.
Lewis Kellar, Remington.
C. Miller, Eldorado.
Israel McEwen, Bannockburn.
Wm. Lumb, Millbridge.
W. D. Nickle, Malone.
R. R. Hannah, Cooper.
T.. Hinchliff, Gunter.
N.. Green, Gilmour.

Flinton, July 20, 1900.

To whom it may concern:—

This is to certify that having had occasion to use some of James S. Pine's medicines or prescriptions I can safely say that I believe they are the best remedies for suffering humanity (that is for diseases for which those remedies are advertised) that are in the market to-day, and I have no hesitation in recommending them to anyone.

JAMES M. DAFOE.

Village Property for Sale.

We have a number of good building lots which we offer for sale very cheap. They will be sold in single lots or in blocks to suit the purchaser. For further particulars apply to
FRED. ROLLINS,
Madoc.

.....BATHS.....

Why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to
SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING
AT
VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,
Next Wilson's Dru Store.

ALEX. BELAIR

Merchant Tailor.

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

MADOC.

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings. All new Goods.

YOUR PATRONAGE
RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Bertram Walker, late of the town of Wardner, in the state of Idaho, one of the United States of America, miner, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O., 1897, Chap. 128, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said deceased, who died on or about the 13th day of March, 1901, are required on or before the 1st day of October, 1901, to send by post prepaid or deliver to W.J. Moore, Esq., Solicitor for Harrison William Walker, the administrator, their full names, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further, take notice that after such last mentioned date, the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have received notice as above, and that he will not be liable for the said assets to any person of whose claim he shall not have received notice at the time of such distribution.

W. J. MOORE,
Solicitor for the Administrator.
Dated at Madoc this 20th day of August, 1901

You'll Be Happy

when you see these delightful cloths for summer use. The manufacturers have provided for coat comfort these silken textured materials. Order your coat cut from some of these cool and elegant cloths, and order it early, for they are greatly in demand by fashionable dressers who want to keep cool.

R. E. COLLING.

LIFE.....

A question of great interest for intending insurers is: Which Canadian Life Company is in highest favor with the insuring Canadian public? The following table is a good indicator:

Name of Company.	Commenced Business in Canada.	Canadian Business Written in 1899.
North American,	1881,	$4,834,505
Sun Life,	1871,	3,966,859
Ontario Mutual,	1870,	3,955,505
Confederation,	1871,	3,839,469
Canada Life,	1847,	3,800,917

The above are the five leading Canadian companies and although the North American is much the youngest in years, she is outstripping all her rivals in the Canadian field.

J. R. ORR, Agent, Madoc.
J. W. GARVIN, B.A., Man. Con Peterboro, Ont.

Business Men, Professional Men, School Teachers, Clergymen, Etc.

Use Printed Stationery

It costs little more than the plain—gives caste to your business or profession. We have several qualities of Letter Heads, Note Heads and Envelopes, as well as a full line of Commercial Stationery.

Some Spring or Summer Announcement is wanted—a circular, booklet or dodger—perhaps some Billheads or Statements—Labels or Tags.

Your Printing is what we are asking for—and we can ask for it with good grace, for we do the kind of Printing that pleases fastidious people.

The Review Job Department,
MADOC, ONT.
Let us Figure on Your Requirements

Farmers

CALL AT

JOHN R. BROWN'S

and see his special lines of Spring Goods, consisting of

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Steel Rollers, Seeders, - also - Buggies, Wagons, &c.

Agent for the celebrated

DEERING HARVESTING MACHINERY
— also the —
Handy Truck Scales

Call and see me before purchasing.

JOHN R. BROWN.

Choice Lots for Sale....

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of Small Capitalists.

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms or avail themselves of the conditions of building, can get full information by application to the undersigned or to

A. F. WOOD, ESQ.

Prices of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. Buildings and Lots can be arranged for from $400 to $2,000.

F. E. SEYMOUR.

$30,000 IN DEBT

The Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

A Charitable Institution Caring for Sick and Crippled Children from All Parts of the Province of Ontario.

Group of Six Patients now in the Hospital.—(From a photograph.)

With another year's work added to the twenty-two years of its existence, the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, has sent out its report of the good that it has done. In 23 years the Hospital has nursed and treated 30,000 pain-stricken children, which is truly a great record. Last year over 3,000 children were treated in the in-door and outdoor departments. The fame of the Hospital has travelled far indeed, for the little patients are brought to its doors from all parts of the province. Some marvellous cures have been effected by its skilful physicians, while many a little crippled child has recovered the use of deformed limbs under the care of its surgeons. No expense is spared in any single case when there is the least hope of such expenditure proving beneficial.

The better to procure the appliances needed in curing the deformities of many little patients, the Hospital Trustees have this year added a very important department to the Hospital. A building adjoining the large Hospital on College street was purchased, and in it were placed the machinery and material needed for the making of all kinds of appliances needed in different cases of surgery. An expert workman has been secured from New York to superintend the making of these appliances to the exact measurements and designs submitted by the surgeons attending each case.

The results have been eminently satisfactory. Not only is it possible to get these appliances quickly and correctly made for each patient, but the expense has been greatly reduced, and endless savings will be effected.

Many of the little patients come from homes where every dollar is needed for every day needs, and where the parents could not possibly afford to supply the braces, supports and orthopaedic apparatus, let alone secure the attendance of the eminent surgeons who dedicate their services to the Hospital.

Picture the improvement that must follow to a crippled child piteously suffering from some sad spinal disease, lying perhaps in a dark corner on a hard bed, and attended lovingly but intermittently by a hard-working mother. Picture the improvement in that child's prospects of recovery when taken into the bright atmosphere of a hospital ward, where it will be carefully and tenderly nursed and where every care of modern surgical and medical science will be given it.

It would make one's heart ache to see the surroundings of discomfort where some of these little lives have been slowly ebbing away until word of the Hospital's mercies has brought a promise of health to the child and the pleasures of hope to the parents.

We take pleasure in telling our readers of this noble institution, for who knows but some of the little ones within this district may even now have need of its services! The trustees desire us to announce that the doors of the Hospital are thrown wide open to receive any sick or ailing child under 14 years of age who could be benefited by its skill. And its services are free to little children whose parents cannot afford the small fee charged. None are refused admission. For this Hospital was founded in 1875 by great-hearted men and women, who saw the need of the special care necessary for sick, destitute and friendless children, little ones who, through misfortune, disease and poverty could not help themselves; though to-day its fame has spread, and many of the Hospital patients come from stately homes as well as humble dwellings. What charity has so great a claim on the sympathies of men, women and children?

The Hospital is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world. In it there is accommodation for 200 children. To-day there are more than 100 patients in the cots—babies, boys and girls.

In close affiliation with the Hospital is The Lakeside Home for Little Children, the convalescent branch, where all the patients who can be moved are taken to spend the warm summer months. The Lakeside Home was a gift of a Toronto gentleman to the Hospital. It is located on the south-west corner of Toronto Island, and the situation is a breezy and health-giving one.

This great charity is supported by the voluntary contributions of the people of Ontario. The ordinary expenditure last year was over $70,000. Yet, thanks to the generosity of the public, this expense was met, and $25,000 was paid off the mortgage, which had been retarding and harassing the work for years.

There is still left a mortgage of $25,000 and a bank overdraft of $5,000, or a total debt of $30,000. If the friends of the Hospital are just a little more liberal this year, that huge indebtedness will be lifted, and the Hospital for Sick Children will swing into the twentieth century free from debt.

The Trustees are making a special Christmas appeal for money to discharge this debt. They know they have the kindly sympathy of every one for a mother charity, which stands erect, with arms outstretched, ready to gather into its embrace the sick and ailing little creatures who are entitled to health, the first great need to a fair start on life's journey.

They will be pleased to send a report or any required particulars to any reader of this paper.

All they ask is a dollar from each kind heart—or more if you feel you can spare it.

A donation of $160 will support a cot in the Hospital for one year.

A donation of $2,000 will endow a cot for all time.

And $1 is an appreciable gift. For many dollars will follow yours. "He who gives quickly gives twice."

Through the columns of the Toronto Evening Telegram each donation will be acknowledged, as well as in the Annual Report. J. Ross Robertson, Chairman of the Hospital Trust, Toronto, to whom donations may be sent, will also send written acknowledgment of any donations as soon as received.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"We will show you what we have," he said.

They passed out into the hall, the old man gently patting the white hand upon his arm, and looking at the beautiful face as if he had already forgotten the presence of a third person. At the first stair she drew Sir Richard's arm under instead of over hers, so that he should lean on her, with a sidelong glance of loving devotion. Nothing escaped the keen eyes behind them. Having reached the gallery, Sir Richard turned to the visitor:

"But a poor collection, I fear, Mr. Wilton."

They paced slowly along the polished floor, Caryl making a remark now and then which showed his thorough appreciation of the paintings which Sir Richard had gathered. Sir Richard was delighted.

"You are a connoisseur, Mr. Wilton," he said. "That Kneller is a favorite of mine. There are two better specimens in the portrait gallery, but we won't trouble you with family portraits."

"On the contrary, please do. I should especially enjoy looking at your family portraits," and he glanced at Maida with a searching look. "I am fond of physiognomy; there is much to be learned from the study of faces."

Maida's eye? encountered his at this remark with the first touch of defiance which she had exhibited during the morning.

"True, true," murmured Sir Richard.

"Yes," went on Caryl Wilton; "one time, and not so long ago, I used to pride myself on the possession of a retentive memory for faces, and I think that even now I do not easily forget a face."

"Just so, just so," assented the old man. "Yes," he rambled on, pleased with the subject, "and yet identification is a ticklish thing. I have met with some strange cases in my time. I remember one at this moment, a successful attempt at impersonation. I forget the exact details, but the impostor enjoyed the fruits of his fraud, a large estate, until the day of his death. He would have been buried under his assumed title, but remorse compelled him to confess at his last hour. The rogue confessed also that he had never enjoyed a happy moment during all his years of wrongful possession."

"Fear of detection or the return of the right man, I suppose," said Caryl, with apparently placid curiosity.

"N—o: for if I remember rightly, he had murdered the right man, and had, apparently, proved his identity so clearly that—— Yes, my dear?" he broke off, for Maida had drawn her arm away, and had emitted a low murmur.

"Is it not very warm up here?" she asked, with a smile so ghastly that even Sir Richard could not help noticing it.

"Yes, yes. How thoughtless of me! And I have startled you with my foolish stories!" broke in Sir Richard, anxiously. "The window for Mr. Wilton. Thank you."

Her face though his own face was no more ghastly than hers, and showed evidence of a terrible shock, Caryl Wilton had not delayed to open the window and to return to Maida with a chair. She was going to sink pitifully into it, when she caught sight of his white, distorted face.

A look of startled inquiry shot into her eyes, and was instantly displaced by one of indignant horror. She realized in an instant that her weakness at that moment must have roused the suspicion in his mind that she had committed the awful crime of murder in order to gain the place she held in Hartleigh Hall. She straightened herself, without having touched the chair, and put them both aside, with an air of queenly pride.

"Thank you," she said; "it was only a momentary weakness. I suppose murder is hardly a subject to discuss before a woman. Indeed, I could suppose that a gentleman might find it difficult to even think of it in the company of a lady."

She cast a glance full of scorn and defiance at Caryl, who was too quick to comprehend her moods to misunderstand her meaning, as he answered apologetically:

"It is possible to dread for a moment what it would be impossible ever to believe, even in the face of seeming certain evidence."

"My darling!" exclaimed Sir Richard in a shocked whisper, for it was he and not Caryl who had been guilty of the offence so scathingly rebuked by Maida.

"Oh, papa," she cried, as she realized that the shaft intended for Caryl Wilton had in fact wounded him, "I did not mean you; I was thinking of—of——"

"In fact," broke in Caryl, with a ready invention. "Miss Hartleigh was only rebuking me, and very properly for some views I held on the subject, which had unexpectedly come to her knowledge. The rebuke was really not deserved Miss Hartleigh, for what I said was rather an expression of horror than of belief. The woman I referred to in my mind is the loftiest and purest of women. I hope you will not hold this against me"

"Certainly not," answered Maida, turning from him with an expression of relief, and saying to her father, who was looking from one to the other with a puzzed look. "Forgive me, papa; I took up the cause of one of my sex, against whom I thought Mr. Wilton had been harsh, and I did not intend— indeed,I did not connect—what I said with anything you had been saying."

She put her hand on his arm so sweetly and humbly that Sir Richard forgot everything in the contemplation of her lovely face.

"Let us go back," he said with a fond smile. "Mr. Wilton can see the portraits some other time."

A quick gleam of relief flitted over her face, but, as Caryl noticed, it faded away when the old man went on to say:

"And yet this is the shortest way to your room—for you ought to rest dear. Your exertions of last night have been too much for you."

"Well, I will go, to please you," she murmured, and they passed on.

In a few minutes they came to the entrance of the small gallery at the end of the corridor where the family portraits hung. Here a small corridor led to Maida's room. With a bow to Caryl Wilton, she was turning away on her father's arm, when suddenly, as if obeying an impulse, she stopped, and turning back, said, quickly but quietly:

"No, it is too warm in my room, and I am quite well now. I would rather go on with you, papa, for it is cool here."

"Come, then, Miss Wilful," said Sir Richard, fondly, and they entered the gallery.

Caryl Wilton half closed his eyes in the style of a connoisseur and looked up at the first portrait—a belted knight in armor, with his charger by his side and his squire in the background—and Sir Richard began the catalogue. Caryl seemed deeply interested, gazed, criticised, and admired; shading his eyes and stepping this way and that to get the best light, and appearing to have forgotten the fair presence by his side.

And she seemed as unconscious of him. But both were like a pair of wary antagonists in the arena, waiting for the decisive moment which each knew was coming, and which each was preparing to turn to his advantage.

Little by little they were approaching the pictures of the later Hartleighs, and presently, by all rules, they would come to the portrait of Lady Hartleigh. This Caryl said to himself. That portrait would be the likeness of the old lady he had seen in San Francisco if—if Waida Carringford were in truth the rightful Constance Hartleigh. In a few moments, he told himself that part of the mystery would be solved. For, though the portrait of Lady Hartleigh would have been made many years ago, it would, nevertheless, be sufficiently like the same person in old age to enable him to recognize her.

He longed to turn and look for the portrait at once, but he repressed the impatient desire, and followed the old man's words with every appearance of deep interest. He forced back every sign of impatience from his face, and furtively glanced at the face of Maida. She was pale, but there was an utter absence of emotion on her features; and to him, who by this time had learned to know her moods, this indicated the exercise of her greatest will power. He knew that she was prepared for the impending contest. He felt that he was being cruel, but he told himself that he must conquer or give up the prize.

Sir Richard, in his absorption, noticed nothing wrong with his companions, and rambled blandly on:

"Here we come to the men and women of a later date, Mr. Wilton. A difference, but not of face. The Hartleigh features remain all through. Here, for example, is my great-grandfather—he has the eye of the knight whose picture hangs first. And this lady, my grandmother—well, look on her living presentment!" and he touched the white arm next his heart.

Caryl Wilton turned and looked—looked straight and scrutinizingly at the fair face which, with a distinct touch of bravado, returned his gaze.

"Yes," he murmured, more as if in answer to a criticism of his own than to Sir Richard, "there is the likeness, undeniably."

"You see it," cried Sir Richard,, with a tone of triumph in his voice. "I saw it the first night—I—I mean I have always noted it. Constance has the eye of my mother, and my father's mouth and chin. There he stands, as in the flesh, Mr. Wilton; and here, around the corner, my unworthy self."

Caryl turned, not quickly, but with graceful leisureliness; his eyes rested for a moment on Sir Richard's portrait, and then flew to the next. It was there Lady Hartleigh should be. There he should look upon the face of the woman he had seen dying in the little cottage in San Francisco—there he should see the face of that mother by whose side Maida Carringford had stood but a few months ago. And as he looked, a low murmur of surprise broke from his lips, and he turned with undisguised questioning to Sir Richard. Right across the face of Maida he glanced, and looked full at Sir Richard.

And there was something imperative in the look which was rather felt than recognized by the old man. He felt called upon to explain the reason of the closed doors over the face of her who should be looking down on them there.

"This—this portrait is—is closed, Mr. Wilton. It—it is my wife's portrait—Lady Hartleigh. I—I had it closed some time ago—I—I hardly know why, save that it is connected with a great sorrow. You look curious——"

"Pray pardon," murmured Caryl, bowing apologetically, but with no abatement of his air of curiosity.

Sir Richard's face was pale and troubled.

"Yes," he said, after a pause, you shall see it—why should you not? I—the key"—and a trembling hand went to the waistcoat pocket.

He fumbled for a moment, and then, as if suddenly remembering, turned to Maida, and said:

"The key, my darling, you——"

She raised her eyes, slowly, and looked into Caryl Wilton's with an obstinate defiance, and she did not remove her gaze as she answered her father, in measured tones, as if she had weighed the meaning of each word, and was ready to abide by the result of what she said.

"The key? It is lost. Have you forgotten, papa?"

Sir Richard looked at her with an almost meaningless stare, as if struggling to grasp her idea. Then he said, with marked agitation:

"No, no, Constance, my darling. But it shall be as you wish. The picture, Mr. Wilton, is—is closed—forever."

"Pardon me; I have roused unpleasant memories," said Caryl, addressing the old man, but looking at Maida.

"No, no," went on Sir Richard as if in response to reflections of his own. "I—that is, the picture is closed, hidden—the key is lost. Come, look at Guy. Here is—where is Guy's picture? Oh, here. Is it not good?"

"Excellent," answered Caryl, as calmly as if nothing unusual had occurred. "Very good, indeed. But if I may ask, where is Miss Hartleigh's portrait? I do not see it."

"Not yet, not yet," replied the old man, recovering his composure the moment his daughter became the topic of conversation. "That shall be the crowning point of the gallery Mr. Wilton. I have not forgotten it. It shall be done, and soon. It shall hang next Guy."

Caryl bowed and turned to Maida, with a smile which she had learned to dread.

"I would like to ask a great favor of Miss Hartleigh."

"A favor? And what is it?" demanded Sir Richard.

Maida looked at Caryl with parting lips. She had defeated him once but the victory had been a sore one to her, and she felt as if she had after all, accomplished but little, so imperturbable was he. She felt that a snare lurked behind the request he was about to make, and she would have been glad to refuse at once any and all things he might ask. She felt herself wishing that Guy would come. Perhaps he would help her. She thought she would like to have the support of his true heart at this time. But he was not there, and she must fight it out alone with this terrible man, who seemed bent on having her in his power. So ruthless he seemed too, and yet she could not doubt that he loved her with a madness that only made him the more to be dreaded.

"It is presumptuous, I fear," said Caryl, "but I should deem it a great—a very great favor—if Miss Hartleigh will allow me to try my very mean skill in an attempt—a very poor attempt, I know—to transfer her face to canvas."

"Eh, Constance? What do you say, Constance?" said the old man, turning with a gratified expression to his daughter.

"Pray do not think me presumptuous enough to imagine that I can paint anything fit to hang beside these masterpieces," broke in Caryl before Maida could answer. "I leave that as a worthy task for the greatest artist of the day; but if you would grant——"

"Too modest, you are too modest, sir," said Sir Richard, interrupting him. "This is not the only place in which I would have my daughter's face. I want a portrait in my room—one I can claim as my own. What do you say, Constance?"

A faint flush passed over her face as she found herself obliged to decide a matter which she had no doubt was in some way a trap for her; but she recovered herself, and with a return of her defiant glance looked straight into Caryl's eyes, and answered:

"If you think it worth the trouble."

And his reply was, with an eager light in his dark eyes:

"And my first sitting—when?"

"Oh, we'll discuss that at luncheon, Mr. Wilton," said the old man. "I wonder where Guy is."

"I hear his step now," said Maida.

And, in fact, Guy came bounding into the room, as if unaware anybody was in it. He stopped short at sight of the group, and his frank face darkened when he saw Caryl Wilton standing by Maida, looking down into her eyes with a smile of conscious strength.

Then Caryl looked up, and it seemed to Maida, glancing from one face to the other, that she could see the two men measuring each other, for an impending contest.

And she thought she saw—and she shuddered as she saw it—that Caryl Wilton turned from Guy to her with a look of certainty in his whole manner.

To be Continued.

GIRL'S THREE-QUARTER COAT.

4 to 12 years.

The three-quarter coat is a conspicuous and deserved favorite for little girls' wear and is adapted to many materials. The smart little model shown is of black taffeta, with stitched edges and an additional collar of cream point de Venice, and is perfectly suited to the season's needs, but cloth or cheviot in dark blue, tan, grey or white can be substituted when preferred.

The coat is cut in box stylo, with a slightly curved back and straight fronts, the fitting being accomplished by means of shoulder and underarm seams. As illustrated the sleeves are in coat style, but the pattern also provides for the Bishop model shown in the back view. At the neck is a big turn-over collar, that is quite complete without the lace, and pockets are inserted in each front and finished with stitched overlaps. The right front laps over the left, in double-breasted style, and the closing is effected by means of buttonholes and buttons, which, in the original, are of handsome cut steel.

To cut this coat for a girl of 8 years of age 4¼ yards of material 21 inches wide, 2 yards 44 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 50 inches wide, will be required.

NEW FOOD FOR CATTLE.

Molasses Is Said To Be Beneficial For Them.

Many agriculturalists in Europe have long been convinced that molasses is an admirable food for horses and cattle, and their conviction is now stronger than ever, owing to certain experiments which have been recently tried, and which have proved eminently successful. Unfortunately, in some countries farmers have practically been debarred from using molasses in this way, owing to the fact that there is a duty on all saccharine material; but now, in France at least, steps have been taken to remove this obstacle, and, furthermore, the French Government has publicly notified agriculturalists that it will do all in its power to aid them in popularizing the new food.

The most notable experiments with molasses have been made by M. Decrombecque, a chemist, and M. Mannechez, a veterinary surgeon at Arras. They assert that chopped hay or grass mixed with molasses is an excellent cure for asthma, and furthermore, that food of this kind neither loads the stomach nor impedes respiration. They also think it likely that during digestion the sugar in the food produces alcohol and they say that, if so, the animal's health is bound to be benefited thereby.

Two other experts, MM. Dickson and Malpeaux, have also made experiments in regard to the effect of molasses on the general health, weight and milk of animals, and they have arrived at the following conclusions :—

First—That ordinary food mixed with molasses quickly increases the weight of sheep, pigs and cows; second, that animals which are fed in this way give more and richer milk than they did before; third, that molasses is an excellent food for horses, since they quickly acquire a liking for it, and apparently do not lose any of their strength, the only noticeable change being a slight tendency to stoutness; and, fourth, that molasses can effectively be used with food of an inferior quality since the animals will then readily eat it, whereas they would not care for it in its natural condition.

M. Albert Vilcoq, a French Professar of Agriculture, says that the French Government is acting very wisely in encouraging farmers to use molasses, but he points out that care should be taken not to give animals too much of it, as, owing to its heating qualities it may produce a deleterious effect if given too often or too abundantly. He says that those animals which are required to do much work or which are constantly in motion should receive a much smaller allowance of molasses than those animals which lead a lazy and sedentary life.

HIS PRIZE.

An amusing story, which may perhaps be entirely true, is told of a short-sighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police.

He was walking through a little-frequented street in St. Petersburg one night, when he spied, high up on a lamp-post, a placard.

"Aha!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant, and alert for action. "That's one of those incendiary notices about his majesty the tsar! It must come down at once!"

With some difficulty, being of a stout build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. He bore it to the ground, and there, peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read two Russian words, the English equivalent for which is the well-known legend, "Wet Paint."

The main wheel of a watch makes 1,460 revolutions a year, the central wheel 8,760, the third wheel 70,080, the fourth 525,600, and the escape-wheel 4,731,860.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

EARLY PLOWING OF STUBBLE.

Whether stubble land is to be sown to a crop this fall or next spring we believe it should be plowed as early as possible. We have observed that early-plowed land grows better wheat than land plowed just before sowing, though as a matter of fact much depends upon the kind of soil. Let us take oat stubble first. According to our way of thinking it should be plowed immediately after the oats are off the ground and sown to cowpeas, rape, Kafir corn, early sorghum or other forage crop which will afford excellent feed for farm stock until frost comes. If the oat stubble land is desired for wheat it will make no difference with the crops mentioned, except that you would get very little, if any, feeding value from them. Their value under such circumstances would lie in the addition of humus to the soil. If the seed were expensive it would not be profitable to adopt this method, though we prefer to have some kind of growth on the land after it is plowed until ready to seed, and any one of the forage crops indicated would make considerable growth from the middle of July to the first or middle of September, when wheat-sowing time is at hand. We have known oats to be sown on such land with good results. The success of the forage crops, however, sown at the time of the year soon after wheat and oats are cut will depend upon the amount of

MOISTURE IN THE SOIL.

But whether you sow a forage crop or not plow the oat stubble as early as possible and keep working it until time to sow wheat, always aiming to hold all the moisture you have locked up in the soil. We would treat wheat stubble the same way if we desired to follow wheat with wheat. If we wanted to plant the land to corn we would plow the oat or wheat stubble as early as possible and sow a forage crop. In the spring a thorough disking and harrowing would put the land in fair tilth for oats and it would be in good shape to plow for corn.

The scheme outlined subserves several purposes : It affords an abundance of forage during the autumn and fall and keeps the ground shaded. And in the winter the scattering plants tend to keep the snow from blowing off and thus exposing the naked surface. Moreover, it suppresses weed growth to a large extent, adds humus to the soil and puts it in much better condition to work in the spring, whether for oats, corn, potatoes or any other crop.

Early plowing militates against the work of insects, too, and land thus plowed is seldom infested with those species of insects which require undisturbed quarters for their best development and work.

EARLY PLOWING

does not give weeds a chance to grow, provided the land is subsequently handled properly. This is a very important consideration, inasmuch as the growth of weeds not only means the use of large quantities of moisture, but the use of plant food which should remain in the soil for the crops which it is desired to produce.

Early plowing gives the farmer an advanced position with reference to his regular farm work and affords him opportunity to engage in other lines which may promise well in his particular community and under his individual circumstances. It provides a certain degree of freedom which it is well for the farmer to have.

Where the corn has been so badly injured by the drouth that stock have been turned into the field and have eaten off the tops and blades of the plants, the land may be disked twice, harrowed two or three times and sown to rye.

If the ground is in working condition start the plows and keep them going until you have plowed every acre that is to be used this fall for wheat or rye or next spring for corn or oats. We believe it would be advisable to plow up all oat stubble in which the clover has not made satisfactory growth. If it isn't good now it isn't likely to ever amount to much.

RENEWING MEADOWS INJURED BY DROUTH.

Just what to do with these lands is a problem. Where the ground is suitable for growing corn, oats, beets etc., undoubtedly the best plan is to plow and devote to some cultivated crop for two or three years. To supply pasture and hay for next year sow timothy this fall on fall grains and next year put on six to ten pounds of good red clover seed per acre, harrowing it in with a smoothing harrow. This will furnish pasture during the latter part of the season, provided the weather is at all favorable for a good catch of the grass and clover seed. Where pasture must be used this fall and early next spring there is possibly nothing better than winter rye. Sow this now as soon as the ground can be prepared and when four or five inches high turn on the live stock, taking care not to graze too closely. The rye starts early in the spring and will furnish pasturage usually ahead of clover or timothy meadows. By pasturing just enough to prevent heading an immense amount of green feed can be secured.

Hay cannot be secured the first year from seed sown on fall grains. The only way to get a hay crop the first season is to sow timothy or clover or both on a field especially prepared for this purpose. The seeding should be done early spring, just as soon as the ground can be worked. It may be necessary to delay the seeding of clover until all danger of frost is past. See that the seed is covered to a depth of one to 1½ inches. If the season is at all favorable, a fairly good crop can be cut the first year. Where clover is needed alone sow 10 to 12 lbs. per acre Where they are mixed say 6 lbs. of clover and six lbs of timothy. This may seem a little heavy, for some localities, but it is much better to put on a heavy seeding than to get only a part of a catch.

ENSILAGE FROM OLD CORN.

I usually let the ear form and the blades begin to die, writes Mr. Dillwyn Stratton. One cannot always have the grain glaze. Frost or drouth may interfere, but if nothing prevents let it ripen beyond the roasting ear stage. Filling every other day gives advantage in packing and consequently silage may keep a little better. With a blower cutter very nice ensilage resulted from filling one day without anyone in silo save to direct the swiftly flowing torrents around the walls of pit.

I use a corn binder and find it best to be a little ahead so corn will wilt somewhat in bundle before handling. I have filled silos with corn that has lain in bundle two weeks and had satisfactory results, but with rain and warm weather would fear mold. Some years ago a neighbor ran short of ensilage corn and hauled field corn that had been in shock for several weeks to finish filling. From the tank for engine we ran hose to carrier running ¾ in. stream in elevator sending a sprinkle all over pit, disagreeable enough for the men tramping, but resulting in satisfactory feed for the cows.

When I have had a surplus of southern ensilage corn I have set a waggon load of the bundles in a shock. I feed from silo until room was obtained for the remainder, to which I added nearly one barrel of water to the load. All of our experience with fodder partly dried, goes to show that when well wet and well tramped it makes fair ensilage. So to the many who decide at the last moment this fall to build silos, if frost kills the corn before you are ready to fill, do not be scared but fill and wet down.

THE MODERN MACHINE SHOP.

A Far Less Noisy Place Than Its Old-Time Predecessor.

"As compared with the old-time shop, with its incessant clatter and din," says a shop superintendent, "the modern machine shop might almost be described as noiseless.

"You used to hear in such places a constant rattling of wheels and a more or less continuous pounding. Now you might go through a big shop from top to bottom and never hear a hammer stroke; and instead of a general jangle of sounds you would only hear a smooth, uniform hum; a noise, to be sure, but not half so much in volume as that heard in the old-time shop, and actually musical as compared with it. All this is due to vastly improved modern methods of work and enormously improved modern machines.

"In old times they used to chip and file all flat surfaces. You can imagine what sort of racket such work as that must have made. Then we got the metal planer, which did the work better and, of course, at far less cost, and which gradually did away with most of the chipping and filing. The planer can screech some now; but that doesn't begin to make the noise it used to, and the noise it does make is not to be compared with that of the chippers and filers.

"The old-time gear wheels were far more rattly and noisy than those of to-day. Extensively used in machine shops in one way and another, such wheels were formerly all cast. Nowadays gear wheels for use where such accuracy is desirable, are made by automatic gear-cutting machines, which cut the teeth on them with mathematical accuracy. Such wheels as these are themselves beautiful productions of machine tool work; and when they come to be brought to use they make, of course, with their perfect form and their nice adjustment, one to another, far less noise than the old-time ordinary cogged wheels.

"Another common source of noise in the old-time shop was found in the pounding of work of any sort that was to be turned on arbors in the lathes. There is nothing of that sort, or next to nothing, done in machine shops nowadays, that is, in the shops with modern equipment. Such work is pressed on the arbor, noiselessly, with a compound screw; or by hydraulic power; or by steam power; the work being pressed off the arbor, when finished, in like manner.

"In old times when they wanted to cut off a bar of steel they used to send for the bladesmith and his helper, who would come in with sledges and chisel and pound away at it. Now they would send such a bar to the cutting-off machine and have it sawed off, with no noise at all.

"In short, the work in machine shops is nowadays more and more of it being done by wonderful labor and time-saving automatic machine tools that are comparatively noiseless in operation; and, in handling the work, power is brought more and more into use, and used more and more noiselessly; and so, with these improved methods and appliances, the modern machine shop is far less noisy than its old-time predecessor."

GOOD OLD SCOTCHMAN.

A Scotchman went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets, he noticed a bald-headed chemist standing at his shop door, and inquired if he had any hair restorer.

"Yes sir," said the chemist. "Step inside, please. There's an article I can recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' yer head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

The chemist returned the bottle to the shelf and kicked the errand boy for laughing.

NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW.

J. R. ORR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS: $1.50; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE

25TH YEAR.—No. 37 Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, September 19, 1901. POSTAGE PREPAID

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Notice.

I have a large amount of money to loan at 4½ and 5 per cent, on first-class farm security.

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THE Ancient Order of United Workmen meets every first and third Friday of each month, in Moon's new block. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

W. J. MOORE, Master Workman
C. D. McDONALD, Recorder.

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I. O. O. F.

MEETS in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening, at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

WM. BROOKS, Noble Grand
Rec. Secretary. WM. SINCLAIR, Fin. Secretary.

D. E. K. STEWART,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY ETC., MADOC, ONTARIO.

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OFFICE—Opposite Methodist Church.

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OFFICE—In O'Flynn's Block, south of the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, Ont.

G. ERNEST CORK

(Former pupil of A. S. Vogt and J. Humphrey Anger, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.)

TEACHER OF

PIANO, ORGAN AND THEORY,

Organist Madoc Methodist Church, will be in Madoc from

FRIDAY UNTIL MONDAY

Of each week. Concert engagements accepted. For terms, etc., call at Mrs. Moon's, Prince Albert Street, or address Tweed, Ont.

DEATH HAS CROWNED HIM A MARTYR.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in New York Journal.)

In the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty
Ship of State
Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a
derelict of fate.
One that drifted from its mooring in the anchorage of hate.

On the dock our noble Pilot, in the glory of his prime,
Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead before his hour or time,
Victim of a mind self-centered, a godless fool of crime,

One of earth's dissension-breeders, one of Hate's unreasoning tools,
In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot anger cools,
He who fought for Crime's distinction shall be known as Chief of Fools,

In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought of fame
(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise or blame),
Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light, will shine his name,

Youth proclaimed him as a hero; Time, a statesman; Love, a man,
Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from goal to goal he ran,
Knowing all the sum of glory that a human life may span.

He was chosen by the people; not an accident of birth
Made him ruler of a nation, but his own intrinsic worth,
Fools may govern over kingdoms—not republics of the earth,

He has raised the lover's standard, by his loyalty and faith,
He has shown how virile manhood may keep free from scandal's breath,
He has gazed, with trust unshaken, in the awful eyes of death.

In the mighty march of progress he has sought to do his best,
Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him down to rest,
And may God assuage the anguish of one suffering woman's breast.

Mrs. Carrie Nation smashed the windows of two Ottawa hotels this week.

Emma Goldman, the Anarchist lecturer, received threatening letters yesterday.

President Roosevelt has announced that he will continue the policy of his predecessor absolutely, and asks the present members of the Cabinet to retain their portfolios.

E.D.O'Flynn & Sons

BANKERS,

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E. D. O'FLYNN
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Established 1877.

Paid up Capital.....$150,000.00.

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Loans made on farmers' notes at the lowest rates.

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MADOC, — ONTARIO.

GREAT FUTURE IN STORE.

Unprecedented Crops Will Leave the Northwest in a Splendid Financial Condition.

Could Supply the United Kingdom—Only Ten Per Cent. of Wheat Growing Area of Manitoba is Yet Unoccupied.

Montreal, Sept. 15.—F. W. Thompson, general manager of the W. W. Ogilvie Milling Company, is now in the city. The result of the crop, he says, which will average 23 bushels to the acre for Manitoba and the Northwest, will leave that country in a splendid condition financially, and he added that the eastern provinces will of course benefit accordingly. He estimates that the farmers this year will realize a total of from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 cash as a result of their labors this season.

Mr. Thompson looks for a large increase in the population for the next ten years, and in greater proportions than has occurred in the past. Winnipeg, he added, was bound to prosper and would become in the near future one of the most important cities of the Dominion.

He believed that the total wheat yield would be 50,000,000 bushels, while all the other grains were most satisfactory. There will be, the general manager declares, a steady increase in the business of cattle raising, and the shipments promise this fall to largely exceed those of last year. Speaking further, Mr. Thompson said: "When we realize that only ten per cent. of the fertile land in the small province of Manitoba is under cultivation we can easily gauge the future. The total area of land in the province of Manitoba is over 40,000,000 acres, so if we deduct one-half there are 20,000,000 acres left, and this is the finest land in existence on the globe to-day, and capable of producing as much wheat or in fact more than the entire spring wheat crop of the United States. To-day in Manitoba there are 3,500,000 acres under cultivation, and all grains, so you will easily see that we are still in need of farmers in the west. There are some 35,000 farmers in Manitoba, and there is plenty of room for 100,000 more, and if these were there that little province alone could raise sufficient wheat to supply the United Kingdom, making Great Britain completely independent of the foreign powers as regards her consumption of breadstuffs."

The Presidential Record.

Roosevelt Much the Youngest to Fill the Chair.

President.	Age at inauguration.	Cause of death.	Age at death
Washington	57	Pneumonia	67
J. Adams	62	Debility	90
Jefferson	58	Chronic Diarrhoea	83
Madison	58	Debility	85
Monroe	59	Debility	73
J. Q. Adams	58	Paralysis	80
Jackson	62	Consumption	78
Van Buren	55	Asthma, Catarrh	79
Harrison	68	Bilious pleurisy	68
Tyler	51	Bilious attack	71
Polk	50	Chronic diarrhoea	53
Taylor	65	Bilious fever	65
Fillmore	50	Debility	74
Pierce	49	Inflammation of stomach	64
Buchanan	66	Rheumatic gout	77
Lincoln	50	Assassination	50
Johnson	57	Paralysis	66
Grant	47	Cancer	63
Hayes	54	Paralysis of heart	70
Garfield	49	Assassination	49
Arthur	51	Bright's disease	56
Cleveland	48	—	Living
Harrison	55	Pneumonia	68
McKinley	53	Assassination	58
Roosevelt	48	—	Living

A Tense Imbroglio.

The train had just commenced its journey towards Bedale.

"What did the porter say was the next station?" asked one passenger of another.

"Excuse me," said passenger No. 2, "you mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong. What it was, wasn't it? Is is was, but was is not necessarily is."

"Now you're getting ridiculous," said the second speaker irritably. "What was is, and what is is. Is was is, or is is was?"

"Don't be foolish! What may be is, but is is not was. Is was was, but if was was is, then is isn't is, or was wasn't was. If was is, was is was, isn't it? But if is is was, then——"

"Listen. Is is, was was, and is was and was is; therefore is was is, and was was was, and is is was."

"Shut up, will you! I've gone by my station already?"

And there was silence for awhile.—London Answers.

Pimples and Blotches.

how unsightly, sometimes disgusting, mortifying to the sufferer and unpleasant to all. An evidence of poor blood and lowered vitality of the eliminating organs. They need toning up—the whole system does. You can quickly bring about the improved condition by using Ferrozone, poisons are driven out of the blood, organs grow stronger, the blood richer, the nerves stronger. Pimples and blotches disappear, color becomes good good good. Glad! just try and see how much joy can be gotten out of a box of Ferrozone. At Atkins.

Canada's Welcome,

To Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The son of our Sovereign and heir apparent to the British throne has arrived in Canada. To H. R. H. and his fair consort Canadians extend a welcome which, in cordial, enthusiastic loyalty could not be exceeded anywhere in the British Dominions. The loyalty of Canada to British connection has been proved in times past by more than words. British subjects in Canada, speaking either of the languages which are in general use in this country, can point with pride to the fact that Canadians, their immediate ancestors, have in times past with a firm hand writ the loyalty of Canada upon the pages of the world's history. The blandishments and tempting offers of other colonists in revolt were calmly rejected. The fierce attacks of the legions of the revolutionists against a handful of defenders; the later assaults by the trained armies of a great nation, and the raids of filibustering organizations, all in turn came, not as an attack upon Canadians,—for we had no local quarrel with any of them—but as attempts upon the integrity of the British Empire because of trouble with the central government. The loyalty of Canadians was put to the proof, and the Union Jack which waves over the Citadel at Quebec to-day has never been lowered to foreign foe since it was raised there after Wolfe and Montcalm laid down their lives in the historic and decisive conflict a hundred and forty-two years ago.

H. R. H. is welcomed by a people who have preserved their noble part of the great empire for the British Crown as no other colony has ever done. Yet, it is only by personal contact with a Sovereign, often, that a people have that feeling of passionate devotion which tends to unite an Empire. The people of Canada will now feel that they know their future King and Queen. They have come among us and hundreds of thousands within the next few weeks will enter more fully than they ever have before into a realization that the King of England is indeed our Sovereign and the ruler of the Dominions beyond the seas.

His Majesty the King came among us when yet but a boy and received a welcome as the heir-apparent and son of a beloved Sovereign from a generation now passing away. To-day we greet his son with the same glad acclaim our fathers and mothers accorded to His Majesty when he came to us. Quebec, where Canada was won for Britain, and where Canadians held Canada for Britain, has the honour of first receiving the royal guests, but the cheers which go up in Quebec to-day are representative of the feelings of Canada from the broad St. Lawrence to the shores of the Atlantic and to the sunny slopes of the Pacific.

It is a prosperous, progressive and hopeful country, which now extends the hand of welcome to Their Royal Highnesses; a country which can point to broad acres of noble wheat fields, forests of timber unexcelled in value, and beneath the earth riches that seem literally without limit; a country whose industrial advancement and increase of material wealth equal that of any part of His Majesty's domain.

With heart, and hand, and voice, with waving flags, and strains of glad music, we welcome our future King and Queen to the fairest heritage the Crown possesses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SWAN RIVER, Sept. 2nd, 1901.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—When leaving Madoc in April, 1900, several people asked me to let them know what the place was like, and if the country was any good. I now take pleasure in saying it is as good a tract of country as any one could wish to see. The town is growing fast, and if things keep progressing as they now are it will be a hard matter to get land anywhere close by the town. All homestead land is gone, and railroad lands are going fast. They range from $2.75 to $5.00 per acre. The country has its drawbacks as well as others. These seem to be the worst:—First, the horses seem to take fever and die; second, falls seem to be wet, but if the country is drained and the scrub cut I think it will stop the rains somewhat; third, there are late frosts in spring and early frosts in fall, but the same treatment as for rain will help it. The frost keeps part of the garden stuff back in some places only. There are fine green beans, green tomatoes, cucumbers and cabbages, in fact nearly everything will grow, but most things will not ripen as the growth is so strong here and the season short. Wheat, the mainspring of Manitoba, is a grand success this year, and it was good last year, but not as much sown as this year. The crop will average 30 bushels per acre or perhaps more. Oats are fine too, 45 to 50 bushels per acre will be the average, more in some places, less in others. There was hail in some parts of the valley, but it hails in southern Manitoba so that is not a great fault. The potatoes are doing first-rate. Last year they turned out 200 bushels to 5 bushels planting. Mangles, turnips and carrots are good, all roots and grains seem to do extra well, but there has been no time to try grasses and cloyers to see if they stand the winters. I'll let the people know if the winter kills out the patches that are under trial now. There are fine streams of good water, good pasture on wild lands, the wild peas and vetches are plentiful, and plenty of wild hay to feed stock in winter. There is plenty of wood and you don't have to go twenty miles to draw it home through storms. It is mostly poplar. These are all the points at presents, but if anyone wishes to know more write me.

BEN. J. STEVENS,
Bowsman, Man.

A Postmaster Suicides.

Milton, Ont., Sept. 16.—Postmaster S. Hannett committed suicide this morning about 10.45 in the back room at the post-office by shooting himself. He was about 45 years of age, had been in the best of health and spirits, and attended to his duties this morning as usual. As far as can be learned, has financial affairs are in good shape, and the cause of his taking his life cannot be ascribed. A widow and six children, the eldest 11 years of age, survive him.

MINING NOTES.

Marmora Herald:—Mr. Joseph James, who is in town this week, is making a move in the right direction in advocating a government bonus on arsenic. It is quite certain that the governments stand ready to do all in their power to advance the mining interests of the country. But there needs to be a strong demand from the people. To bring about this demand in a forcible way Mr. James advocates organizing the mining forces of the district. This is a good idea and steps should be taken at once to do so. It would be a good thing any way for those interested in mining to meet and discuss the situation occasionally.

The present is an opportune time when our arsenic is taking the lead in the markets of the world for its excellent quality. We have only to push the matter to control the trade of the world. Already the business in the Old Country is waning.

The Canadian Goldfields have worked out the problem of manufacturing arsenic till they have today the finest plant in the world. But even this is not enough as many experiments have yet to be made to secure a better method of saving the product, which in all plants yet devised cannot prevent much of the arsenic from escaping. Canadians should be equal to the task, and we hope to see a strong organization of the mining men to discuss the whole situation and plan the bringing of this matter before the governments.

Mr. Farnham is busy at his iron properties in Tudor, running lines, making roads, and preparing for more active work. Work will begin at once getting out ore ready for drawing in winter, the mines being 6½ miles from the railway. Mr. Farnham has been offered big contracts at good prices but did not wish to bind himself to large shipments under the present very difficult system of hauling by teams. There is every indication of large quantities of iron ore.

Mundic mining at Bannockburn is steadily growing and the company now have twenty-five men engaged.

Regular shipments of gold bullion were made from Cordoya and Deloro last week.

A Belleville young lady, at the age of twenty-five, has had her first trip on the railroad.

The big steel strike in the United States is settled, and the men return to work to-day.

It is stated that President McKinley's life was insured for between $100,000 and $200,000.

The wife of Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, a well-to-do farmer residing in the western part of the township of Asphodel, about six miles west of Norwood, committed suicide by taking a dose of carbolic acid. Deceased was in ill health and committed the rash act while in a dejected state of mind from brooding over her trouble. She was about 40 years of age and was a daughter of the William Fife, of Otonabee, and was married to her now sorrowing husband about a year ago.

Duke of York's Message to Canada.

Blood Shed in South Africa May Weave Fresh Strands in the Cord of Brotherhood That Binds Together Our Glorious Empire.

The following is the Duke of Cornwall's first speech in Canada, which he read as his reply to the address from the city of Quebec upon his landing on Monday:—

GENTLEMEN:—The Duchess and I desire to express to you our heartfelt thanks for the loyal and kindly sentiments contained in your address. At the same time, we wish to acknowledge, with gratitude, the hearty welcome accorded to us by the vast crowds which to-day throng your beautifully-decorated streets. I shall hasten to communicate to my dear father, the King, your assurance of attachment to his throne and person, and your sympathetic allusions to the grievous and irreparable losses which His Majesty and our family have recently sustained. The affectionate tribute to the memory of our late beloved Queen and to that of the lamented Empress Frederic of Germany have deeply touched me. It is a great pleasure to find myself here again for a third time, and that, on this occasion, the Duchess is with me, and that we together will enjoy the memorable associations and natural beauties of this ancient city and its picturesque surroundings. And it is my proud mission here in the ancient historic capital of Canada, hallowed, as you say, by the struggles of nations, and enriched by the blood of heroes such as Wolfe and Montcalm, to come amongst you as a token of that feeling of admiration and pride with which the King and the whole Empire have seen the sons of the Dominion rallying round the flag of their common allegiance. They fought to secure for their fellow-subjects the same freedom and liberty which they, in the past, have secured and vindicated for themselves. The blood of your gallant sons has not been shed in vain, for posterity will never forget that of the Canadians was recorded "their magnificent tenacity in attacking," and that, to their credit, was immediately due that white flag which, on the anniversary of Majuba Day, fluttered over the Boer lines of Paardeberg. May we not take heart in the belief that the blood shed on that battlefield in South Africa may, like that shed by your fathers in 1775 and 1812, weave fresh strands in the cord of brotherhood that binds together our glorious Empire. I rejoice to hear that the depression from which your city and port has so long suffered has now passed away, and I earnestly hope that future prosperity may crown the enterprise and industry of its citizens. I take this, the first opportunity, to express in common with the whole civilized world, my horror at the detestable crime which has plunged into mourning the great friendly nation on your border, and has robbed the United States of the precious life of their first magistrate, in the midst of the fulfilment of the high and honorable duties of his proud position. The Duchess and I share with you to the fullest extent the feelings of sympathy which you have manifested towards a people with whom we are connected by ties of kinship and national esteem, and our hearts go out to the widow and bereaved family of the late distinguished and beloved President.

DEATH OF JOHN HENRY DUNN.

Another of the old veterans of the early settlement of Madoc has passed away. Last Wednesday Mr. Dunn exchanged mortality for life at the ripe age of 87 years. He died at Picton, Prince Edward County, whither he had gone with his son, Thomas, seven years ago.

Mr. Dunn was born at Saratoga, N. Y., married Miss Watson, and moved immediately thereafter to Canada in the year 1837, settling on his farm in Madoc, which extends within the corporation of the village, and on which he lived continuously until removing to Picton. When he settled on this farm, it was in its primeval state, and Madoc a comparative wilderness with here and there a small clearing and a rude shanty. He first settled on the west end of the lot, living with his father and mother, and later built a house for himself on the east half leaving the old people to themselves. This farm was one of the most valuable in the township, the whole Lot having changed hands for about $12,000.

Mr. Dunn and his partner reared a family of seven, three sons and four daughters, viz., John who died in York state a few months ago; Orrin, California; Thomas, of the town of Picton; Margaret who died in maidenhood about 30 years ago; Mrs. Robertson, Toronto; Mrs. Hill, Picton; and Mrs. Wm. Orr, Madoc. Mrs. Dunn preceeded her husband to the grave 12 years.

Mr. Dunn did not take front rank in religious and political movements of the day, but was always found on the side of morality and reform, and took a deep interest in anything that was for the benefit of the place. He was a Justice of the Peace, by religious persuasion a Methodist, and in politics a life long Reformer, and always a good citizen.

E. D. O'F.

Madoc, Sept. 19, 1901.

Egerton of Scotland Yard

At the time I had just sold my interest in a well-known shipping concern, and was making arrangements for a journey to South Africa, where I intended to start again in business. It was the loss of my wife that had decided me to take this step, for I could not endure life in surroundings which her dear presence had hitherto graced. I sold the house, a pretty detached villa at Barnes, and dispensed with the services of my man-servant and several maids.

One night, about a week previous to the day I had intended to sail, my house was broken into by a burglar. He must have done his work very quietly, for neither my housekeeper nor myself was disturbed; and I was relieved to find next morning that although there was a sum of $80,000 in the house, in my bedroom in fact he had only lifted a paltry $250 which he had found in my coat-pocket.

Nothing else was taken, but there was evidence of a search made in drawers and cupboards. This large sum of money was in some drawers by my bedside.

These drawers had false bottoms, secreting a very shallow under-compartment in which were placed two shallow tin boxes, rectangular in shape, and painted black—$50,000 being in one and $30,000 in the other. About eight o'clock that morning a tall, sandy-complexioned man of gentlemanly appearance called to see me with an air of importance.

"Sir, I have been informed that your house has been burgled during the night," he began.

"That is quite true," said I, somewhat taken aback at his knowledge of what I had so far kept a still tongue upon.

"And the man was caught red-handed by the constable on point duty. The officer had a big struggle with the ruffian and was shot through the leg and rendered helpless in the attempt to arrest him. The thief got away, but left behind him this pocket-book, which contains nothing of any moment except your card."

He produced a pocket-book, which I assured him was my own and was minus $250 in notes.

"Ah! I fancied something of the sort," he said, musingly, fingering the pocket-book interestedly.

"Now, something must be done at once," he added, abruptly, and looked at me keenly. "I am Egerton of Scotland Yard. The constable has been conveyed to Woolton Hospital in a bad state and I have been sent here. What do you know of this business?"

I told him how I found a pane of glass removed from the window of the drawing-room, indicating the mode of entrance; how I found things slightly disturbed in this room and that, but nothing missing except the pocket-book which had been in my coat in my own bedroom.

"Have you much money in the place?"

"About eighty thousand dollars in some drawers in my bedroom."

"Untouched? Just so! Did anyone besides yourself know the whereabouts of this money?"

"I fancy my man-servant did, whose services I have lately dispensed with."

"Ah! Could you show me the drawers? Are they disturbed? Is there anything which points to the man having previous knowledge of this money?"

I showed him the drawers, which contained clothing in the upper and much more capacious compartments, and, pulling out these, showed him the lower shallow compartments containing the two black tin boxes containing the notes.

"The clothing has been disturbed, you say," said he, "and an attempt made to force the oaken false bottom. These are the boxes I presume?" and he fingered the boxes rather lovingly, I thought. "Now give me a description of this man Williams. He has gone to Ripley, you say?" he said again, abruptly. It seemed a way of his to lapse into a thoughtful concentration of mind in order to break it suddenly with a jerk, as though realizing that "something must be done," to use his own words.

"I will go down there first," he added; "and in the meantime keep indoors, and I need not tell you to say nothing. I will send you word later, or come myself, if nothing is discovered. Yes, thank you, I will take a taste of brandy with you."

I placed the boxes back into their places and, carefully restoring the wearing apparel in the upper compartment, closed the drawers and went down stairs to partake of my morning meal. About an hour later there came a smart knock at the front door, and my housekeeper opened to admit a dark, powerful-looking man, with a constable in uniform by his side.

"I have called to ask the reason of the visit here of that sandy-complexioned gentleman who left this house about an hour ago," began the constable. "I don't know whether you are aware of the fact, but you have been harboring one of the biggest rogues in London."

"That is untrue," I answered. "He is one of your own detectives of Scotland Yard. Detective Egerton came to investigate the manner of a burglary that has been committed at this house in the night."

"Detective Fiddlesticks!" said the dark man, who was Detective-Inspector Hanson, I learned from the Constable; "what a lot of noodles we have in London, to be sure. He told you that he was one of our men and you quite believed him, I suppose? Dear me! Did you show him over the house and supply him with particulars?"

"Yes, but I will explain," said I; and I told them of the burglary and of the manner of Detective Egerton. At the end of my explanation Inspector Hanson, who had paced up and down the room during the telling of it as though hardly able to control his temper, turned to me and said:—

"Mr. Smithson, you must pardon my rudeness to you, but we have here to deal with the cutest, most slippery man I ever came across in my career. This is the fourth time he has foiled us in jobs of this description. I can readily understand, however, how you have been hoaxed. Now, I will tell you something that, perhaps, will unnerve you a little, so take a mouthful of that brandy before I begin."

He lit a cigar and paced the room again.

"This fellow," he began again, "is in league with the man who broke in here last night. Knowing that you possessed more money than the paltry two hundred and fifty dollars which they have already possessed themselves of, they devised this scheme to abstract the much larger sum.

"Now, mark my words. He has extracted the money from one or other of those boxes which you allowed him so innocently to fumble in his precious light fingers."

"I very much doubt that," I said, though beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"We can soon find out," said he.

"Why, I only allowed the fellow to examine the unopened boxes in my presence," I protested, as we all three went upstairs to the bedroom. I again drew out the drawer and, sliding out the false bottom, disclosed the two boxes in their hiding place. I picked up one as Hanson casually lifted the other, and, taking a key from my pocket to unlock them, was proceeding to open the one in my hands when he exclaimed:—

"Here, you see, sir, just as I conjectured; this one is not locked at all. You notice the lid is merely held down with a catch. A little pressure applied so—and up goes the lid—and there you are—empty!"

"Good heavens!" I shouted; "fifty thousand dollars gone."

With trembling fingers I opened the other box, and was a little relieved to find that it still contained its precious bundle. I sank into a chair, the sweat running in streams from my brow, and he handed to me the empty gaping box. Examining it, I soon discovered that it was not the original box which contained the money, but one similar to it in every respect.

"He substituted that while you allowed him to examine them, that is plain," said the constable.

"But how came he to have such a box in his possession?" I queried.

"That proves that he had previous knowledge of the box, gained, I expect, from that fellow Williams, who is in the business. There have been two attempts to procure the money. The first one to make the attempt—the burglar as you call him—failed through ignorance of the construction of your drawers. Then came the second with a more impudent scheme and accomplished the theft. Williams knows about this matter, I feel confident, and like your bogus detective, I must try to track him. It is a sorry business and no time must be lost.

"Now, Pilling," he added, addressing himself to the constable, "you stay here with Mr. Smithson and I will post off to Ripley, where Williams's people live. It is possible the ginger-headed fraud will return to try his hand on the remainder of the money. Oh! he has face enough for that. I know him. If he does, for Heaven's sake don't let him slip us again. I will call and inform our people on the way."

Detective-Inspector Hanson then disappeared, leaving the constable to console me on my loss. He was an ordinary red-faced policeman, who sat and blinked as though he only half realized what a terrible loss I had sustained. I hadn't the patience to talk to him, and busied myself securing the remainder of my wealth in the bosom of my coat, feeling that I would trust it from my person no longer.

Half an hour after the detective had left the constable standing by the front window gave a short whistle to attract my attention, and, pointing outside, showed me my very sandy-complexioned visitor of the early morning. He had been coming up the drive under the lime-trees when, suddenly wheeling half round, as he caught sight of my companion in his tell-tale uniform, he started back at a trot. The constable rushed downstairs with me at his heels, but when we reached the door he motioned me to remain.

"I can catch him," he said; "you stay and secure what you have. I will raise the street. He is sure to be caught."

This sounded reasonable so I let him go alone, and watched him disappear down the street in hot pursuit of the thief. It was with a great sense of relief that I walked indoors and lit my pipe, feeling that my money was practically recovered. The constable would be sure to run his man down, on whom the bulk of the money doubtless would be found. Hanson had gone to inform the police all over the country and to run down that scamp Williams, so that there was nothing for me to do until I heard from one of them. If I stayed indoors they would find me more readily than if I ventured abroad; and, again, this would be the better plan for my own safety, for I felt that there must have been a regular network of villany woven around my house. I looked to my revolvers and placed one carefully loaded in my tail-pocket. The day wore on and I heard no more. Towards evening ominous doubts began to cloud my mind, and I determined to visit the nearest police station and ask questions. There was no satisfaction to be got there; they knew nothing of any burglary; they knew no Detective-Inspector Hanson, and there was no constable in that district answering to the description or name of Pilling. They wired to the authorities, who disclaimed all knowledge of the incident or the men. I gasped. The inspector went home with me, and I for the third time told the tale, which had grown with every time of telling. He seemed puzzled for some time as he weighed the matter over in his mind, asking me to repeat parts of the story.

"Well!" he said, at last, "I must go and see about this. I will be back before midnight."

The intervening period was one of mental agony for me; everything seemed so illusive and contradictory. About midnight the inspector and I were together again.

"Well!" he began, "I have to tell you that I am the first bona fide detective you have yet had on this job. You have been made the victim of a cruel swindle. You have been deceived by one and the same band of intriguers."

"Surely, man! you don't mean to say that the constable and Detective Hanson are imposters?" I exclaimed.

"I do. They are unknown to us."

"But if the red-headed fellow took the money—the fifty thousand I mean—what need was there for the other two turning up and acting as they did?"

"Well, if you want my opinion, I don't believe the man Egerton took the money at all. He merely did this bit of acting to discover whether you had money and where you kept it. He took the opportunity of examining your boxes, and then went, and securing one like it, sent Hanson on his errand. Oh, yes, the whole thing has been elaborately thought out. I don't see that Williams need have had anything to do with it; they might easily have learned from many people that you had sold your house and were making preparations for going abroad, and consequently had money about."

"Then Hanson himself must have substituted the spurious box for the one he had in his possession while I was fumbling with the other?" said I.

"Exactly, that is what I make of it."

"But why did Egerton return?"

"To give the constable an excuse for decamping after keeping you quiet while Hanson got away with the money. It gave a sort of reality to the business, you must admit, for you sat down calmly enough afterwards, and let them get twelve hours start of us. However, we will try to get even with them, clever as they are."

And they did, for they were all captured in due time, and I regained about half of my lost money. Needless to say, Williams had nothing whatever to do with the matter.—London Tit-Bits.

AT CHARLESTON, S.C.

South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition.

(Special by Martha Craig).

The Province of Ontario recently authorized Frank N. Speller, B.S.C., the Ontario representative on the Commissioners' Association of the Pan-American Exposition, to become a delegate of this association to visit Charleston on the invitation of the Charleston Exposition directorate. The party left by special car August 21st, and enjoyed the courtesies of the Southern Railway from Washington southward next day. At every point no effort was spared to show southern hospitality to their guests. At Columbia, where a three hour stop was made, the Mayor of the city and a committee of the Board of Trade took the visitors round the city, through the Olympia cotton factory and wholesale State dispensary, where all the liquor consumed in the State is put up.

Charleston, the object of this trip, is a city overflowing with hospitality and interesting associations. Here the old colonial styles of 150 years ago are preserved, notwithstanding the devastating effects of wars, fire floods and earthquake, and amidst these treasured relics of a prosperous past and the subsequent depression are to be seen unmistakable signs of the new industrial activity springing up in the south, indicating a rosy future for this fertile country in the near future.

The Fair grounds, situated on an old plantation fronting for half a mile on the Ashley river, are now a scene of activity and bustle such as is usually the case prior to the opening of a great Exposition. The grounds combined so many natural beauties, such as waterways, immense lines of oaks, old colonial mansions, etc., that it was the unanimous opinion of all landscape architects that they should be left in their natural state, simply adding the handsome group of buildings in ivory staff to complete the effect.

It is the object of this Exposition to bring the northern portion of America in contact with the West Indies, that mutual trade interests should be advanced. A vast amount of enterprise and $11,500,000 has already been expended towards this end and the demands for space have forced the authorities to still further extend their plans.

The south is taking a new start; they need many things that we can supply. Our corundum is rapidly taking the place of the falling supply from Georgia. Arsenic, the only manufacturers of which in America at this time are situated in Deloro, Ont., is required in many branches of the arts and they will undoubtedly require our nickel in the manufacture of nickel steel.

Undoubtedly a portion of the splendid collection of material in the Mines and Forestry Department of Ontario at the Pan-American, if removed to Charleston, would continue the good work of bringing our resources to the notice of the world at a proportionately low cost to the province, as the railroads are offering practically free transportation. Canadians will be glad to learn, on the authority of Edison's Electric Superintendent at the Pan-American that more specialists from Mr. Edison's laboratory are on their way to Sudbury, where Mr. Edisch has rented a house and office and intends conducting experiments with Canadian nickel ores. Mr. Edison will have thirty of his experts engaged on this work in Sudbury and evidently intends to open up operations on a large scale.

Fifty-three per cent of the men of the British navy are under 25, only 2 per cent over 45.

About the ....House

A CULINARY NOVELTY.

Norway is a fish country par excellence. A slender strip of rugged, mountainous land bordered by a vast ocean, fish naturally play a prominent part in Scandinavian domestic and political economy, and it is to be expected that the Scandinavian cook will excel in fish dishes. One of the most popular Norwegian dishes is called fish pudding. Fresh haddock is the first choice for the dish, but, failing that, the most perfect cod obtainable. Boil the fish until the skin and bones can be easily removed. This must be done lightly with the fingers, taking care neither to cut nor to crack the fish. Put it into a wooden bowl and beat it with a pestle beating always the one way.

The beating should continue until a light paste is obtained, say half an hour. Then for a medium sized pudding add gradually two well beaten eggs and half a pint of cream beaten in, drop by drop, with the pestle. This means another half hour of beating. By this time the cook should have a fluffy paste, which must be put in a pudding mould and steamed for an hour. It should cut exactly like snow pudding when done and is usually eaten with drawn butter sauce or melted butter and parsley with a dash of paprika.

Recipe No. 2 is much simpler and makes a delicious sandwich for a light lunch or a late supper with a drop of something to drink. Get a pot of anchovy paste, imported kind, which comes in tiny white pots the size of an egg. Into half a teacupful of mayonnaise dressing—made with tarragon vinegar work two teaspoonfuls of the paste and three hard boiled eggs chopped fine. Spread this mixture on thin slices of rye bread. Norwegian sandwiches are usually made with but one slice of bread. An ordinary French dressing may be substituted for the mayonnaise if preferred.

Recipe No. 3 is a very good thing to try with a chafing dish. Heat a smoked finnan haddie either in the oven or by steaming until skin and bones can be easily removed. Break the fish lightly into small bits. Into a spider or chafing dish put half a pint of cream or rich milk, and when it is very hot add a heaping tablespoonful of butter in which has been rubbed a tablespoonful of flour. Stir constantly until the sauce has thickened and then add the fish and let it cook for two or three minutes longer. Of course a dash of paprika should be added for seasoning. The flour may be omitted and the yolk of an egg used to thicken if a richer sauce is desired. The possibilities of smoked haddock are too little appreciated in this country. For a quick breakfast or for camp or picnic this dish is invaluable, as ten minutes in a double boiler is all the cooking required and a bit of butter all the seasoning.

PUDDINGS.

Rice Pudding—Cook half cup of rice in one cup of boiling water until the water is absorbed. Then turn it into the double boiler with three cups of boiling milk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and a little salt. Cook till tender, then stir in a cupful of figs which have been cut in small pieces and cook a few minutes more. When cool stir in a pint of sweetened and flavored whipped cream and pour into a mold. Serve cold.

Lemon Pudding.—Two cups boiling water, one cup sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon. Add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch which has been wet with a little cold water and boil till clear. Cover with a meringue made with whites of three eggs. For the sauce, make a custard of one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, pinch of salt and yolks of three eggs.

Lemon Tapioca.—Two tablespoonfuls tapioca soaked over night in half cup cold water. In the morning add half cup cold water and the yellow rind of a lemon. Boil till clear. Take out the rind, add the juice of the lemon, one teaspoonful lemon extract, half cup sugar, half cup of boiling water, a little salt, and boil up. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

Graham Pudding.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, one cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, two eggs, three and a half cups graham flour, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Steam two hours.

Cornstarch Pudding.—Into the the double boiler put one pint of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt. When boiling add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and stir in; let it cook a few minutes, and pour into a mold. Set on ice. Sauce:—One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls sugar, yolks of three eggs thinned by beating with one tablespoonful of milk. Cook until it thickens, stirring frequently. Flavor the white part with vanilla and the custard with lemon and pour custard around the pudding, all in a deep dish.

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. An exchange tells of a distinguished physician, who, having spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it a great relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and drafts of air should be avoided for a little while.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.

While impending frosts threaten to blacken at a touch all the lavish beauty of the gay autumn borders, the question of indoor gardening presses most urgently. It is often a question of rescue. What must we give up? What shall we save?

The first consideration is suitability and a careful estimate of the actual opportunity. What facilities are there? What room for display, for contrast of effect, for light, for watering—how much time and interest at command for daily care? One fine palm in perfect condition will give greater pleasure than a dozen rows of dusty, dwindling, insignificant and unthrifty plants. Windows darkened whose light is needed for the human inmates, and stands that obstruct the constant necessary movement of the household defeat their own end. The too much and the too little are both to be scrupulously avoided. The place to be filled and the care required being settled, there is still large room for choice. Indoor gardening at its simplest is often just living with a few plants without any serious intention of forcing them in any way. The geraniums will probably never lose their good reputation as companions of this sort.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

He was a small boy and wore a meditative look as he rang the bell of a suburban residence. But he was brisk in his inquiries when the door was opened by the lady of the house.

Does Mr. Jenkins live here?

Yes.

The Mr. Jenkins that went out this morning on the motor-car?

The same. What did you——

Is he the Mr. Jenkins that was in that awful street accident?

I have not heard of his having been in any street accident.

He isn't back yet, is he, ma'am?

No, not yet. But what——

His full name is Mr. Jeremiah Jenkins, isn't it?

Yes, that's his name.

Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, 'cause he's gone to a chemist for some sticking-plaster and to have one or two little cuts seen to.

Now, my boy, tell me what has happened. I can bear it now.

Well, ma'am; he's in the hospital with a broken leg, but he'll be out in about a month; and the doctor asked me to let you know, so's you could come and see him.

HOW TO GROW SHORT.

If you climb a mountain your height decreases by three-quarters of an inch, and it may even diminish, exceptionally, by a full inch. This is a fact known to all experienced mountain and Alpine climbers; on reaching the summit of the heights that form the pleasure ascents of holiday makers in the Alpine districts, the stature of the climber is found to have become less to the extent already mentioned. Doctors think that the attitude assumed of necessity in ascending is the cause of this diminution; some persons believe that the pressure of the atmosphere produces this shrinking. In favor of the medical theory there is the other unquestionable fact that the decrease of stature is greater in those who carry a heavy pack during the climb. When the Alpinist has descended to the ordinary level, his height begins to increase, but the normal length of the body is not attained until several hours after reaching the regular surface of the earth.

A FOOT OF NINE INCHES.

The celebrated artist, Albrecht Durer, gave it as being in strict accordance with the law of proportions that a woman's foot should be about one-seventh the length of her body, or, to be exact, as fourteen to one hundred. Our lady readers may find some amusement in measuring their pedal extremities and comparing the length with their total height as stated by Durer. Taking the average height of a woman to be sixty-three inches, her foot should measure nine inches from heel to toe. In connection with the size of the feminine foot, observation will show that domestic servants, and wives who do their own housework, have smaller feet than their sisters who are not called upon to perform similar duties. Among the upper classes, and also more generally among the girls of the rising generation, the feet are larger.

The Provost of a small burgh near Glasgow was continually falling into very funny blunders. At a meeting he rose to say a few words, and said them to some purpose when he asked a vote of thanks to be given to the chairman for his "officiousness in the chair." But, poor man, he made his best speech when he told the minister and people at a soiree in honor of the new kirk built on the road into Glasgow that it was a "grand reproach to the town."

It is not possible to say how many people are employed in making pins, but they must be a very considerable body, for about a quarter of a million gross of common pins are used up every few days in Great Britain alone. But for the invention of a man named Slocum, who conceived a machine for making solid-headed pins at great rapidity, and founded an enormous industry, the thousands of people now employed in this manner would probably be without occupation.

Mrs. Youngwife—How do you manage to have such delicious beef? Mrs Oldwife—I select a good honest butcher, and then stand by him. Mrs. Youngwife—You mean t[o] give him all your trade? Mrs. Oldwife—No; I stand by him while h[e]

ODD CURES FOR WRECKS.

PLANS ADOPTED TO KEEP SHIPS OFF THE ROCKS.

A Flare of Turf on Dark Nights—Sable Island will be Planted With Grass.

Seven fishing boats were ground to pieces in a single night in the winter of 1897 on the granite reefs of Killara Harbour, on the west coast of Ireland. Every soul on board was lost, and all this waste of life and property was due to the fact that there was no lighthouse to mark the entrance to the narrow inlet.

A small appropriation has since been made, but not enough to build a regular light house, and keep a paid staff. The fishermen have ingeniously overcome the difficulty. An old martello tower stands on the headland, and on top of this a great brazier has been constructed. This is piled high with well-dried turf, and a man is detailed to keep up a good blaze on dark nights.

People who live inland hardly realize how much time and money are spent in making the world's coasts safe for the ever-increasing sea traffic. One of the worst danger spots for vessels is that long, crescent-shaped island in the Atlantic, known as Sable Island, and often called the Graveyard of the Atlantic. It lies right in the way of traffic between New York and England, and an average of 70 ships a year come to grief on its sand-bars. There is a lighthouse, but that is not sufficient to guard nearly forty miles of sand. There were three originally, but the sea has undermined two. The worst of it is that the dull-brown sand of the island lies so low, and is so inconspicuous, as to be quite invisible until it is.

TOO LATE TO CLEAR OFF.

The commissioners have now determined on the bold experiment of planting the whole island with grass, the green color of which will show out boldly, and prove a danger signal.

Yachtsmen who cruise among the ten-knot tides of the West Coast of Scotland would never find their way into Dunollan harbour but for the White Crosses of Dunollan. The actual entrance to the snug little cove is not fifty yards across, and so hidden by projections of the tall black cliffs that it is quite invisible above a quarter of a mile. Venturing as close as that, where currents run so swiftly would be madness in anything but a steam-vessel, so the people of Dunollan have marked each side of the passage with enormous crosses, painted in white on the dark rock.

There are not many private lighthouses in the British Isles; but Mr. Claude Sackett, an enthusiastic yachtsman, is the proud possessor of an ingenious device for warning his own boat, and those of his friends, of the rocks near his house in County Wicklow. It is a buoy, of the kind known as a gas-buoy. On the top of it is a reservoir, holding sufficient gas for a month's consumption. On the summit is a clockwork apparatus controlling the lamp, which it lights automascally at a set hour in the evening, and puts out next morning. But the weirdest feature of this floating light-house is the lamp. Its rays gleam through the eycholes of a

HUGE AND REALISTIC SKULL.

Its warning is well needed, for a reef of dangerous rocks runs almost half a mile out from Kelp Point.

The time may come when phonograph buoys will yell lull directions to passing mariners. The nearest approach to such a thing which has appeared upon the English coast was the "moaning buoy," moored off the Goodwins a year or two ago.

This invention was responsible for scaring the crew of a Dutch fishing vessel which was poaching in British waters nearly out of their lives. The buoy contains a tube, through which the waves rise and fall, compressing the air, and so working a deep-toned whistle.

The Dutch boat, caught in a fog, was forced to anchor in a calm. A little ground swell came on, and the buoy began its mournful sound. The superstitious foreigners who heard it immediately concluded that it was produced by the ghost of some unfortunate who had lost his life on these deadly sands, and that it was a warning to themselves that their turn was coming soon. In their frantic hurry to depart, they actually got into their dinghy, and towed their vessel until the mournful sound died away in the distance.

DECREASE IN BIRTH RATE.

A French statistician says that, in spite of the increase of population in various countries, the rate of increase is steadily diminishing. Austria is really little better than France in this respect, while Germany, which shows the largest increase of European nations, has a declining birth-rate. The United States, with its increase of 14,600,000 in the last decade, has the largest growth of birth-rate, but would surely show signs of retrogression but for the steady volume of immigration.

THE WORLD'S LANGUAGES.

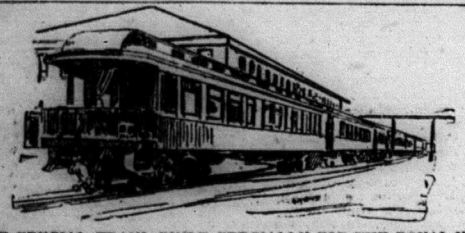
The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Balbi enumerated 860 which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and 5,000 which may be regarded as dialects. Another modern writer on this subject reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing, and which have existed.

Not many years have elapsed since Henry Grant hit upon the idea of producing what is now known as galvanized iron; but something between two and three hundred thousand workmen are now employed in making the production for all parts of the world, and the trade is valued at $25,000,000 a year to Great

PALACES ...ON..... WHEELS.

The..... Canadian Pacific Train for The Royal Party.

With the exception of the locomotive, the royal train to be used by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York has been completed, and now lies in the yards of the Canadian Pacific Railway, says the Montreal Witness. The whole train was manufactured at the works of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal. The royal train proper, from the locomotive back will consist of the following cars :—A general baggage car, a refrigerator and pantry car, the "South Africa" general sleeper and parlor car, for staff and guests ; the



THE SPECIAL TRAIN—BUILT SPECIALLY FOR THE ROYAL VISIT BY THE C. P. R.

"India," general sleeper and parlor car, for staff and guests ; the "Sandringham," general dining car for staff and guests; the "Australia," general sleeper and parlor car and office for active staff ; the "Canada," parlor car and sleeper for personal suite of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York ; the "Cornwall," private parlor, reception and dining car of their Royal Highnesses ; the "York," private sleeping car of their Royal Highnesses and their personal attendants. The "York" is fitted with a commodious observation platform, ingeniously sheltered from dust and smoke.

The whole train is finished exter-

BEDROOM OF THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK ON THE ROYAL TRAIN.

nally in polished mahogany, and presents a very beautiful appearance. The train is lighted throughout by electricity, and telephones and call bells permit of communication from one end of the car to the other. The interior decoration throughout, including the cars intended for the use of the staff and guests, is chaste and most effective.

THE ARRANGEMENTS

of the two royal cars proper, the "Cornwall" and "York," are most sumptuous. Great artistic care has been displayed in the provision of a thoroughly harmonious color scheme. The heavy Wilton carpet with which the floors are covered is of the same hue throughout—a quiet grey-green of medium tone. The specially made signal cord is of the same color. The hardware fittings are all of one design, and finished by the "Mercury gold" process, a soft, grey gold, entirely free from glitter or garishness. The window shades, of silk tapestry, combine the hues of carpet and hardware in a small and unobtrusive pattern. The reception room, the largest room of the suite, opens directly on to the observation platform at the extreme rear of the train. The woodwork is of Circassian walnut, and is undecorated, save for a few ornamental mouldings and a small amount of ornament on the capitals of the grouped Ionic pilasters supporting the simple cornice which runs entirely around the room just above the windows. From this cornice springs the cove, which rises in a graceful curve to a small moulded beam, upon which in turn rests the main vault of the ceiling, almost wholly covered by a delicate tracery of modelled ornament in very low relief, interspersed with cartouches filled with lattice work perforated to secure proper ventilation for the room. With the exception of the small beam alluded to, the entire upper part of the room, above the cornice, is finished in quiet antique gold of the same tone as that used on the hardware. The mouldings and ornament on the woodwork are also touched with gold, and with a small amount of blue. The architecture and ornament of the room are in the style of Louis XV. The curtains are of dark blue velvet, perfectly plain, except for an edging of small silk tassels, and draped simply back from the

EIGHT LARGE WINDOWS.

A comfortable sofa and roomy arm chairs provide against the fatigue of a railway journey, while a convenient desk makes pleasant the transaction of any necessary business, and a good-sized centre table ingeniously arranged to fold up and be put away when not in use, may be brought in when required. The furniture is of Circassian walnut, upholstered in blue velvet to match the draperies.

Electric lights, behind hemispheres of cut glass set in the ornamental work of the ceiling, furnish ample and soft illumination after nightfall. This scheme of lighting is carried out through both cars.

A short corridor, finished in mahogany, leads forward from the reception to the dining car. Half way up this corridor a door opens into a boudoir, which, with its accompanying toilet, furnishes a convenient withdrawing room for ladies. The walls and ceiling of this room are finished in pearl grey enamel. The walls are divided into panels framed with delicately modelled ornament in the style of Louis Quinze, and filled with paintings soft, yet rich in color, after the manner of Watteau. Ornamental frames in the ceiling, filled with lattice work, provide ventilation for the room. These, as well as the ornament around the wall panels, are touched with gold. The draperies are of light blue moire silk, as is the covering of the comfortable upholstered divan across one end of the room, which, as long and almost as wide as a bed, invites to repose. The door at the other end of the room, which opens into the toilet, is filled on the boudoir side with a long mirror, extending almost to the floor, and answering all the purposes of a cheval glass. A couple of small chairs and a table, finished in gold, the latter carrying a reading light, complete the furnishings of this room.

THE WOODWORK

in the private dining room is of African coromandel, the rich, ruddy tone of which forms an ideal contrast to the silver and glass of the table service. The coves and ceiling are carried out in a lighter tone of the same color. As in the reception room, a cornice circles the room immediately above the windows, and ample ventilation is secured by means of an ornamental perforated frieze in this cornice. The ceiling is plain, save for the rich gold frames of the electric fixtures. Ornamental cartouches in bas-relief display at one end the heraldic bearings of the King, at the other the combined arms of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, while the arms of the Dominion and the private badge of the Duke face each other on opposite sides of the room. The hangings are of green velvet, the portieres and wall draperies being decorated with painted and embroidered applique in gold and green. The furniture matches the other woodwork in the room, and is upholstered in velvet of a rich warm brown. Two comfortable arm-chairs are provided for the head and foot of the table, and the other chairs, while somewhat smaller, are carefully proportioned with a view to comfort. A candelabrum-like electric fixture supplies light for the dining table, which is capable of extension to seat eight persons. A corridor leads forward past the pantry, kitchen and store rooms, which are furnished with every appliance that ingenuity could suggest or culinary skill demand in the preparation of the most elaborate repast.

The corridor extends the entire length of the second car, the "York". The central section of this car for a length of about thirty feet is taken up by two principal bedrooms, with the bathrooms and servants' rooms belonging to them.

THE BEDROOMS

are finished in pearl grey enamel, and the walls divided into panels filled with silk to match the draperies. One corner of each room is occupied by a wardrobe, another by a convenient dressing table with large mirrors so arranged that side as well as front views of themselves may be obtained by persons sitting before them. The doors leading into the bathrooms have large mirrors to serve as cheval glasses. The beds are of brass, finished in gold to match the hardware fittings of the cars. The lighting cheme for these rooms has been carefully thought out. Besides the usual ceiling lights there is a special fixture over each dressing table, designed to throw light upon the person sitting before it. There is also a light placed over the head of each bed, in a convenient position for reading. The wall panels, draperies and furniture coverings in the Duke's bedroom are of red silk armure ; in the Duchess' of light blue moire. The ornamental mouldings, ventilator screens, etc., are touched with color. The furniture is of satinwood.

Next to each bedroom, and communicating directly with it, is a commodious bathroom. These bathrooms are exactly alike. The walls, up to a point higher than a man's head, are entirely covered with tufted upholstery in rubber cloth, soft to the touch and perfectly waterproof.

DINING CAR FOR THE SUITE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

THE LOST FLAG.

As H.M.S. Ringdove was cruising past one of the Solomon group of islands in the Pacific, the lookout reported that the British flag was not flying. An armed body of marines was promptly sent ashore to inquire the reason. The chief did not according to a British Columbia paper, waste words in replying. He summoned his favorite wife, and when she appeared, pointed to her. She was clothed from head to foot in the missing Union Jack, the flag having been cut and fashioned into a loose-fitting blouse and skirt. This, of course, does not settle the question whether trade follows the flag or the flag follows trade in the cannon-covered advance of empire, but it does prove conclusively that the ladies of the Pacific islands, when they acquire civilization, will not need to take lessons of their Anglo-Saxon sisters in the art of "making-over."

They were talking of the vanity of women, and one of the few ladies present undertook a defence. Of course, she continued, I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way, she suddenly broke off, the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is up under his ear. She had worked it. Every man present put his hand up to his neck.

WOOED WITHOUT WORDS.

SILENT METHODS OF "POPPING THE QUESTION."

How It Is Done In the Different Countries of the World.

A curious custom of dumb wooing prevails in Hungary, especially among the Nomads, or gipsies. Cakes are used as love letters. A coin is baked into the cake, which, at the first opportunity, is flung to the favored object. The retention of this is looked upon as a virtual "acceptance"; its forcible return, an intimation that the "attentions" are undesired.

Dumb declarations of a pugnacious character, are still common among semi-savage tribes and peoples. In the Arabian desert, round about Sinai, the lover tries to seize the girl whilst she is pasturing her father's flocks. She pelts him with mud, sticks, stones, and will be held in life-long repute if she succeeds in wounding him. Once driven into her father's tent, the lover's object is attained, and the betrothal is proclaimed.

The Eskimo smitten one goes one better, inasmuch as he marches openly, and without any beating about the bush, to his loved one's abode; seizes her by her long, strong hair, or her fur garments, and drags her to his lair of ice, or tent of skin.

Words are not wasted by the Japanese Romeo. Giving her a soft-eyed, languishing look, expressive of all his heart-love for her, he throws a bunch of pale plum-flower buds into her litter, as she enters it to be carried to a friend's wedding. She tosses the blossoms lightly out the suitor is rejected; she fastens them in her girdle—the suitor is acceptable to her. Again, a Japanese youth in love will creep, in the small hours, to his Juliet's home, and fasten to the door lintel a spray of the same flower. If at dawn it is taken in, or sprinkled, he knows that the maid is his; if it is left to die or fall,

HE IS REJECTED.

In Spain the young man looks amorous, but never speaks, until after his acceptance by his lady-love. The girl neither speaks nor looks, but—she sees. Later, in the cool of the evening, the gentleman raps at her father's door and craves a gourd of water. It is, of course, given him. Then comes the crisis.

If he is not offered a chair within the porch, or a seat in the garden, he bows and walks away—a rejected man; if, on the other hand, the coveted civility is extended to him, he remains, a practically engaged individual.

The Yao Midos, one of the many Burmese-Tartar peoples, woo their wives absolutely without words, but to the sound of music. On the first day of winter they have a great feast, at which all the marriageable girls gather and listen to the music made by the bachelors, who sit under and around the "desire tree," each playing his favorite instrument. As the maiden he loves passes him, the youth plays the louder and the more feelingly. If the girl ignores him and passes on, he knows that she will have none of him : if she steps up to him and lays a flower upon his instrument, he jumps up takes her by the hand, taking care not to drop the flower, and they wander off into the moonlit woods.

When a Dyak of Borneo would woo the maiden of his heart, he chivalrously helps her in the hardest portions of her uneasy daily toil. If she smiles upon him, never so sweetly, he does not immediately respond, but waits until the next dark night. Then he steal to her house and lightly wakens her as she lies asleep beside her sleeping parents. The parents, if they approve, make no sign, but sleep on—or pretend to. If the girl accepts, she rises and takes from her lover the betel and and sweetmeats he has brought her. That seals their betrothal and he departs as he came; neither speaking,

NOR BEING SPOKEN TO.

"The language of flowers" is, in every way, a dumb, but expressive tongue, more worthy the attention of lovers than it generally receives.

A young lady once had sent her what may be called a "flower letter." In a large, oblong, but shallow box was a series of different blossoms, arranged on a flat bed of damp moss in such fashion and sequence that, beginning from the left, hand, and reading the meaning, as you would read an ordinary letter, a declaration of love and marriage was the interpretation.

The flowers lay in order following: Acacia, Red Carnation, Peachblossom, Winter Rose, Fourleaved Clover, Browallia Jamisonii, and lastly, Stephanotis.

Rightly read, the message was : "Alas! for my poor heart, it has a secret love for you. I am your captive, relieve my anxiety. Fly with me: be mine, and if you can bear want, bear with my love, and accompany me to the East, whither I go."

Fortunately the young lady in question, though willing favorably to respond, had a prudent mind. Having also a prudent mother, a spray of "Lady's Slipper" was, by arrangement between mother and daughter, forwarded to the happy man.

This was equivalent to its actual meaning in flower language, "Win me, and wear me."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

At one of the railway-construction works in the vicinity of a certain city a highly-esteemed clergyman takes a great interest in the members of his flock who are engaged at the cutting. The other day he saw one of them entering a hotel and hailed him: but Pat simply looked and walked in. Waiting until he came out, the reverend gentleman accosted him thus :—

Pat, didn't you hear me calling ?

Yes, your ravrince, I did; but—but had only the price of one !

THE MILKMAN IN BRAZIL.

Takes His Cow to the Customer—Tricks in His Trade.

"There are two ways in which you may buy milk in Brazil," says the man who has just returned. "The milk isn't first rate, and milk and cream are scarce, but there is originality in one way of selling it.

"Sometimes milk is delivered from house to house in glass bottles, carried in wire baskets, something after the fashion of the milkman here, but there the difference begins. The cart used in Brazil is a three-wheeled pushcart, always painted some dark, dull color. The bottles are typically Brazilian; they are long small-necked, dark green, second-hand wine bottles, which have advantages of their own for the merchant. The customer cannot see the water which he knows is in the milk, and the dark color simplifies the task of washing, which is quite a point to the native.

"But the other way of delivering milk is simon-pure Brazilian, and is a sort of case of the mountain coming to Mahomet. The milk merchant leads his cow around to his customers by a halter. Tied to the cow's tail is a smaller halter and at the other end of that rope is a small muzzle halter, which is fastened around the head of a calf. The Brazilian milkman believes that the cow will not give milk if unaccompanied by her calf.

"The merchant, thus leading his merchandise and source of supply, walks barefooted over the uneven stone pavements from customer to customer. In his hand he carries an ordinary-sized drinking glass and a tin one-pint measuring cup; these he ingeniously raps one against the other and this is his gong to notify his customers of his approach. A customer reached, the merchant gets down on one knee and proceeds to execute the order while the customer waits.

"The stranger sees no chance for diluting the milk in this system by which the consumer sees with his own eyes the goods produced. But the natives—and they all agree on this point—insist that the milk merchant has under his coat a rubber bottle filled with water and with a rubber tube attachment which enables him to inject the water into the measure along with the milk. Another way the artistic milk merchant has for bilking his customer is by producing as much foam as possible. This is done by holding the glass as far as practicable from the source of supply during the process of filling the measure.

"In the best hotels and restaurants on the eastern coast of Brazil I did not once see cream used or offered, and milk as a beverage was very seldom seen, and I did not once see it mentioned on a bill of fare. Milk—such as it is—brings about 15 cents a quart, and a better supply even at this price would increase the demand materially."

WORM AND ANT FACTORIES.

Money in Breeding the Insects as Food For Pheasants.

Sport in all parts of the world furnishes employment for vast numbers of people, not the least remunerative being that of insect breeder. Before pheasant shooting commences in France, an insect breeder is to be found in the neighborhood of all large preserves. Pheasants are so passionately fond of ants, and prices are so good, that an industrious purveyor of these insects reckons he has had a bad season if he does not clear in the three months he is at work nearly $500.

Were the trade in ants to be introduced in this country the breeding would have to be carried on in perfectly isolated buildings, owing to the ferocity of the artificial variety. So ingrained is the love of warfare that the ant manufacturers of France have to encase their bodies in buff leather to protect themselves from the ceaseless attacks of their ungrateful pupils. Apart from their warlike instincts, ants, if we are able to believe all that is said of them, are tractable enough. A well-fed ant, it is averred, can lay eggs at will, the average production being ten times greater in captivity than in a wild state.

Considering that every pheasant sent to market in this country costs a guinea, it is surprising that gamekeepers do not breed ants. All that is necessary is to place a number in a room filled with an iron stove, which must be kept red hot. The little creatures must be allowed to make their nests how and where they please, as they tolerate no interference in the construction of their homes. It is the eggs the pheasants are so fond of. A young bird regaled on these will fatten in an incredibly short space of time, and at a cost of less than two-thirds of what it now costs to bring them into good condition.

Anglers abroad are as well catered for as breeders of pheasants. The breeding of "gentles" may be a most lucrative calling, but it most certainly is not a clean or attractive one. For all this the gentle breeders do not complain, possibly because no capital is required to start in the trade.

All that the breeder of gentles requires is a good supply of defunct domestic animals and an old loft or pit to store them in till they are in a state of putresence.

The most profitable of all the Continental insect breeding trades is that of the "worm grower."

These gentry breed worms for nightingales. As this is the most fashionable bird in France and Austria the owners, mostly rich ladies, pay fabulous prices for the favorite food of their pets.

A Scottish laird was sitting on the hill-side with a shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation said: John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill. The shepherd answered: Ah, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had mair sense.

ODDITIES OF ORATORY.

MEMORABLE SPEECHES IN THE BRITISH COMMONS.

A Speaker Killed By Long-Winded Oratory.—Mr. Pitt's First Experience.

"The House is empty and so are our stomachs ; I pray you, therefore adjourn the debate for one hour," was the appeal wrung from a long-suffering member of the House of Commons more than two centuries and a half ago by a wearisome succession of long and prosy speeches.

But Speaker Long, a martyr to conscience if ever man was, refused to adjourn the debate, with the result that a little later he fainted from exhaustion in his chair, and was removed unconscious to his residence, where he shortly expired, a victim of long-winded oratory.

It is some kind of consolation to the modern legislator who yawns through a speech an hour long on some "subject of parochial interest" that he did not serve his country in days when a single speech sometimes made a serious hole in a week of a session ; although it is true that some of these speeches one would give much to have the privilege of sitting through even now.

When in 1787 Sheridan spoke for three hours on Burke's proposal that Hastings should be impeached, his last sentence was more eagerly listened to than the first ; and he sat down amid a scene of such enthusiasm that it was unanimously agreed to adjourn until the House resumed a "calmer and more judicial mood." Sheridan's last speech in this historic debate occupied no less than four days ; and his oratory was so captivating that not a single member, in a House crowded to suffocation, who heard the first words of the speech missed a word of the "finest oratorical effort of the century."

Another abnormally long speech, which was by common consent far too brief, was Lord Palmerston's

ELOQUENT VINDICATION

of his claims on the Greek Government for Don Pacifico. This historic speech, with its famous declaration, Civis Romanus sum, lasted exactly five hours, and as even Mr. Roebuck, Lord Palmerston's adversary at the time, said, "It would be impossible for five hours to pass more quickly or delightfully."

When Sir Robert Peel, in his memorable speech on 27th January, 1846 brought the repeal of the Corn Laws before the House of Commons, he spoke for nearly four hours to a House which his eloquence and powerful argument enchained to the last moment.

Mr. Gladstone many times eclipsed this record ; and it will be remembered that Mr. Biggar on one occasion claimed the ear of the House for over five hours.

A story is told of a member in the early days of last century who, after speaking for three hours, suddenly collapsed in his seat to the undisguished relief of the few members who had survived his oratory so long. To their horror, however, he almost immediately stood up again, and, after apologizing to the Speaker for his interruption to his speech caused by a pain in his side, he said : "And now, sir, I will proceed with my opening remarks."

But while some orators have claimed the attention of the House for hours or even days, there have been others of at least equal natural eloquence who have been content with seconds.

When a certain young member, who is now a man of weight and eloquence, stood up some years ago to make his maiden speech, he gazed helplessly around him for a moment, made an effort to articulate, and then ignominiously resumed his seat

WITHOUT UTTERING A WORD.

The honorable member who succeeded him, with very questionable taste, congratulated him on "having made the most powerful speech" on his side of the question in debate, "since silence was the most eloquent expression of the views of his party."

This taunt so stung the "maiden" member that when next he "caught the Speaker's eye" he made a speech of such eloquence and stinging sarcasm that he sat down amid a torrent of applause.

When Lord Guildford made his maiden speech in the House of Commons his experience was so painful that he decided never to repeat it. "I managed to speak two or three sentences," he afterwards confessed, "when a mist began to rise before my eyes. I then lost my recollection, and could see nothing but the Speaker's wig, which swelled and swelled and swelled until it covered the whole House. I then sank back on my seat, and never attempted to speak again."

On one historic occasion even the Earl of Chatham experienced the miseries of an oratorical collapse. He opened his speech with the words "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," which not unnaturally the House greeted with a roar of surprised laughter. The statesman glared around fiercely and indignantly, and repeated in a louder tone, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker." Again the House was convulsed ; and when a third time the hon. member shrieked, defiantly, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," the House was seized by such a prolonged paroxysm of laughter that Mr. Pitt resumed his seat with disgust.

UNEXPECTED.

A little girl went visiting one day, and after a time was given the album of family photographs to look at. She turned the leaves over carefully, and pretty soon closed the book.

Well, dear, asked the hostess, did you look at the album ?

Oh, yes, answered the little maid, brightly; and we've one 'zactly like it, only the pictures are prettier.

There have been 201 Italian Popes, only 1 English, 1 Dutch, 1 Swiss, 1 Portuguese.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of Now and Hereafter.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: Matthew vi, 34, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The life of every man, woman and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much he has done to make you happy, his sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud, and crystal for the billow and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands and outflashing all thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer. I discourse of the sin of

BORROWING TROUBLE.

First, such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rosebushes in my garden; the one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturn many a fine business and sent the man dodging among the note shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he prays, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he gives, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart said to his children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The McCheynes and the Summerfields of the Church who did the most good toiled in the sunlight. Away with the horrors! They distill poison; they dig graves and if they could climb so high they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with

SOBS AND WAILING.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas, that amid such exuberance of blessing man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness, that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window sash with tempest and sweep the coals from the hearth and pour hunger into the bread tray; that a man fed by Him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction and attends with angelic escort and hovers over with more than motherly fondness should be looking for a heritage of tears! Has God been hard with thee that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has He stinted thy board? Has He covered thee with rags? Has He spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity?

If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about, you do not watch them, for you know they are honest, but if an entire stranger come by the safe you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God;

NOT AS A FATHER.

but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him. It is high time you began to thank God for present blessing. Thank Him for your children, happy, buoyant and bounding. Praise Him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise Him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping into the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love Him for the grass that cushions the earth and the clouds that curtain the sky and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank Him for a Bible to read and a Saviour to deliver.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so he apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Alas, for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens. The shadows of to-day are thick enough. Why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful. Why halloo to disasters far distant to come and wring out more gall in the bitterness? Are we such champions that, having won the belt in former encounters, we can go forth to challenge all the future?

HERE ARE BUSINESS MEN

just able to manage affairs now are. They can pay their rent and meet their notes and manage affairs as they now are, but how if a panic should come and my investments should fail? Go to-morrow and write on your daybook or on your ledger, on your money safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, will be as faithful in 1910 as in 1901. God's hand is mightier than the machinations of stock gamblers or the plots of political demagogues or the red right arm of revolution, and the darkness will fly and the storm fall dead at His feet.

So there are persons in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleurisies and rheumatisms and neuralgias and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct and they are alarmed lest they be come entirely deaf. They felt chilly to-day and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady and dread becoming lifelong invalids. Take care of your health now and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down or eat chicken salad at 11 o'clock at night or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent, and then be confident.

Again, the habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have

SMOOTH SAILING.

Life's path will sometimes tumble among declivities and mount a steep and be thorn pierced. Judas will kiss our cheek and then sell us for 30 pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulcher creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who fight imaginary woes will come out of breath into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune. Boys in attempting to jump a wall sometimes go so far back in order to get impetus that when they come up they are exhausted, and these long races in order to get spring enough to vault trouble brings us up at last to the dreadful reality with our strength gone.

Finally, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it is unbelief. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed; your sickness will be alleviated; your sorrows will be healed. God will sandal your feet and smooth your path, and along by frowning crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and good cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat and shocks of corn and vineyards purpling for the winepress. The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of the great Storm Walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Bleak and wave struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall hear the cry of elders and the sweep of wings and trumpets of salvation and the voice of hallelujah

UNTO GOD FOREVER.

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle paths and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward till angels guard it, and trees of life overarch it, and thrones line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl and streets that are gold and temples that are always open and hills that quake with perpetual song and a city mingling forever Sabbath and jubilee and triumph and coronation.

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer trust Him. People ascribe the success of a certain line of steamers to business skill and know not the fact that when that line of steamers started the wife of the proprietor passed the whole of each day when a steamer started in prayer to God for its safety and the success of the line. Put everything in God's hands and leave it there. Large interest money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESFON, SEPT. 22.

Text of the Iesson, Prov. xxiii, 29-35. Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1.

29. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" The committee have again asked us to meditate upon this familiar portion as a temperance lesson, which is certainly a better selection for such a lesson than the story of the new earth which they suggested as a temperance topic last quarter. The only cure for intemperance, which is self-indulgence, is to be found in self-control which can be accomplished in us only by the Lord Jesus Christ, who is able to subdue all things unto Himself (Phil. iii, 21). In this lesson, as in all lessons on sin, we may see not only the sinner, but the sinner's substitute, Him who, though he knew no sin, yet was made sin for us (II. Cor. v, 21). We know that the drunkards and also some other sinners are apt to have quite a full share of the six forms of suffering here enumerated, and no one can deliver but He who was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, who so patiently endured the contentions and babblings of His enemies, who was wounded for our transgressions, and who after His weeping in Gethsemane must also have had redness of eyes. See Him, O sinner, as the one who loves you as you were never loved by even father or mother or dearest on earth, great as their love may have been, for He suffered before God for your sins and offers you full salvation from the consequences of your sins and deliverance from the power of them if you will only receive Him (Isa. liii, 5, 6; Heb. v, 7; I. Thess. i, 10; Math. i, 21; I. John i, 9; Jude 24).

30. "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." These are the people who experience the sorrows of verse 29, but let wine suggest all the pleasures this world can offer, and they are very many of their kind. A great king tried them all and found them all vanity and vexation of spirit (Eccl. ii, 1-11), and what can the man do that cometh after the king? But see what the same king learned to say: "Thy love is better than wine. We will rejoice and be glad in thee. We will remember Thy love more than wine" (Song i, 2, 4).

31. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Commands to an unsaved person to do right are only provoking, for all his nature is against the right; the carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to His law and cannot be (Rom. viii, 7). God gave no law to Israel till He had redeemed them from Egypt. The only one thing He asks the sinner to do is to accept His salvation, receive His Son. Then, and only then, does He give commands to be obeyed. Notice in verses 15 and 26 and so often in this book the command is to "My Son," and we are not sons of God till we receive His Son as our Saviour (John i, 12; I. John v, 12). Having become children of God and partakers of the divine nature (II. Pet. i, 4), we are to let Him possess our whole being, look through our eyes, hear with our ears, work with our hands, walk with our feet, speak by our mouths. In this way He will not look where He should not, and when tempted we must, like sinking Simon, cry, "Lord, save me!"

32. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." There is a last of all things sinful; they come to an end, and then there is the eternal reaping. Those who sow to the flesh reap corruption, and those who sow the wind reap the whirlwind (Gal. vi, 8; Hos. viii, 7). There may come a time when Prov. i, 24-31, shall be the experience of many, when because they would not listen to God they shall call, but He shall not answer, and finally they shall have to hear Him say, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels!" (Math. xxv, 41.) In the case of those who are redeemed by His precious blood, in whom He has come to live, the last on earth is only a step to greater glory, to die is gain, to depart and be with Christ is far better (Phil. i, 21, 23).

33. "Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." Woman represents the worst as well as the best in Scripture. The true Church is the bride of Christ and is espoused as a chaste virgin to Christ, while the false church is compared to a harlot (Rev. xix and xvii and II. Cor. xi, 2). If drunken with wine, we behold the evil, but if filled with the Spirit we shall see Jesus only (Eph. v, 18). The heart is the great center from which evil or good proceeds. See in this chapter verses 15, 17, 19, and then verse 26 as the only way to be right.

34. "Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." This certainly suggests the saying of David, "Truly as the Lord liveth there is but a step between me and death" (I. Sam. xx 3). Inasmuch as life in this mortal body is so uncertain how foolish it is to continue a moment longer in sin when God is beseeching us to be reconciled to Him and to accept the redemption which He has so fully provided and which He bestows so freely! (Isa. i, 18; Math. xi, 28; II. Cor. v, 20; Rom. iii, 24.) The God in whose hand our breath is and whose are all our ways (Dan. v, 23) is very gracious. He is slow to anger and not willing that any should perish (II. Pet. iii, 9), but He will by no means clear the guilty unless they accept Him.

35. "They have stricken me; I was not sick; they have beaten me, I felt it not. When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." Just as before the deluge, so now. The imagination of the thoughts of the heart of man is only evil continually (Gen. vi, 5). They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands (Isa. v, 12). They become dead or indifferent to all the Lord's pleadings, and their one thought is how to gratify their desires. A father has been known to become so inhuman as to take his children's clothing with which to obtain that which his cravings desired. A mother may forget, nature may fail. Man left to himself is only a beast (Ps. xlix, 12) and often worse than many; his great thought is himself and how to gratify himself. When Christ takes possession of a heart, He who on earth pleased not Himself (Rom. xv, 3) will live again in that soul His own life, making the person more and more like Himself until they awake in His likeness (II. Cor. iii, 18; Ps. xvii., 15).

FAMOUS COURTSHIPS.

How Some Great Men Mot Their Wives.

The wooing of Sir Richard Burton, the great traveller, was quick and very unconventional. One day when Miss Arundel (who, strangely enough had been told by a gipsy woman that she would one day bear the name of "Burton"), was walking with her sister in Boulogne, she passed a strange man whose dark eyes, as she afterwards confessed, "seemed to hypnotise her."

Turning to her sister she declared, "Some day that man will marry me." On the following day the sisters again met the strange gentleman, who chalked upon the wall this question, "May I speak to you?" Miss Arundel chalked in response, "No; mamma will be angry"—and this was the beginning of one of the most remarkable wooings and wedded lives in the whole romance of love.

The oft-told story that Mr. Gladstone caught his first glimpse of the girl whose life was to be so closely linked with his for half a century across the dining-table of a mutual friend is denied on authority; the true version of this most interesting wooing being that the youthful statesman (he was even at that early age a Minister of the Crown) first saw Sir Stephen Glynne's beautiful daughter by torchlight in the Colosseum, and was so charmed by her simplicity and grace, and the intelligence of her remarks, that he whispered to a friend, "If ever I marry, that is the girl who will be my wife." It was under these most romantic of conditions and environment that Mr. Gladstone's fate was sealed.

When John Ruskin first saw Adele Domecq, the beautiful daughter of his father's partner, when she came on a visit to his home at Herne Hill, he promptly fell

"HEAD OVER HEELS"

in love with her "sweet oval face and graceful figure." But Adele could speak no English, and he knew nothing of her native tongue, Spanish; while his natural shyness made his efforts at love-making so ridiculous that she declared, "If this boy does not desist I shall die of laughing."

But for young Ruskin it was the one love of a lifetime; and from the day when Adele became the wife of Baron Duquesne his "heart was dead within him."

It is told of a certain distinguished statesman of to-day that his first glimpse of the lady who became his wife was from the window of a clubroom in Pall Mall. The first glance, however, stimulated his curiosity so much that, leaving the club, he followed her at a discreet distance for more than an hour until she disappeared through the doorway of her home. Having thus ascertained her address he discovered her name, sought and obtained an introduction, and within a year, so impetuous was his wooing, he made her his wife.

Lord Battersea, so the story goes, won his richly-endowed bride, the daughter of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, by stopping her horse which had bolted with her in Rotten Row, and when a man thus adds the character of hero to that of one of the handsomest men in England he has little difficulty in setting the wedding bells a-ringing.

The beautiful Duchess of Sutherland found the key to matrimonial luck in the number thirteen. In the early eighties, when the Countess of Rosslyn was giving a dinner party, she discovered to her horror that, unless another guest was produced, thirteen would sit down to dinner. To avert this calamity she called to her aid her young daughter, Lady Millicent, then a schoolgirl of sixteen, who not only made the desired fourteen, but so captivated the fancy of the Marquis of Stafford, who took her in to dinner, that he had fallen in love with her before the first course was over.

Next day other houses took their licenses, but Martel's venture made his establishment far and away the most popular among the gambling fraternity. His success continued, and he opened other establishments, for each of which he pays the enormous tax of something like $450,000 a year.

A little man who pretended to be very fond of his horse, but kept him nearly starved, said to a friend: "You don't know how much we think of that horse; I shall have him stuffed so as to preserve him when he dies. You'd better stuff him now, retorted his friend, so as to preserve him living.

ON THE FARM.

TO SAVE MANURE.

The question of fertility is one which is ever present with the farmer, as upon it depends in large measure his successful growth of crops. One of the important assets of the farm, therefore, is the manure made because in it is contained part of the fertility that has been removed in previous crops, that which may now be returned to the soil for the use of future crops.

The liability of manure to a rapid loss of its constituents and, consequently, the important bearing of proper handling upon the actual value of the product made, are not so fully recognized as they should be. It follows, too, from the general character of the material, that the richer the original manure is in the essential constituents, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, the greater is the liability to loss; first, because of the greater tendency to rapid fermentation of a substance rich in nitrogenous substances, which result in a loss of nitrogen, and, secondly, because of the greater possibility of loss from leaching in substances containing large amounts of

SOLUBLE MINERAL SALTS

Farm manures are really nitrogenous in their character, for the chief valuable constituent is nitrogen.

In 1898 a series of experiments were planned to study, first, the rate and character of the losses that occur in farm manure when exposed to leaching, and, secondly, the rate of availability of the nitrogen in both the fresh and leach manures, and in definite forms of nitrogen in commercial products, nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, and dried blood.

That phase of experiments which enables a study to be made of the losses that may occur through exposure included four lots of manure, each lot including the solid and liquid excrement combined. These were exposed for different periods, at different seasons of the year, thus making the average of the four lots fairly representative of the average period, during which manure is most likely to be exposed, as well as representing manures made under different conditions of feeding,

SUMMER AND WINTER.

Solid manure exposed for an average of 109 days lost 37.6 pounds of nitrogen from every 100, and 47.1 of potash from every 100.

Solid and liquid manure, combined, exposed for an average of 109 days, lost 51 pounds of nitrogen from every 100 pounds contained in it, 51.1 of phosphoric acid from every 100, and 61.1 pounds of potash from every 100. More than one-half of the constituents in the total annual manure product of the cow may be lost by an exposure of less than four months.

The amount of constituents lost from the manure product made in one year from one well-fed cow would cost $12.50 if purchased in the form of commercial fertilizer, and $11.50 if purchased in the form of town or city manure. If the constituents so lost were replaced by the purchase of commercial forms at present prices, it would increase the cost of milk of a 5,000-pound cow 25 cents per hundred.

In view of the results here given in reference to losses from manures, the question arises: What methods shall be used in order to reduce them to a minimum? Or, in another word, how shall the maximum amount of plantfood contained in manures made upon the farm be saved

FOR ACTUAL USE?

No experiments were carried out along this line, but methods based upon theoretical and practical considerations are suggested.

The first is to cart the manure from the yard and spread upon the land as soon as possible after it is made thus preventing destructive fermentation and loss from leaching, the water passing through the fields carrying the soluble constituents into the soil, where they are held. By this method the minimum loss would result, though, as shown by the experiments, the availability of the solid portion would be less for the first crop than if the manure had begun to ferment before applying. The labor saved in the handling, would compensate for the decreased availability of the fresh manure. The disadvantage of this system is that there are times when it is impossible to go upon the land, as, for example, after heavy rains. Besides, there are farms where the land is so rolling that if the manure were applied in winter, losses would be likely to occur because of the opportunity for washing into the valleys and streams, and finally there may be no field upon which the manure can be applied, particularly in the summer season

WHEN CROPS ARE GROWING.

Another method suggested is to store the manure in a covered yard, add absorbents in the form of cut straw or cornstalk, and keep the manure level and well packed, then haul to the fields whenever it is convenient, or whenever it seems best to make an application to a particular crop. By this method possible leaching is prevented by the covering, and fermentation is regulated and losses prevented by keeping moist and well packed.

In cases where the manure is hauled soon after it is made, the use of so called preservers will materially lessen the losses in the stable, besides securing the further advantage of purifying the air in them. Fermentation begins very soon after the manure is dropped, and if chemical absorbents, as plaster, kainit, acid phosphate, etc., are used, the ammonia will be largely fixed and held in a soluble form in the manure. If the two latter are used, naturally potash and phosphoric acid are added, which will make the product much richer in these constituents and save a separate application. Where any of these are used they may be distributed in the gutters in the stables at the rate of one pound per day for three to five cows.

THE COW PARLORS OF HOLLAND.

There is no need of telling you that the Dutch cows are kept clean. No wonder the people of Holland have black and white cows. They must have something white for the standard of cleanliness, writes a correspondent. At the time of our visit in midsummer, the place where the cows had stood the winter before was as clean as any parlor in this country. The walls had been scoured and painted; the floor had been scrubbed and scrubbed and finally covered with pure white sea sand beautifully smoothed.

Then this sand was made more interesting by the drawing of figures in it with a stick, as a child does when it plays on the seashore. In some houses hundreds of sea shells were used for decorating the stable floors. The manure drop was covered with either rattan matting or with rattan and ingrain carpet. In some places the family, instead of using the living rooms in summer were dwelling in the cow stable, the dinner table standing on the platform where the cows had stood. The better class of farmers in North Holland have gas machines and cook with gas, and use it for illuminating purposes. In the higher grade of houses the windows are often of plate glass, the furniture solid mahogany, and silver plate and fine china are en evidence.

The cows are members of the family, and the choicest pets. When we went to the field to inspect them, the whole family accompanied us, father, wife, sons and daughters. We found the animals remarkably docile and as fond of being caressed as is the average house dog. Let us, who turn up our noses at the practical Dutch farmers for keeping useful cows in their houses, remember that we have with us flea-covered mangy dogs, diphtheria-breeding cats, besides birds of various kinds in cruel captivity. The return per cow with good farmers in Holland is about $80 each.

FAMOUS GAMBLING PALACE.

The City of Mexico Has a Magnificent One.

Possibly few are aware that in the City of Mexico there exists an establishment which for splendor and luxuriousness runs Monte Carlo very close.

Some years ago the Mexican Government resolved to abolish gambling, which is, by the way as much part and parcel of the Mexican's nature as of the heathen Chinee. The measure proved intensely unpopular, being vigorously opposed not only by the professional sporting element, but by many of the most influential and wealthy subjects of the Republic, and finally the Government "climbed down."

Determined, however, not to be altogether outdone, the authorities conceived the idea of imposing a heavy tax upon gambling, and a law was passed requiring every gambling resort to pay the enormous daily license of $1,200.

On the day this measure became law the gambling establishments throughout the country closed their doors, all save one. Senor Martel presented himself at the tax-gatherer's office with the amount of the license in his hand, and demanded the privilege of keeping open his house. The license was granted by the dumfoundered officials, and long before nightfall it was noised all over the city that Martel's establishment on the Calle de Gante was continuing business as usual. That night the place was literally thronged by the wealthiest "sports" in the city, and Senor Martel's profits ran into four figures.

When it became evident to the authorities that Martel had "come to stay," and taking into consideration the immense revenues they were reaping from his enterprise, a Government official was appointed to preside over each of his business places this fact greatly enhancing Martel's prestige.

The average daily expenses of the great "financier's" establishments amount to the incredible sum of $40,000. That in the Calla de Gante is sumptuously furnished, and those guests who can afford the luxury of gambling here enjoy the choicest cigars and wines that money can purchase, "free, gratis."

Felipe Martel is a devout Churchman and recently built a church which cost him over $60,000 in the suburban village of San Angel, where he lives. His residence is, needless to say, a most palatial structure, and (strange trade-mark of the gamester's profession) contains forty windows, representing the number of cards in the Mexican pack.

NOT THE GIRL FOR HIM.

The father was quite anxious for his son to marry, and on every occasion he was picking out what he thought was a suitable girl. One night, at a dinner, the old gentleman sat next to a very attractive young woman, and on his way home he was loud in her praises.

My boy, he said, she's the very girl for you.

Not much, replied the boy, with peculiar emphasis.

But I say she is, persisted papa.

And I say not, insisted the son.

The father became testy on the subject.

You're hard to please. You don't expect a woman to be perfect, do you?

No.

Then why isn't this one just the girl for you?

Because, replied the young man, with an effort, she's for some other fellow. She told me so last night.

Terpentine is 1 per cent. lighter than water, olive oil is 8 per cent., and alcohol 19 per cent.

The Home.

IN THE APPLE SEASON.

The time for fresh apples is always hailed with pleasure by housewives for with them no end of delicious dishes may be prepared. Apple sauce, appreciated by nearly everyone, is too often poorly made. Not long ago, in a house where better judgment might have been expected, the dish came to the table thickened with cornstarch.

Many people think that sauce made of summer apples and tender skinned winter ones is improved in flavor if the apples are not peeled before cooking. In this case the pulp is pushed through a colander while it is hot. By this method, however, the sauce becomes more or less "salvy." In the long run the usual method of cooking is most satisfactory to the majority of persons. Pare, quarter and core the fruit; put it into a saucepan with just enough boiling water to cover, and simmer it gently until it is done. Sweeten to taste while hot, stirring until the sugar is distributed.

If the apple sections are wanted unbroken, make a syrup of one cupful of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of water, and a section of lemon peel. When this boils, add pared and cored quarters of seven or eight sour apples. Cook them slowly until they are tender, but not broken. Then remove the apples carefully with a wooden spoon, boil the syrup for five minutes or so, and strain it over the apples. A tin or iron dish is never, of course, employed to cook any fruit. A teaspoonful of butter added to apple sauce often softens the flavor, and the juice of a lemon and additional sugar add to its richness. A sliced lemon (not peeled) may be put into the syrup in which apples are cooked. This gives a most decided flavor. A bit of orange peel boiled in the syrup also gives a pleasant taste. True apple lovers, however, object to anything that detracts from the pure apple savor.

The old fashioned way of cooking the apples slowly until they turned a rich mahogany red makes a pleasant variety in the bill of fare. To accomplish this, pare, quarter and core the apples and cover them with cold water, to which a tablespoonful of molasses or of dark brown sugar and a piece of lemon peel have been added. Cover them and cook very slowly, hardly at a simmer for several hours. The sections should remain whole. Pears cooked in this way are especially delicious.

Bits of butter sprinkled over the top of the apple pie after the sugar and cinnamon have been put in and before the top crust is on is a great improvement, as is also the juice of a lemon and an additional quantity of sugar.

For the baked apple of time honored memory there is a variety of methods. The simplest of all is liked the best by many who claim that from the core and seeds a certain flavor is given to the pulp. Perfect apples are selected, sweet or tart, with no suggestion of worm depredations. After washing them they are placed in a pan, with just enough water to cover the bottom, and are baked slowly until tender. To serve for desert it is best to core them, the cavities being filled with sugar, with or without an additional flavoring. A tiny piece of lemon peel is sometimes put into each with the sugar. Some housekeepers use a sprinkling of cinnamon or a piece of butter the size of a cherry.

One housekeeper always uses pound sweets for baking. She removes the core, and packs them in a large pudding dish with a cupful of hot water in the bottom. The dish is covered closely and set in a moderate oven, where the fruit is allowed to steam slowly until it is tender. Then the apples are placed in an earthen dish and the juice is poured over them with a big wooden spoon until they are cool, when they are transferred to a glass dish again covered with the juice and placed on the ice. Baked in this way, apples are said to be better flavored than when cooked in an open dish.

A sort of baked apple sauce is made by paring and coring tart apples, putting them in a deep pudding dish with just enough water to cover them, covering the dish closely and baking or steaming in a moderate oven until they are tender. Then the apples are removed without breaking and a half a cupful of sugar is added to the juice for every six apples, and the syrup is boiled for about half an hour. Ten minutes before removing from the fire, a piece of ginger or mace or a few cloves are put in. At the end of the time, remove the spice and turn the liquid over the fruit, which has been kept hot. Cover closely and stand away to cool. This dish is delicious served with cream.

A compote of apples makes an attractive dessert. Make a syrup with a cup of sugar, a cup of water, and an inch of stick cinnamon. Boil it slowly for twelve minutes. Meanwhile, pare or core ten tart apples, and cook them in a syrup until they are nearly tender. Drain them and put in the oven for a few minutes. Arrange the apples when cool on a dish and fill the spaces left by the cores with currant jelly. Cool the syrup and pour it over the apples. When very cold, arrange whipped cream around the base and garnish it with the currant jelly.

If apples are to be served uncooked, each should be washed in cold water, wiped carefully and then polished with a piece of flannel. Arrange in the fruit dish with some of the leaves placed here and there. Red apples, of course, are the most beautiful. South, in fact, out of the "apple belt," where the fruit tastes less like home, the people are most fastidious as to appearances, and green apples are passed by in the market, while red apples, the brighter the better, find ready sale. In the North, however, little attention, except for special occasions, is paid to the color, but the flavor is the standard of merit, each buyer having a personal preference. Not infrequently this taste results from pleasant acquaintance with some particular tree with which one associates tender memories.

To salads, where tartness is wanted, dried apples are sometimes a pleasant addition. Mixed with celery and English walnuts or with boiled chestnuts, they are delicious served with mayonnaise dressing. Apples for salads should be pared just before they are needed for serving, and thrown into ice water until everything is ready, so that the color may be preserved. A little ingenuity will discover a variety of ways in which the bright colored peel of the fruit may be utilized for garnishing. Narrow, unpared, wedge shaped sections of a red apple may be arranged about the edge of the dish, with the ends pointing toward the centre, or a pretty combination may be made of green and red skins.

The most delicious jelly made of apples is of the cider kind. Tart, green apples were usually employed for the purpose. They were washed, sliced without paring, put into a preserving kettle with a new sweet cider before it had shown any signs of working, and boiled until soft. Then they are drained through a sieve two cupfuls of sugar were allowed to one pint of the liquid, the whole was boiled for twenty minutes and poured into glasses and sealed.

The white mulberry lives but sixty years. It is the best for silkworms. The black mulberry will live 300 years or more in England.

Prison-Warder—It's just been found out that you didn't commit that crime you've been in for all these years, and so the governor has pardoned you. Innocent Man—Um! I'm pardoned, am I? Prison-Warder—Y-e-s, but don't go yet. I have to telegraph for further instructions. Innocent Man—What about? Prison Warder—Seems to me that, considering you hadn't any business here, you ought to pay the Government for your board.

Wingle—Why call it a toothbrush? You should say teethbrush, unless you happen to have but one tooth. Wangle—Nonsense; one does not say bootsbrush. Wingle—No, because he brushes but one boot at a time. Wangle—But how about a hairbrush?

Harry—Girls take things so literally, you know. Fred—As for example? Harry—Five years ago when my sister was twenty-five, I wished her many happy returns. And if you'll believe it, her twenty-fifth birthday returns regularly every year.

I understand Miss Goode took piano lessons at the Conservatoire. Oh, yes; she got a gold medal. Yet I was paying a visit at her house last night, and she positively refused to play—said she had decided to give it up. Yes; that's what she got the medal for. The neighbors gave it to her.

Although only 870 factory hands are killed by accident in the course of a year, the injured average 70,000.

On an average 100 new books are published daily in the world, without counting new editions of old works.

The British sovereign is eleven twelfths fine gold, the shilling contains 37 in 40 parts of pure silver.

Interested stranger—Was it dissipation that left those marks upon your visage? Victim—No'm; my wife's name is Maria.

The total length of ocean cables is 160,842 miles.

INFANT MORTALITY.

Many Deaths Largely Due to Ignorance on the Part of Mothers.

The disorders of children seem to the rugged and hearty grown persons to be simple and not particularly dangerous.

This point of view on the part of parents has been the cause of the loss of thousands of baby lives.

You will always find that the mothers who are successful in bringing up families of hearty, happy children with scarcely a day's sickness, are always those who are careful to note the slightest evidence of illness and to check the difficulty at once.

They do not belong to the class of mothers that stupify their children with sleeping draughts and similar medicines containing opiates.

They stick to the purely vegetable healthful medicines which cure infantile disorders quickly, and of these Baby's Own Tablets are the best of all.

For colic, simple fevers, croup, constipation, diarrhoea, irritation when teething, indigestion and sleeplessness, these tablets are a quick, effective, never-failing cure. Dissolved in water the smallest baby will take them without the slightest objection. Do not trifle with medicines concerning which you know nothing, when here is a time-tried remedy which is used constantly and with the best results in thousands of homes.

Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., says:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for children of all ages, and would not be without them in the house. They are truly a baby comfort and mother's friend." Baby's Own Tablets can be found at drug stores, or will be sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 25 cents, by addressing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

Only 4 per cent. of the British Army have a chest measurement of over 40 in., and 20 per cent. between 38 and 40 in.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

On the initiative of a M. Bouvard there has just been installed in Paris a new apparatus for the benefit of future victims of furious driving on the part of the reckless chauffeurs. This "phare de secours," as it is called, has a key within a glazed box, something like those used in fire alarms, and when an accident occurs the sympathetic bystander has only to break the glass, possess himself of the key, and open the door of a receptacle containing a hand ambulance. There is also a telephone attached for communication with the municipal ambulances if the case is sufficiently serious. It looks as if something of the kind will soon be wanted in London.

Hicks—You say you haven't a single superstition. Would you start a journey on Friday? Wicks—Never! Saturday is pay-day!

BROTHER'S KEEPER.

GEORGE S. McLAUGHLIN LIVES TO REJOICE THAT HE TOOK HIS BROTHER'S ADVICE.

For Twenty-five Years Crippled with Backache—Finally Advised to Take Dodd's Kidney Pills—What He Says About His Cure.

Economy Point, N.S., Sept. 9.—Mr. G. S. McLaughlin lives in this quiet little Nova Scotia village. His brother keeps the grocery store here. But for this seemingly unimportant fact, unless death had mercifully relieved him of his sufferings, Mr. McLaughlin would in all probability have been a helpless cripple to-day. For it was through his brother keeping store that he came to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Economy Point is thirty-seven miles from Truro. The only connection is by waggon road, and in the spring when the roads are impassable, the hamlet is isolated completely. But nevertheless the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills found its way to Economy Point, and Mr. McLaughlin's brother in response to frequent requests, began to retail them at his store. There is no druggist in the place, and Mr. McLaughlin's grocery is looked to for medicines as well as groceries. Hearing the terms of unqualified praise with which his customers spoke of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the brother recommended them to Mr. McLaughlin. "They might help your back," said he.

That is the story of Mr. McLaughlin's cure—or all of it that varies to any extent from that of thousands of others. He followed his brother's advice. "I will try them, anyway," he said. That's all Dodd's Kidney Pills want—a trial. After the first trial there is no more hesitation. Mr. McLaughlin says it was wonderful the way his pain left him and his back strengthened. He was a free man ever since.

"I was troubled with lame back for twenty-five years or more. I couldn't turn myself in bed. Wonderful to say I have had no return of the trouble since using the Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to a number of persons with Kidney Trouble. All without exception have been benefited or cured. I can never be too thankful for the benefit I received from those wonderful pills."

MAKE NATURE WEEP.

Effect of Firing Lyddite and Melinite in South Africa.

Before the war the average rainfall for the whole of South Africa was about eight inches annually. But the booming of lyddite and melinite have considerably upset Nature's calculations.

In Pretoria, for instance, 0.71 inches of rain on an average falls in July, and 6.07 inches in January; but in July of last year nearly ten inches of rain fell in and about the neighborhood of the town.

In Aliwal North, January's average rainfall is reckoned at 1.55 inches; but while Methuen and Cronje faced each other in the neighborhood, three or four inches of rain often fell in a few hours.

Durban is one of the wettest towns in South Africa, having an average rainfall of 43 inches annually; but Buller and his army hammered Natire's face to such an extent in Natal that nearly 65 inches of rain fell there last year. This also applies to Port Elizabeth, where the amount has risen from 24 to over 30 inches annually.

The greatest rainfall in the world takes place in the mountains north of Bombay, India, where 33 inches of rain in twenty-six hours have been known to fall. After some of the great battles on the Tugela and Modder River, in the early stages of the war, 12 to 16 inches have been registered in a couple of days.

A GOOSE BOURSE.

In Prague there exists a goose "bourse," where yearly some 3,000,000 geese change hands. Its most active time lasts generally for about six to eight weeks, from the middle of September till the first days of November. During this time immense flocks of geese are driven into the suburbs, especially from the districts lying on the right bank of the Weischel. As the geese are driven in from long distances they are "shod"—that is to say, walked repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with the sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet of the geese, and they, thus "shod," are able to cover immense distances without fatigue.

Cast A. Way—Yes, madam, I've been a solicitor for nigh twenty years. Mrs. Farmkins—A solicitor? Cast A. Way—Yes'm. I solicits bread an' meat.

OLD MOORE'S SHADOWS.

His Almanac Issued for 1902.—Some Predictions.

Although almost four months yet remain of the year 1901, old Moore has already prepared his wonderful predictions for 1902, and they are now being sold in England in the familiar form of the penny almanack.

The war in South Africa will apparently end next January; at any rate this seems to be the hidden meaning of the prophetic phrase, "We shall hear from South Africa tidings of really good omen." But it will be a short-lived peace. In July "we shall learn of a sudden rising in South Africa. Some of the smouldering embers of revolt will be fanned into flame, and for a time things will look serious for the British. In the end the Union Jack will float again in peace."

Reverting to January it is prophesied that "a King's messenger will be seen on his road from Windsor to London, involving a hasty meeting of the cabinet, and for a time at least all the world will be in a state of expectation and suspense."

A terrible shipwreck, violent disturbances in Dublin, a marriage of great national importance, are among the events that will happen in February.

In March there will be a second Rougemont in the country—"a mysterious traveller from the East, with tales of the most extraordinary character. He is nothing more than a plausible fraud." A vast improvement in an instrument of war is predicted for April, and in May the disturbers of the church will again be active. In the same month will occur the death of a venerable and respected nobleman, who for more years than the usual span of life has devoted himself to his Queen, his King and his country."

There will be great times for motor-cars in July, and startling news from China in August. General lawlessness will be rampant in Paris during September, and a big fire will break out in Scotland in October.

For November two sad events are prophesied—"a beloved life will be in danger," and "a collision between two large vessels in the Channel will happen, with great loss of life."

The most serious item in December is "curious and complicated news from Copenhagen."

Mistress—Mary, I was almost sure once last evening, while the policeman was in the kitchen, that I heard a sound very like two people kissing. Mary—Did you hear it only once, mum? Mistress—Yes. Mary—Then it wasn't us.

The Chinese have twice sacked Moscow, once in 1237 and again in 1293. Great Britain's wealth increases about £450,000 a day—that is six cents a head a day.

Many dealers sell adulterated tea, said the shopkeeper, but mine is perfectly pure. No doubt you find honest tea is the best policy murmured the professional humorist shamefacedly.

Jack—Well did you succeed in making her father toe the mark? Tom (sadly)—Yes, but I was the mark.

In 1694 the capital of the Bank of England was £1,200,000. It is now £14,500,000.

THE DEMAND FOR

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA increases daily. This is a sure proof that its quality must be right. In Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cents.

If You Want Best results RUSH all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, C.P. West Market and Colborne Sts., Toronto.

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
ANDREW KING.
Halifax.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Lt.-Col. C. CREWE READ.
Sussex.

I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
C. S. BILLING.
Markham, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

I see, she said, that a couple who were married the other day received twenty clocks as wedding presents. And yet, he bitterly replied, I'll bet she'll never be in time when they are going out anywhere.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Russia's Asiatic possessions are 3 times as large as ours, but have only 25 million people compared with our 297 millions.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

But surely, urged Barlow, seeing is believing? Not necessarily, responded Dobson; for instance, I can see you every day, but as to believing you—— He never finished that sentence.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Out of 630 Roman Catholic bishops in Europe, Italy has no less than 268. France comes next with 86, and the United Kingdom has 49.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Of the total area of the British Isles only 59 per cent. is available as farming land, the rest being mountains, heaths, woods, or water.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Norway, Ireland and Spain have more blind people in proportion to population than other European countries. Spain has 216 per 100,000, Norway 208, Ireland 111.

W. P. C. 1093

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.
For all skin ailments.
F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.
WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Limited,
Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man

METAL ROOFERS Douglas Bros., 124 Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.

FRENCH CLEANING.
For made up Goods, Suits in Cloth, Velvet, Silk or Furs and all valuable house Hangings, nothing to equal it if done by the
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Montreal.

ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES.
Asbestos Goods, Pipe Covering, Corrugating Felt, Greases, etc.
WM. SUTTON COMPOUNDS CO., Limited,
TORONTO

Dominion Line Steamships
Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloon and Cabin rooms are amidships and Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or
Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING
J. E. JONES & CO.
30 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

A DEPOSITORY FOR SAVINGS
where the most cautious may leave their money with implicit confidence that it is not subject to risk of any kind is provided by the Savings department of
THE CANADA PERMANENT AND WESTERN CANADA MORTGAGE CORPORATION
Toronto Street, Toronto.
Liberal rates of interest paid or compounded half-yearly. It is recognized as
CANADA'S PREMIER COMPANY

Advice to a Young Husband—
Don't start out by giving your wife advice, but bring her home a packet of
Monsoon Ceylon Tea

CEYLON AND INDIA
NATURAL LEAF
GREEN TEA.

Resembles Japan in flavor, but is never impure—while infinitely superior in quality. It is making rapid strides in public favor because of the above facts. Drinkers of Japan teas should give it a trial.

SALADA
Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

BADLY RUN DOWN.

SYMPTOMS THAT MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS RESULTS.

The Experience of Thomas Cada, of Essex Co.—Nerves Seemed Shattered, and He Felt Unfitted to Stand Hard Work.

From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

Mr. Thomas Cada, of Pike Creek, a small village in Essex County, is known to almost everyone in that section. He is a son of Mr. John Cada, mill owner, and a prominent politician in his locality. A representative of the Windsor Review, who had known that some time previously Mr. Cada was in poor health, recently met him looking anything but an invalid, and naturally asked what had restored him to health. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," promptly replied Mr. Cada. When asked if he would give the particulars for publication, Mr. Cada said "certainly, if you think it worth while; but there is nothing very wonderful about my case. I was simply badly run down; my nerves seemed to be all shattered, and I was unable to stand hard work. In fact work of any kind left me badly used up. There did not seem to be any organic trouble, it was just a case of being run down and worn out. I felt myself gradually getting worse, however, and I began taking medicine. I tried several advertised remedies, but they did not help me, indeed some of them did me more harm than good. Just then I read of a case much like mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I purchased a few boxes. Very soon I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and in the course of a few weeks I was feeling my old-time self. I can now eat heartily, do a good day's work with no unusual fatigue, and in fact feel thoroughly renewed in health and strength. Naturally I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a great medicine for those who are weak or ailing."

If you are feeling run down, and easily tired, you need a tonic to put you right—to make you feel bright, active and strong, and the only always reliable tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Give these pills a fair trial and you will find that their curative powers have not been over-praised. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FRAGRANT
SOZODONT
for the TEETH and BREATH

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . .	25c
New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . .	25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER . . .	75c

25c
At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.

A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use."
[Name of writer upon application.]
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

THE

North Hastings Review

IS PUBLISHED

THURSDAY MORNING

AT THE

REVIEW PRINTING OFFICE, MADOC, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One dollar and a half per year; one dollar per year, if paid in advance, or within thirty days.

No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A post office notice is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made. Subscribers changing their address should immediately notify the publisher, giving old and new address. Subscribers outside the limits of the County must pay in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient advertising such as Legal Notices, Public Notices, Public Meetings, Municipal Advertisements, etc., inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line Nonpareil space for the first insertion and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of this class measured from rule to rule and by the scale of solid Nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Condensed advertisements of Estray Stock, Articles Lost, Found, or For Sale, Teachers Wanted, Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, To Let, Business Chances, and others of a like nature, not exceeding 12 lines Nonpareil, inserted at the rate of 50 cents for first insertion and 25 cents for each week afterwards. Ads. of this class must be paid in advance.

Any notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or corporation is considered an advertisement and must be charged as such.

Accounts will be rendered quarterly and are supposed to be paid promptly.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Copy for changes of contract advertisements must be left with us before noon on Monday. If this rule is not observed the change will not be made till the following week.

All copy for advertising, under contract or otherwise, must be acceptable in every way to the editor.

Advertisements without specific instructions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

JOHN R. ORR,
Editor and Proprietor.

The North Hastings Review,

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901.

—MANITOBA and Northwest farmers will have $30,000,000 distributed among them when their crops are marketed this fall. With a population of about 400,000 this means $75 per head, or $375 for each family, taking the usual average. Who says Canada is not a good country to live in?

o o o

—THE annual report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church in Canada has just been prepared for publication. The total income for the past year was $270,312.29, a total decrease of $17,157,85. The reason of the decrease is the falling off in legacies left to the society to the amount of $16,772.28. The failure of the harvest in Manitoba last year also affected the income of the society. The total amount contributed by the Toronto Conference was $43,640.99, an increase of $2,097.95.

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—CANADIAN lumbermen do not like the idea of an advance in their fire insurance rates. At a meeting of the Canadian Lumbermen's Association in Toronto on August 15, it was decided that the increase which went into effect recently was not warranted by the circumstances. The Board of Management was requested to communicate with sawmill owners whether members of the lumbermen's association or not, with a view to taking joint action, either in forming a new insurance company on the mutual plan or by joining on favorable terms some existing insurance company.

o o o

—THE wheat crop of the United States is estimated by the Government at 644,835,000 bushels, and The New York Journal of Commerce, judging by a comparison of the Government estimate with the crop in previous years, expects 700,000,000 bushels. The domestic consumption is placed at 415,000,000 bushels. The European demand, because of short crops, will be higher than usual. The bumper wheat crop will help to console the United States for the deficiency in corn, the yield of which is 1,335,000,000 bushels, or 770,000,000 less than last year. What a storehouse of food this North American continent is!

o o o

—THE agitation for a cheaper parcelpost service has spread from the United States to Canada, and comparisons with European countries show that their progress in the direction of a cheap service has been more rapid than ours. In Canada or the United States a parcel under five pounds can be sent by mail at the rate of one cent per ounce, while in Germany a parcel of eleven pounds can be be mailed for twelve cents. Another change advocated in this connection is the establishment of a C.O.D. service in connection with the parcel-post. The Postoffice Department has an extensive and ramified organization for the transmission of letters, parcels and money orders, and it is reasonable to infer that this machinery could be devoted to new and more extended uses without materially increasing the cost of operation. The adoption of new functions will no doubt make increases in revenue greater than the additional expense involved.

President McKinley Dead.

Vain Fight With Death.

All the Efforts of Science and Skilled Physicians Failed to Defeat the Grim Reaper in the Battle.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N.Y., Sept. 14.—William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, died at 2.15 o'clock this morning from the effect of an assassin's bullet.

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States, succeeds to that office, and with the administration of the oath of office today he will begin the exercise of the functions of President.

In these statements are embraced the consummation of an awful tragedy and the historic event by which the entire administration of Government is changed and a new Administration comes into being. But for the moment the transfer of the Government is forgotten in the great sorrow which has fallen on the nation in the passing of President McKinley. Soldier, statesman, President, devoted husband and friend, he was beloved by all who knew him.

DEATH CREPT SLOWLY OVER HIM.

The death of President McKinley came in the small hours of the morning, under circumstances of peculiar weirdness. For hours he had lain unconscious, with all hope of his survival abandoned. As early as 6 o'clock last night the doctors pronounced him a dying man, and soon thereafter the rigors of approaching death began to creep upon him. The administration of the powerful stimulants was maintained until 7 o'clock, but with no effect. It was seen that the end was near at hand, and those nearest and dearest to the stricken President were summoned for the offices of the last farewell. He came out of a stupor about 7 o'clock, and while his mind was partially clear there occurred the last endearments, the last submission of the sufferer to the will of the Almighty, the last murmured expressions from his dying lips, and the last good-byes. In this interval of consciousness the President asked for Mrs. McKinley, and she was brought into the death chamber. She came and sat beside him, held his hand, and heard from him his last words of encouragement and comfort. Then she was led away, and not again during his living hours did she see him.

The President himself fully realized that his hour had come, and his mind turned to his Maker. He whispered feebly "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the words of the hymn always dear to his heart. Then in faint accents he murmured: "Good-bye all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours." With this sublime display of Christian fortitude the President soon after lapsed into unconsciousness, and died at 2.15 a.m.

Full particulars of the world-wide sorrow and the sad ending, the funeral arrangements, and a history of McKinley's life, will be found on another page.

—WHILE lamentations are sometimes indulged in because Canada's population does not show the increase that many would like to see, it is satisfactory to know that the quality of our immigration is not open to the same objection as that of the United States. The New York World points out that the main volume of this year's immigration to the United States is from the countries that are notoriously hotbeds of Anarchy. Of 314,043 immigrants in the first seven months of this year, 233,918, or three out of every four, came from Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia in the following proportion:—Italy, 95,490; Austria-Hungary, 83,527; Russia, 54,901. In the same seven months the German Empire and Great Britain and Ireland, which formerly sent the majority of immigrants, sent together only about 38,000.

o o o

—STRAIGHTFORWARD writing is so rare an accomplishment that we hasten to extend the hand of welcome to it wherever it is found. The most recent shining specimen of literary directness which we have lighted upon is a letter addressed by a partisan to the politician whom he assisted to eminence, but who on reaching his high estate, forgot the poor man on whose shoulders he had risen. The disappointed one wrote as follows:—

"Deer Sur: You're a dam fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the muny either, but you could hev got it for me if you wasn't as mean as muk. Two pound a week ain't eny moar to me than 40 shillin's is to you, but I objekt to bein' maid an infurnil fool of. Soon after you was elected by my hard workin', a feller here wanted to bet me that you wouldn't be in the House moren a week before you maid an ass of yourself. I bet him a Cow on that as I thort you was worth it then. After I got Your Note sayin' you deklined to ackt in the matter I driv the cow over to the feller's place an' tole him he had won her.

"That's orl I got by howlin' 'meself Hoarse for you on pole day, an' months befoar. You not only hurt a man's Pride but you injure him in Bizness. I believe you think you'll get in agen. I don't An' what I don't think is of moar Konsequence then you imajin. I beleave you take a pleshire in cuttin' your best friends, but wate till the clouds roll by an' they'll cut you—just behind the Ear, where the butcher cut the pig. Yure no man. An' I don't think yure much of a Grit either. Go to hel. I lower meself riting to a skunk, even tho I med him a member of Parliament."

This, it seems to us, is what Matthew Arnold calls a servicable prose style.

Mark Twain's Regrets.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), the best-beloved figure in American letters, is spending his holidays in the Adirondacks, resting quietly and enjoying the good things that nature sends. He recently sent the following characteristic letter of regret to the secretary of the Kansas City jubilee:

"I am admonished in many ways that time is pushing me inexorably along; I am approaching the threshold of age; in 1977 I shall be 142. This is no time to be flitting about the earth; I must cease from the activities proper to youth and begin to take on the dignities and gravities and inertia proper to that season of honourable senility which is on its way and imminent—as indicated above. Yours is a great and memorable occasion, and, as a son of Missouri, I should hold it a high privilege to be there."

A hurricane at Montreal blew down many of decorations put up in preparation for the Duke's visit.

A New York blacksmith has been arrested for declaring that he belonged to a society that would give $50,000 to any man who would kill President Roosevelt.

C. Kruger, a son of Oom Paul, has surrendered to the British.

Cramps are Like Burglars,

they come unexpected, and when they are least welcome. Be armed with a one minute cure for cramps and keep Polson's Nerviline handy; it acts instantaneously. Nerviline's anodyne power is unique, for its composition expresses the highest medical progress of the age. Polson's Nerviline is a true comfort in the family for in all dangerments of the stomach and bowels is an absolute specific. Nerviline has five times greater medicinal value than any other remedy and is sold in large 25 cent bottles. Try it at Atkins.

THE MARKETS.

Wheat	68
Oats	35
Peas	62
Barley	42
Rye	45
Flour per cwt	$1.75 to $2.50
Hay per ton	88
Butter	23
Eggs	10
Hides	4½ to 5
Lamb Skins	35
Shearlings	30
Deacons	40
Hogs, live weight	$6 25 to $7.00
Potatoes, per bag	60
Chickens dry picked	6
Yearling Chickens dry picked	6
Old Fowl dry picked	5

The largest sale of timber limits since 1872 took place at the Parliament buildings, Toronto, this week.

The Miners' Union of Rossland, B.C., secured convictions against a company which employed alien laborers.

New Advertisements.

IN THE

SURROGATE COURT

Of the County of Hastings.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Jane Coe, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Widow, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129, sec. 38, and amending acts, that all creditors or other persons having claims against the estate of Mary Jane Coe, late of the village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Widow, deceased, who died on or about the 7th day of August, A.D., 1901, are required to deliver or to send by post prepaid, to William Cross, Wood Block, Madoc, Solicitor for Arthur W. Coe, James C. Dale, and William J. Allen, Executors, of the last Will and Testament of the said Mary Jane Coe, deceased, on or before the 8th day of October, A.D. 1901, full particulars of their said claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them, duly verified by affidavit.

And take further notice that on and after the said 9th day of October, 1901, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the proceeds of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have received notice.

WILLIAM CROSS,
30-4 Solicitor for said Executors, Madoc.

Dated at Madoc this 10th day of Sept, 1901.

GO TO

Geo. Wright

FOR

Crockery,

Groceries,

Confectionery,

AND

Provisions.

...SHOT GUNS...

Double and Single Barrel Muzzle and Breech Loading Shot Guns. Hammerless Breech Loading Guns; Loaded Shells, Shot, Caps, Wads and Primers. Dupont's and Hazzards's Smokeless Gun and Rifle Powders.

RIFLES.

Winchester, Martin, and Savage Repeating Rifles, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition. We offer a few Snider Enfield Rifles at very low prices.

M. W. CONNOR & SON.

FALL REQUIREMENTS!

This is the time of year you want

A NEW STOVE,
A FIRST-CLASS RANGE,
A PARLOR HEATER,

or any other kind of Stove for comfort or convenience during the coming cold weather.

We Have All Kinds of the Very Best Makes.

Call and see our Stock and get our prices.

SPORTING GOODS,—Rifles, Shot Guns, Powder, Loaded Shells, etc. A few Military Rifles on hand for sale cheap.

W. H. RICHARDSON & CO.

OUR

DRESS GOODS

Are Worth Seeing.

The Color of Fabric that should be worn for your Fall and Winter Outfit is here.

As for Variety we have provided you with a broad choice never so good as now.

As for Value you can depend on getting the best for your money.

ALEX. MILNE.

DO YOU NEED

A CLOCK,
WATCH, RING,
CHAIN, CHARM,
LOCKET,
or anything in the
JEWELLERY LINE or
SPECTACLES?

IS YOUR WATCH, CLOCK OR JEWELLERY IN NEED OF REPAIR?

Come to me, and I will give you the best of goods and prices.

Rapairing, Engraving, etc.

GEO. F. MAYBEE,
MADOC.

Are You Needing A Sewing Machine?

WE HAVE A NEW STOCK OF

New Williams and White Sewing Machines

At special prices, and in all styles.

Also a large stock of **Single Harness** which we can supply at rock bottom prices. Inspect them.

A few Yearlings and Two-year-old Colts for sale. Call and see them.

T. L. NICKLE.

TRUNKS. TRUNKS. TRUNKS.

The summer vacation is near at hand and you purpose going on a trip. You are in need of a Trunk, and we handle Trunks that are Trunks. We have them of all sorts, sizes and prices. Also in stock a full line of

VALISES and TELESCOPE GRIPS.

MORRICE & SON.

LADIES' JACKETS.

We have just opened our new Jackets. They are right up-to-date in style, fit and finish at prices to suit everybody.

CAPERINES.

Already we are showing a lot of new things in Caperines and Neck Furs for the coming cold weather, These promise to be even more popular than ever. We have them at all prices beginning at $1.00

W. A. McMASTER.

HOME NEWS

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901.

—Street lighting in Tweed costs $340 a year.

—Model School Board meeting next Thursday evening.

Dry picked poultry wanted. Call and get prices. F. G. LYNDE.

—Mrs. Hatch, of Kingston, a sister of Judge Fraleck, died last week.

—Division Court was held in Madoc yesterday. There was a light docket.

—Regular Masonic meeting in this village on Tuesday evening next, 24th inst.

—Stirling has given a contract for the laying of cement walks to the extent of $850.

Cross & Co's. Fall Millinery Opening, Friday and Saturday, October 4th and 5th.

—Marmora fair will be held on the 1st October. Our thanks are due Secretary Snell for a complimentary.

WANTED.—One or two Unfurnished Rooms, private family preferred. Apply at REVIEW OFFICE. 31

—The adjourned sale of the Belleville street railway will take place on Sept 25th.

—The 15th Regiment, of Belleville, will take part in the review before the Duke of Cornwall and York at Toronto on October 10th.

Cash for Eggs and Hides. F. G. LYNDE.

Cross & Co's. Fall Millinery Opening, Friday and Saturday, October 4th and 5th.

—The largest apple seen in Madoc this season was left in THE REVIEW office this week by Mr. James McNair. It weighs 15½ oz., measuring 13¼x13¼ inches.

—Who are to be the candidates for North Hastings at the approaching election for the Legislature? is becoming a pertinent question throughout this riding.

—The Marmora Herald last week completed the third year under its present management. It is safe to say that Editor Snell has found his vocation.

FOR SALE.—About 60 feet of iron fencing with posts, 25c. per foot. G. A. Rollins.

—The Stirling News-Argus man is experiencing a rivival of prosperity. He was enabled to lay down a new floor in his sanctum last week, and now rejoices in a good solid foundation.

—A handsome wedding cake was on exhibition at D. R. Bowen's last week. It was specially manufactured for the Rollins-Vankleek nuptuals, was a four story affair, and very prettily decorated.

—Stirling's rate of taxation this year is 20 mills on a dollar as follows:—For Schools 10 mills; for County rate 2 9-10 mills; for High School Debenture Sinking Fund 1 1-10 mills; for Local Purposes 6 mills.

LEARN SHORTHAND.—Complete course of instruction in Sir Isaac Pitman's system. One hundred words per minute guaranteed. For terms, etc., apply to G. E. CORK, Madoc. 34-3

—It is said the crop of beech-nuts has not been so prolific for many years, and according to the old saying, this is an infallible indication of a hard winter. There is one consolation, however, these old sayings do not always come true.

—Messrs. D. W. Rollins and D. E. K. Stewart visited their mine on the Hillcox estate in Wollaston one day last week. They were accompanied by the manager of the Deloro mine, who was highly pleased with the prospects in view, and it is thought that work will be resumed ere long.

—The Ontario Department of Fisheries has entered into communication with the Dominion authorities with a view to instituting more stringent regulations regarding the catching of black bass. Assistant Commissioner Bastedo contends that the catch should be reduced from 12 to 6, in order to protect the fish.

Surrogate Court.

Probate of Will of Thomas Foley, late of the township of Huntingdon, granted to Lawrence Foley and Richard Connell, Executors. Estate $1850. William Cross, Solicitor for Executors.

Kicked by a Horse.

Mr. Wm. Simmons, of this village, was kicked by a horse in Barnum's stables yesterday, the hoof catching him squarely on the chin. A very bad wound was inflicted, but it is not thought the jaw is broken.

Belleville Markets.

The following prices were paid on the market in Belleville on Saturday last:—

Butter sold from 23 cents to 25 cents a pound, eggs sold at 15 cents a dozen, chickens went from 40 cents to 75 cents a pair.

Shooting Matches.

Capt. C. M. Wallbridge announces that the rifle matches of No. 4 Co., 49th Reg't., will be held in Madoc on Saturday, 21st, and Thursday, 26th insts., commencing at 1 o'clock, sharp. Cash and other prizes will be offered, and every member of the Company is expected to compete.

Officers Retired.

The following appears in the last Militia Gazette:—

49th Regiment, Hastings Rifles—Provisional Second Lieutenant P. J. O'Rourke having failed to qualify, his name is removed from the list of officers of the active militia. Provisional Second Lieutenant A. Coe retires.

"Fashion" in Poetry.

"Then and Now" is the London Outlook's heading to these verses:—

In
days
long
ago (in
the six-
ties you
know) when
Grandma
went walking
she held
her skirts so!

What
would she
say if she
saw girls
to-day with
skirts
clutched
so tight-
ly they
all
look
this
way?

The Sanfords Sentenced.

The Court House at Belleville was crowded to the doors on Friday morning to hear the prisoners Benjamin and Nolton Sanford receive their sentence for indecent assault on Dora McCullough at Marmora on the 31st of July last. In passing sentence Judge Lazier said by reason of it being the first criminal charge that they had been found guilty of, and by reason of them being married men, and from letters that he had received from fourteen prominent citizens testifying to their honesty and uprightness, he would not send them to Central Prison but would commit them to the common jail for three months and the payment of a fine. The fine would be $10 each. If the fine was not paid within the three months another month would be added to their sentence. They were incarcerated on July 31st. Owing to the delay in their trial owing to the absence of Crown Attorney Anderson he would make the date of the sentence begin from August 10th.

The Intelligencer, in commenting on the above, says: "It is the general opinion of citizens that an example should have been made of these parties. The safety of our wives, sisters and daughters from shameful insult and injury requires that a crime of this magnitude should be adequately punished. The crime was proven and there were no extenuating circumstances brought out in the evidence. It was simply a shameful attempt made to ruin a poor motherless girl, just over fifteen years old."

A travesty of justice apparently.

AMERICAN and Canadian Coal Oil at G. A. Rollins' Victoria Block.

Rollins-Vankleek Nuptuals.

On the evening of September the 12th, "The Elms," the home of Mr. Peter Vankleek, Allen Settlement, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when his second daughter, Jennie L. was united in marriage to Mr. Samuel Rollins of Madoc township.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Rollins, of Elmvale, brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. J. A. Claxton, pastor of St. Columba, in which church the bride has for a number of years filled the position of organist. The marriage was solemnized in the presence of about fifty guests, relatives of the bride and groom. At half-past seven o'clock, as the wedding march was being played by Miss Susie Dale, niece of the bride, the bridal party appeared, the bride leaning on the arm of her father. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Annie Vankleek, who acted as bridesmaid, and her niece Lillie Dale, who performed the part of flower girl very prettily. Dr. W. S. Harper of Madoc, a friend of the groom, acted as groomsman.

The bride was most becomingly gowned in white organdie, with trimmings of satin ribbon, and wore a veil. The bridal bouquet was of white carnations. The bridesmaid wore a pretty dress of white organdie with valenciennes trimmings, and carried a bouquet of white asters. The house was tastefully decorated for the occasion with ferns, plants and cut flowers. The table decorations were ferns and white asters the effect being exceedingly pretty. The supper was daintly served by young friends of the bride.

The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful gold chain and to the bridesmaid a ring set with pearls.

The happy couple left at midnight for Ivanhoe, there to take the westbound train. Going by way of Toronto they will visit Niagara, Buffalo, Utica and other American cities.

Their departure was the signal for the customary showers of rice and expression of good wishes, and Mr. and Mrs. Rollins left carrying with them many loving wishes for a long and happy life.

The Stolen Gold.

John Liberty and Edgar Haight of Marmora, who were charged with stealing a quantity of gold from the Canadian Gold Fields Company at Deloro, were up before Judge Lazier at Belleville on Thursday last for trial. Liberty was given his liberty. Haight pleaded guilty and was sentenced on Tuesday of this week to two years in the Penitentiary. In giving the sentence his Honor Judge Lazier said that such a narrow margin existed between profit and loss in the mining business that even a slight loss of this kind might have a serious effect not only upon one particular investment, but also upon the development of the country, therefore it was necessary that an example should be made as a warning to others. The sentence was the full penalty provided by statute.

May be Law, but not Justice.

Belleville papers, and others, are freely criticizing the late discisions of Judge Lazier, of that city, in recent cases before him, and not apparently without cause. The Ontario says:—

"We now deem it our public duty to refer, without prejudice to the honorable judge, to the decision rendered in the case of Edgar Haight, the man who owned up to stealing some gold from the Goldfields Company, of Deloro. We wish to draw a comparison between that sentence and the sentence given to the Sanfords, who were found guilty of attempting an awful crime. Readers will judge for themselves which offence was the most repulsive and the most deserving of severe punishment as a warning to others.

In the case of the Sanfords they fought the court to the end, and put the county and city to considerable expense. In the case of Haight he acknowledged his offence to his employers, and when brought into court he simply pleaded guilty and asked for mercy. Nothing we believe could be found to reflect upon Haight's previous character; the other fellows are well known in the city. His honor in bestowing the sentence of merely three months on the Sanfords referred to letters written on their behalf by prominent citizens, attesting to their honesty and uprightness. Letters just as strong were received on behalf of Haight, but they were apparently of no effect. The mining company had their gold returned to them and the county has not been put to a comparatively considerable expense.

The attention of the public has simply been forced to these two sentences, and it is only natural that people should openly express the opinion that had the sentences been the other way round, justice would be well served.

This is not the first time that dissatisfaction, indeed indignation, has been felt by the public at the court decisions of Judge Lazier, and we respectfully submit to the Department of Justice and to his Honor, that he should apply for his allowance and retire from the bench. There is no finer gentleman on the bench than he, but his time has been well served. He is an old man now and his decisions reflect the unmistakeable signs of the uncertain judgment that comes with old age and increasing infirmities. We have been told that his Honor has admitted that he might possibly have made a mistake in the Sanford sentence, and we can assure him that the people in this city think so. The inconsistency displayed in the two sentences referred to is so marked as to convince us that the interests of law and order in this county require that the elderly judge should seek the honorable retirement which his services entitle him to."

Mr. John Magwood, of Lindsay, died suddenly, after an operation for appendicitis.

A little daughter of Mr. Samuel Conkey of Clyde fell into a pail of water and was drowned.

Toronto Council has concluded to limit the expenditure on the royal reception to $10,000.

Personal = = =

Every reader is invited to assist in making this column interesting and reliable.

Mrs. John Kerr is visiting friends in Thomasburg this week.

Mr. John Conley, of Madoc township, left for the North-West on Monday.

Mr. Allie Kerr, of Belleville, is in town this week visiting his brother George.

Ontario:—Mr. Herbert O'Flynn is in the city the guest of Mr. James L. R. Gorman.

Miss Maria Orr left on Wednesday to attend the Ontario Business College, Belleville.

Mrs. F. E. O'Flynn, of Belleville, was in town over Sunday, visiting her sister, Mrs. J. R. Orr.

Mrs. Dunbar, of Belleville, was the guest of Mrs. J. C. Dale for a few days during the past week.

Mr. Chas. Vardy, of Bogart, is staying with his uncle, Mr. C. Thrasher, and attending the High School.

Ontario:—Messrs. H. Jarman, W. J. Moore and D. E. K. Stewart, of Madoc were in town on Monday.

Miss Minnie O'Hara and her niece, Miss Blanche, have returned from a two-weeks' visit at Victoria Harbor.

Bancroft Times:—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Aylesworth, of Madoc, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Kavanagh.

Mrs. H. A. Wilson, of Hastings, was in town over Sunday, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Caldwell.

Miss Minnie McNair, of Steenburg, spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. D. McNair, of this village.

Miss Laura Mawson, of Steinburg, who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. C. Hart, returned to her home on Sunday last.

Miss Clara Huffman, of Madoc township, spent a few days in town last week the guest of her cousin, Miss Alma Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Dunn and Mrs. Hill, of Picton, were in the village last week attending the funeral of the late J. H. Dunn.

THE REVIEW was mistaken last week in saying that Mr. Fred Curry had a situation in a hotel at Galt. Instead he is traveller for a London cigar firm, with headquarters at Galt.

Mrs. W. W. Hudgins has returned from a visit in Sidney township, where she attended the East Hastings Agricultural Fair held at Thrasher's Corners, in the capacity of judge of ladies' fancy work, bread, buns, etc.

DUNN—At Picton, on the 11th of September, 1901, John H. Dunn, aged 67 years.

REID—In Sidney, on Sept. 7th, Ellen Reid, wife of Willis Reid, aged 32 years.

KERBY—In Huntingdon, on Sept. 3rd, Jas. Kerby, son of Thos. Kerby, aged 9 years, 11 months and 19 days.

BYGOTT—In Stirling, on Sept. 5th, Francis George Bygott, youngest son of J. W. and Mary Bygott, aged 24 years, 3 months and 27 days.

He's Got It Right in the Head.

That's where Catarrh always sticks, until it strikes down into the lungs, then its Consumption. Summer is coming, that's the time to cure Catarrh. The weather, sunshine, dry air, are all favourable. Catarrh will not cure itself. The favourable conditions above mentioned enable Catarrhozone to do its work in one quarter of the time. It always cures, but it cures more quickly now than at any other season of the year. Your druggist or doctor will tell you what a good thing Catarrhozone is. 25c. and $1.00, at Atkins.

Mr. Tarte is to be banqueted by the Montreal Board of Trade and similar institutions on October 3.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND Women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure 25c. E W Grove's signature is on each box.

Rooms to Rent.

Two pleasant, furnished Rooms to rent by the week. Apply to
MRS. M. E. ORR.
Madoc, Aug. 20th, 1901.

FOR SALE.

Valuable building Lots on St. Lawrence, Durham, Prince Albert and Davidson streets, in the Village of Madoc. To RENT, — Large Brick House, modern improvements.
Apply to D. E. K. STEWART.

Dr. Perry G. Goldsmith

Belleville, late Senior Registrar and House Surgeon, Central London Nose, Throat and Ear Hospital, and Clinical Assistant Royal London Opthalmic, Moorfield's Eye Hospital, London, England, will be in Madoc the second Monday in each month at St. Lawrence Hall for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

NOTICE.

CHAS. JOSE, V. S.,

FOXBORO, ONT.,

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, member of the Ontario Veterinary Association of Toronto, will be at the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, on Saturday, Sept. 21st, for consultation in the diseases of the domesticated animals.

Stylish Autumn Jackets

JUST TO HAND.

Fashionable Short Jackets, Elegant Three-quarter Coats, and Fur-lined Capes.

The Mantle department is always interesting, but especially so at the present time when the stock is complete.

Ladies' Oxford Gray Frieze, new cut cuff sleeve, large collar, from - $7.00.

Ladies' Black Curl Cloth, very newest design, - - $7.50 to $10.00.

Stylish Jackets beginning at - $3.50.

B. O'HARA.

WORTH SEEING...

We have put into stock this week the following lines of Flannelettes, and no better value can be found between the north and the south poles. Take particular notice of the following low prices:—

Lot 1, 25 in. wide Striped Flannelette, 5c. a yd.

Lot 2, 33 in. wide Striped Flannelette, 8c. a yd.

Lot 3, 36 in. wide Striped Flannelette, 10c. a yd.

Special Cream Flannelette, very heavy, 33 in. wide, worth 15c. a yd., for 11c. a yd.

See the Toweling we are slaughtering at 5c. a yd.

FRUIT JARS.—If you are in need of any Jars we have the best make at the lowest price. Jar Rubbers 5c. per dozen.

Cold Blast Lanterns 75c. each.

Boot Blacking, 2 boxes for 5c.

30 sheets Writing Paper for 5c.

50 Envelopes for 5c.

Tubs, Wash Boards, and everything to furnish the kitchen at lowest prices at

THE BEE-HIVE,

4 doors south of Moon's Hotel.

ALEX. MACGREGOR, Mgr. CASH OR EGGS.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Where can I get a Good Suit of Clothes?

At the Big 4.

Are they Well Made?

Yes, they are.

What can I get a Good Suit for?

He has Men's from $3.75 to $12.50.

Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats?

Yes, sir, and good ones too.

Where can I get a Good Hat?

At the Big 4.

What price will I have to pay?

He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1.00. They keep the shape and color and wears just as well as a $2.00 Hat.

What else does he sell?

Oh, everything.

TOP SHIRTS, OVERALLS, ODD PANTS, SOX, BOYS' CLOTHES, RUBBER COATS, AND DRY GOODS. All very cheap and good.

Who keeps the Big 4?

Why

THOS. McNAMARA.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and to be often in her presence asks leave to paint her portrait.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Caryl Wilton lost no time in making preparations for the painting of Maida's portrait, but he did not wish to seem too eager; so while he sent to London by his valet for the brushes, and colors and canvass and had them in his possession within twenty-four hours after he received permission, he did not go to the Hall again for three days.

He was met and welcomed by Sir Richard, who was standing on the broad verandah sunning himself. He smiled at sight of the tell-tale easel, which Caryl took out of the carriage and said:

"I was beginning to think you had forgotten about your little commission, Mr. Wilton."

And he shook hands with his visitor with marked cordiality. Maida then joined them and added a rather dubious welcome to that of the old man.

"And now where shall the studio be?"

"I had thought the little gallery would suit, if you had no objections," replied Caryl. "The light there will be of the best.

Nothing more was said between them, as they all walked toward the gallery. When they reached it Maida stood by one of the windows, looking listlessly out, while Caryl arranged his easel, colors and canvas, saving a word now and then to the old man, but keeping his eyes for the most part on the fair form by the window.

"Are you ready?" he said at last. "I shall first get the outline," and he worked deftly with the charcoal, glancing constantly at his model, who had fallen in a reverie, to all appearance, and had her eyes cast down. But for all her seeming indifference she was aware of every time he cast his eyes upon her. She could feel them burning into her soul. How she hated him at that moment!

"Ah," cried Sir Richard, suddenly, "how well you have caught the bend of the head. Wonderful! I shall believe no more in your modest assertions of your own inability."

"Thank you for your encouragement, but I know only too well how weak the effort is."

Sir Richard was about to make some laughing reply to this, when a servant entered the room with a salver on which were some letters. Sir Richard found that one of them demanded immediate attention, and, asking to be excused, left the room. As soon as he was gone Caryl suspended his crayon, and gently asked:

"Are you tired?"

She looked up with a cold, impassive face, and answered:

"No."

"You will not hesitate to tell me when you are?"

"I will not."

"Because I am but the slave of your will."

She looked up with a glance of angry scorn, and seemed about to make a cutting retort, but he held up his hand with respectful deprecation, and then went on, as if unconscious of the feeling he had aroused:

"Slave seems a singular word to use in the connection, and I will grant that it seems exaggerated. Yes, it is exaggerated. There are no slaves now in the old sense of physical servitude, but there is another form of slavery in which the bonds are as firm, yes, firmer, for they are forged by the wearer, and are willfully strengthened day by day. But perhaps I tire you by such talk."

"As well this as anything," she listlessly answered.

"Then I have your permission to talk as I will?"

"If it is needed."

"I——" he was going on to say in a vehement tone, and then stopping himself, and resuming the retrospective tone, went on, "I once knew a man who forged his own fetters. I will tell you about him. It is a curious story, and one that will repay you the trouble of listening. I suppose any man may become a slave in the sense I mean, any passion may be his master; but the man I speak of was enslaved by love. Ah, you smile at that. But so it was.

"He had been—let us say frankly—a bad man. He had scoffed at love as he had at many other things, of which he knew as little; and because, I suppose, of the lack of good qualities in himself, he held such qualities of little esteem in others. However that may be, he once accidentally saw a woman who stirred him as no other ever had. She was an actress.

"He pursued her as he would have pursued any other woman—with great liking but little real respect. He gained the opportunity to speak with her; then he discovered that she was what he had not looked for in any woman—a person to whom he must look up. There was nothing he would not have done to gain from her the love he longed for.

"He followed her to her home one night, and under most disadvantageous circumstances told her that he loved her and would make her his wife. It would have been difficult for him not to have blundered, and so he did in whatever he said, and she turned on him with a scorn which only a woman dare give a man.

"Well, after that, she completely disappeared from the world. The report even gained ground that she had been killed; and this man was frantic until he followed her and discovered that not she, but another woman who had been in her company, had been killed. But so much a slave was he to this woman that he said to himself that he would tell nobody what he had discovered, since it was very likely that she wished the world to think her dead.

"He sought her everywhere but she was not to be found, until one day he came upon her in a most unexpected place. She recognized the man who had told her of his love, and she would have denied knowing him if that had been possible. And he, knowing that he had her in his power, for her family did not know her as he did—she had concealed that from them—he was inclined to use his power to force her to love him—to take him at the least feeling that his own great love for her must cause her to love him in return.

"But he very soon saw that he was making her unhappy, that he was bringing out only the worst side of her character, and so he gave up the idea of coercing her—an unmanly thing to do—and sought but for some means of letting her know that he was aware of her secret, but would not, on any account do a thing or say a word to betray her. He wished her to know that he did not ask even a sign of consciousness from her; that he did not ask any reward beyond that of making her happy; that even if she wished"—his voice fell very low—"to marry any other, he would only assure himself that the other was worthy of her, and that she loved him.

"But, and it was his only assertion of his old self, he swore to himself that he would not let her marry any other except because she loved him. He knew that he had injured his own cause with her, and he hardly dared hope that she would ever forgive him, but he would not consent to sacrifice himself except for her good.

"Ah! if that woman could have but known—really known—how that man worshipped her, she never would have been afraid of him. It must have been a terrible passion indeed, that could cause him in the first place to consent to try to coerce her, and then later to voluntarily submit to practically efface himself for her. It was the kind of a love that should plead with a woman. But does that sort of love ever plead with a woman, Miss Hartleigh?"

He waited expectantly for the word he longed to hear, but dared not hope for, and while he waited he heard steps coming toward the gallery. He made a superhuman effort and cried out lightly:

"Oh, I would not have you see it in this shape, Miss Hartleigh. This is a libel, a simple libel on my subject. Ah! good-morning, Mr. Hartleigh."

Guy stood in the door-way looking in on the two.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sir Richard followed close behind Guy and pushed him into the room, exclaiming:

"Where have you been, Guy? You see we have started a studio since you left the house."

Guy smiled, but there was a troubled look in his eyes as he answered, ignoring the matter of the studio:

"I have been to see Jones about those new buildings he has been asking for. He certainly is the most troublesome tenant we have. And as if he were not enough single-handed, he has taken a boarder, who is lending him all the aid of his Yankee wit."

And he laughed with a vexed remembrance of the interview.

"Yankee wit? An American then? What is an American doing round these parts I wonder?"

"I don't know what else he is doing," answered Guy, with a grimace, "but I do know he has been catching your trout. And what is more he showed me his catch, with as much effrontery as if he owned the preserves."

Sir Richard, who had always been a stern upholder of the game laws, only laughed, and said he did not mind if he would not shoot out of season.

Maida, meanwhile, had withdrawn herself into the shadow, and was silently watching the face of Caryl. He listened with a perfect show of interest to what was being said, and as he put away his crayons and color tubes, joined in the conversation with the ease and aplomb of the practiced man of the world who has nothing above small-talk on his mind.

He would much rather have gone off by himself after what had occurred, but he deemed it wiser to remain to lunch, as Sir Richard proposed; and so he accepted the invitation. Guy did not at all like the arrangement by which Caryl was to have an excuse to come daily to the Hall, but he said nothing, only closely watching his cousin and the visitor throughout the meal. He was puzzled and disturbed, and, after lunch, left the table with scarcely any apology, and paced the lawn back of the stable, as he smoked his pipe.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "I'm not jealous. If this man Wilton loves her better than I do, and—and she loves him, why, I would not stand in their way. But there has been no time. Constance is not the girl to fall in love at first sight. First sight! That is it. What on earth is it makes me think they have met before? I don't know. But I have the feeling, anyhow. He is a handsome fellow, and a clever one; but Constance is not the girl to be overcome by a man's good looks, nor by his cleverness, and yet she seems to watch his face, and hang on his words as if—— Pshaw! Confound him! I suppose I am jealous. I'll go watch him paint her portrait. No, I won't—I couldn't stand that. I'll go for a gallop. I will give Hotspur a chance to work off some of his fiery energy."

He walked to the stable and gave directions for saddling Hotspur, a great, bony, Irish hunter, which he had bought in Connemara.

"I'll go over to see Jones and have it out with him. No, I won't. I'll go anywhere," and he sprang upon the horse, and putting spurs to him, sent him at a leap over the paddock fence.

And Caryl, sitting at the window of the drawing-room, saw him, and muttered:

"Her cousin and destined husband."

As for Guy, he clattered along the road to Lougham at top speed, seeking relief for his mental trouble in the physical exhilaration. But although he found himself better able to look at his trouble, he did not in any way lighten it. So he was still moody when he rode into the little village.

Lougham was a picturesque little place, with a charming little church, which, as an almost perfect specimen of early Norman architecture, often attracted the attention of tourists and antiquarians. Guy dismounted at the village in, and was about to enter it when a loud burst of laughter came forth from the open door, and he turned away, not feeling in the mood to meet boisterous tourists.

"Wash his legs," he said to the groom, "and give him some water presently—only a mouthful; and don't let any of these noisy young gentlemen fool around him, for he is rather quick with his heels."

"All right, sir," grinned the hostler, who knew both horse and rider well, and who watched Guy walk up the street with undisguised approval.

Guy was in just the mood to do the first thing that suggested itself, and so the church being the nearest attractive object, he sauntered along to it, and entered it. He had no special purpose in being there; but once inside he found its silence and coolness refreshing, and sat down in one of the pews to think.

For a tired man to sit down in a cool and quiet place to think is about the same thing as sitting down to sleep. At any rate that is what Guy aid in the little church. He hardly knew he had been asleep when he was gently awakened by the sound of soft music; some one was playing the organ.

He was about to rise and go for Hotspur, when he became conscious that the music which was floating overhead, was something different from the usual performances of country organists. He leaned back and listened and his suspicion was confirmed.

Screened behind the red curtain in the big organ-loft was a skilled musician.

Guy felt something like an eavesdropper, so sit there listening, and he started once more to move; but somehow, the music held him as music never before had done.

Perhaps it was his mood that made it so; but, as he sat there, it seemed as if the music floated down to him, bearing an actual message of comfort and consolation, soothing him to a peacefulness in harmony with the solemn character of the place.

He leaned his head on his hand and looked up at the organ loft; but the red curtain was an effectual screen—the music was evoked by an unseen hand.

"Some musician, on a holiday trip, has found his way in here, and is amusing himself," he thought; but presently, as the strain continued, he lost all idea of the musician and gave himself up to the enjoyment. Presently the harmony grew louder and more pronounced; the little church was filled with the sound of a roaring tempest that sent the blood gushing through Guy's veins; and, then as suddenly it ceased, and, like the return of sunshine, the divine melody which had awakened him floated softly through the air.

It was so exquisite, so unlike anything he had ever heard before, that he was half persuaded that he was not yet awake; and, to assure himself, he arose to his feet and moved into the aisle. As he did so, the music ceased, and there fluttered, just for one moment, a faint touch of light blue above the curtain.

"An angel, after all!" muttered he, with a smile, "and there is the tip of its blue wing." And then, not wishing even an angel to find him an uninvited listener to the celestial music, he made his way out of the church and stood in the porch shading his eyes from the dazzling light, and—

And as he stood, the organ began again; but this time it was not alone, for there arose, in exquisite accompaniment with it, the tones of a woman's voice. He waited until the hymn ended, and then strode off, his heart filled with a singular longing to know the creator of the music.

He had quite unconsciously turned to the left on leaving the church, and was sauntering along a green lane, when, raising his head, he stopped in front of a small cottage, which, half hidden by ivy, nestled prettily under some high elms.

"By George!" he muttered with a smile, "I was forgetting Dame Chester. It will never do to let her know that one of us from the Hall has been in Lougham without calling on her."

And lifting the latch of the little gate, he went up the narrow path, lined on each side with the cottage flowers, which, for perfume and simple beauty, outvied the rarest of their hothouse cousins. He knocked with his whip-handle at the bright green door, and a cheery-looking old lady, in the cleanest of chintz gowns and the neatest of white caps appeared.

"Well, dame," said Guy, putting his arm around her, and giving her a kiss, as was only her due, for had she not been his faithful nurse through more than one illness, and had she not snatched him from the very threshold of death on one occasion? "Young and hearty as ever, eh? I declare, dame, you will never grow old, will you? And I hope you won't. Surprised to see me?

"Come in, come in, Master Guy," said the dame, holding him by the coat-sleeve and looking up into his handsome face. "Mind your head, dear. And I remember when you couldn't crawl over that doorstep. It's my belief you grow still, Master Guy."

"Oh, yes, I grow," he laughed—grow uglier and worse tempered every day."

"Sit down, Master Guy, and how lucky that you should come in just now, for I was just going to get tea, and there's the kettle boiling in the next room. You will have a cup, won't you, Master Guy?"

Guy stretched himself in the easy-chair and lazily looked around him. As he did so he noticed that the little table was laid for two. "Expect a visitor, it seems, dame," he said.

"Lor', now, think of you noticing the extra cup," she exclaimed, laughing. "It isn't a visitor, Master Guy, it's a lodger—a regular lodger."

"And I've got his easy chair, no doubt," said Guy, smiling.

"Oh, no; it isn't a he, but a she," said the dame. "I was going to tell you about her when I heard that kettle. She's—oh, here she comes," she broke off.

Guy rose and stood looking at her as one might look, with bewildered admiration, at a beautiful picture, suddenly and unexpectedly disclosed to view. He noticed that the face was surpassingly beautiful, with a winning, tender loveliness, and that soft brown eyes gazed out from under long, dark lashes, with the innocent frankness of a child. A certain restfulness fell upon him as he looked, and he waited eagerly for Dame Chester to introduce her.

To be Continued.

WHAT THE QUEEN'S CORONATION ROBE MAY BE LIKE.

Queen Alexandria's coronation robes will, it is expected, soon be in course of preparation.

So many years have passed since a Queen Consort was crowned that records and precedents have had to be consulted in regard to the type of robe a Queen Consort must wear.

Quite recently the robes of Queen Adelaide, Consort of William IV., were brought up from Scotland for the Queen's personal inspection. These robes, which are of black velvet, trimmed with gold, with large sleeves, became a perquisite of the Duchess of Gordon, who was Mistress of the Robes in 1831.

They were kept for some years at Gordon Castle, and afterwards at Huntly Lodge, and when the Duchess died she left them as an heirloom to her relative, Brodie of Brodie. The robes have since been preserved at Brodie Castle.

CLEAN RAILWAY-CARRIAGES.

Some important recommendations for insuring the health of travellers have just been sent by the French Minister of Public Works to the various railway companies. It is suggested that the sweeping and dusting of railway-carriages and waiting-rooms should be entirely prohibited, and daily washing substituted. With this end in view the necessity for the substitution of linoleum or some similar substance for carpets, and the periodical disinfection of compartments is emphasized. Bedding and pillows should be disinfected by hot air process after each journey. A decree has been in operation for some time to the effect that persons suffering from contagious diseases must travel in separate compartments, which should be disinfected after each journey.

APPROACH OF ICEBERGS.

The captain of an ocean steamer is often warned of the proximity of icebergs by the men in the engine-room. When a ship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster, and as such water surrounds the vicinity of icebergs for many miles the engineers know that when the propeller's action is greatly accelerated without any increase of the steam power icebergs may be expected. Of course, the thermometer is the most useful indicator of icebergs.

DIPLOMACY.

The pick of your territory, insisted the Czar, when asked what he wanted.

But the Empress Dowager was inclined to be evasive to-day.

Now that would be a pick, Nick, for you, wouldn't it! she protested archly.

This incident, apart from its great historical significance, shows very plainly why it is that English is taking the place of French as the language of diplomacy.

WONDERFUL SWIMMING FEAT.

The Roman record in swimming has just been broken by two Italians not for swiftness, but for the length of time they were in the water. Under a burning sun and with a strong-ish wind they took to the water, Signor Montalboddi accomplishing twenty-five miles in 7hrs. 35min, and Signor Altieri the same distance in 7hrs. 55min. This means, of course, continual swimming without a break. Both arrived at their destination without great exhaustion or cold.

A CURIOUS BAROMETER.

A curious barometer is said to be used by the remnant of the Araucarian race which inhabits the southernmost province of Chili. It consists of the cast-off shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather; but, indicating the approach of a moist atmosphere by the appearance of small red spots, as the moisture in the air increases it becomes entirely red, and remains so throughout the rainy season.

THE SAME BOAT.

The proud girl scorned my suit; she was rich, I was poor.

But the next day her father lost all.

We are in the same boat, now! said I jeeringly, but politely.

Yes, but of course there are first and second cabins! said she, shivering however, as if she something misdoubted.

A CITY OF DRESSMAKERS.

Paris leads the world in dressmaking. It is estimated that there are 75,000 persons employed in the dressmaking establishments of the city, and if one includes the workers who design and make the materials used by the dressmakers, about 1,400,000 persons are engaged in the struggle to satisfy woman's love of chiffons.

NOT BRAVE ENOUGH.

A French scientist, who has been studying the antiquity of the human race, declares that man is 238,000 years old, remarked Cumso.

He would never dare say that of women, added Cawker.

Tourist (in French restaurant)—I want some mushrooms. Waiter—Pardon. I not understand. Tourist—Mushrooms, mushrooms, and taking a paper he drew a sketch of one The waiter beamed with intelligence, and rushed off to execute the order. In a few minutes he returned with—an umbrella.

Nellie was much interested in Aunt Mary's chandelier, when she went to the city to stay with her, and when she went home she exclaimed: Oh mother, I do wish we had a place for our lamps to roost on like Aunt Mary has!

I see that Maisie has decorated her sitting room with swords, guns, pistols, and foils. No wonder. She always was particularly fond of having arms about her.

The biggest aerolite ever found was discovered in Greenland in 1870. It weighed 23 tons.

A man should weigh 26 lbs. for every foot of his height.

LIFE ON A "MEAN SHIP."

SOME OF THE SLOPS FED TO THE SAILORS ON THEM.

What "Top-Gallant Tea" and "Double-Belt Pie" Are Said To Be Like.

A "mean ship," which is a ship that feeds its men on "slops" to save expense, is meaner than anything else on earth, and the marvellous things served up as food are only equalled by the names the seamen give them. In the first place a saving of fifty cents per meal can be made by serving "by-the-wind-soup." This is one of the commonest of "mean ship" dishes, and is made of equal parts of mutton-bone well polished, potato-peel, a handful of stale meat-trimmings, and the ridge scraps from the captain's table. This is boiled vigorously for two hours, by which time the result is hot water of a light-brown color, with grease-spots floating on its steaming surface. This, with a little "hard tack" added, is "by-the-wind-soup," and the especial dread of hungry sailors.

While such a ship is in port a newly-signed crew is always fed well, on a diet chiefly running to baked mutton and potatoes, with frequent plum-duff. As soon as the ship is clear of dock, however, the cloven hoof shows, and one of the earliest dishes to appear is "dog-chowder." It is a kind of resurrection pudding, made of things the cook dares not serve up as they are, but shreds them finely or pounds them to a paste in a mortar. The mass thus made is well-disguised with grease—grease is always a stand-by on the "mean ship," and served very hot. This effects a saving of thirty-five cents for the entire meal; and a "mean ship's" crew of twelve hands, besides the engine-room, can be fed for $12.50 per week on these lines.

"Top-gallant tea" is another institution on the "mean ship," and is served three to four times weekly, in the "dog watches"—from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m. The system is that three times a week very weak tea from fresh leaves is served. The tea-leaves, instead of being thrown away are kept, with those from the captain's table, and on the remaining days these are put in a large stew-pan, with plenty of water, and a handful of soda. This is boiled for an hour and a half, when molasses, or black sugar, is added, and the resulting liquid—a hot brown tannin mixture—is "top-gallant tea," and has to be made the most of.

Even then it is better than "cow-jipper," which is a terrible contrivance that all "mean ships" work for all it is worth. It is a broth made from old beef-bones, boiled for six or seven hours, with all crumbs remaining from former meals, and well seasoned with salt. A doctor who shipped "before the mast" on a British grain-ship analysed this broth, and found it to contain two and a half per cent. of meat, with an unknown quantity of grease, crumbs. But even that cannot compare with "jumping Jenny," otherwise "double-belt pie," so called because the partaker needs to take in a couple of holes in his belt after it till the next meal comes round. It is the result of one week's breakfast-leavings from "aft"—"aft" meaning the officers' mess—combined with six or eight ship's biscuits and half an onion. This does not make at all a nice dinner-dish, but amusement is to be had by betting which man will get the solitary square inch of meat which, if it hasn't been boiled away, floats somewhere in the "jumping Jenny."

Some of the Western ocean-tramps suffer from "hide stew," which is guaranteed to give the toughest "old salt" such indigestion that he will care to eat nothing for the next twenty-four hours. It is made of a collection of the skins of everything conceivable—pigs, potatoes, fowls from "aft," bacon-rind—with a fair number of legs thrown in—mostly fowl's legs. This is given a clear six hours' hard boiling, and it certainly keeps away hunger, and substitutes biliousness, plenty of thick grease being added.

Finally, a favorite dodge of the "mean ship" is to give "bowline duff" twice a week, which consists of the scrapings of pudding-cloths that once held the puddings consumed while in port; and these flavored with cloves, and made bulky with biscuit-paste, are probably the least unpopular of all the "mean ship's" dishes, and cost actually nearly a penny per every three men!

A RARE OCCURRENCE.

First Boarder—I wish the landlady would give us notice when she is going to serve chicken.

Second Boarder—Why?

First Boarder—I was so surprised when she brought that fowl in at dinner that I lost my appetite.

WITHIN BOUNDS.

Clubberly—Have you ever been so desperately in love that you felt as if you couldn't control it?

Castleton—No. All the girls I've been in love with have been only moderately well off.

A LIBERAL PROVIDER.

I am going to take my best girl out on the lake shore to a bathing party to-morrow afternoon. She furnishes all the eatables.

And what do you furnish?

I furnish the water.

SCRAPPY.

Urban—Why, old man, these chickens of yours are regular game cocks. What makes them such fighters?

Suburban—I'm sure I don't know, unless it comes from feeding them scraps.

Your worship, pleaded the prisoner, I was just helpin' him a bit. He said he never had been christened. But how did your action remedy matters? asked the magistrate. Why, I broke a wine bottle over his head, didn't I? An' any seafarin' man will tell you that's the proper way.

THE GUELPHS' TREASURE

PACKED IN WINETUBS, CHESTS AND CRATES.

How Faithful Servants Saved the House of Hanover's Jewels and Money.

The history of the Duke of Cumberland's fortune has just been related by Herr von Hassell. His father, George V., had a narrow escape of finding himself both kingdomless and penniless. The State treasurer of Hanover were only placed in safety a few hours before Prussia declared war on the excellent blind King. The person who saved the financial part of Herr Klenck, Chief Secretary of the Exchequer. He had to remove 720,000 thalers in silver, 39,000 crowns in gold, worth about 39s. each; £54,000 in English bank notes, £36,000 in Prussian thalers, £250,000 in Hanover bank notes, and £19,000,000 worth of English, Dutch, French, and other Government bonds. The gold crowns were packed in seventy-nine winetubs, the bonds in ten chests, the Hanover bank notes in baies and the thalers in crates lined with tin. This variety in packing was to prevent notice being taken at the railway or the port of embarkation, where Prussian agents were reported as on the lookout.

These barrels and bales were taken by ordinary goods train to an obscure station and then rapidly shunted to a special train that was to go at full speed to Geestemunde. It started at half past eleven p.m. on June 15, 1866. But they had forgotten to order station-masters to keep the line lighted, and the engine men had to creep along in momentary fear of an accident. The train was late for the steamer that was to take the treasure to England. The risk of taking it on board a Lloyd's steamer, the Bremen had to be run on the night of June 17. Klenck grew gray in the two days of suspense.

PRUSSIAN MEN-OF-WAR

were hanging about near the mouth of the Elbe. The Bremen entered Southampton on June 19 and did not sight a single Prussian vessel on the way.

Somehow the tidings that the Bremen had on board all the gold and silver of the King of Hanover had got out there before the vessel arrived. Doubtless it was telegraphed from Geestemunde. Plots were already made to rob it. The King of Hanover's agent lost no time to defeat them by hiring a special train to London for the precious cargo. It arrived there before closing time at the Bank of England. All was transported to the cellars there by quarter past four. A telegram in one word, "Safe," apprised the King of Hanover that he was at any rate saved from beggary. The silver coins, allowance being made for exchange, were valued at £105,805, and lodged in Klenck's name. The Prussian thalers were transferred to a West End branch, where he had an account and to his credit. The Duke of Cambridge was asked to take charge of the gold crowns and debentures, but refused after he had taken the advice of counsel. It was finally decided to leave them where they were, at the Bank of England.

It had been impossible to send away the plate of the Crown of Hanover before war was declared. This plate was of priceless value, apart from its intrinsic worth as silver. The Grand Chamberlain, Malortie, caused a hole to be made, like an English coal hole, under the steps to the grand entrance of the palace. It was scooped out by workmen placed in the cellar. A wall under the door was broken down. When the hole was large enough the plate was packed in it in sand and the wall rebuilt. The idea of the sand was ingenious.

When the Prussians, some days after, beat with hammers the wall that masked the hiding place it gave no hollow sound. This part of the King of Hanover's fortune remained hidden until December, 1897, when the present German Emperor determined to act on the Treaty of Langensalza, which secured to George V. the royal treasure.

NOT A SINGLE ARTICLE

was missing. What is most remarkable is that, though many persons who lived on their day's wages were in the secret, they never breathed a work of what they knew. The late King George V. was the beloved of his Hanoverians.

A man who scrubbed floors was sent by Malortie with the Crown jewels in a cab to the Queen of Hanover. She was then staying at Herrenhausen. The man was given no hint. He perfectly well knew what was entrusted to him, and that the Prussians were close to Hanover. The Grand Chamberlain had hidden the Crown jewelry and private money safes in the palace. He rightly judged that if he sent them with an office man merely nobody would suspect they were not trunks filled with clothes of the Queen and Princesses. There was a great quantity of paper money in a travelling bag, into which Malortie thrust some satin shoes when he felt that the eyes of a servant whom he suspected were watching him.

Count and Countess Kielmannsegge agreed to receive the jewels at their residence at Bimmenau and send them thence for safe keeping to the Duke of Cambridge, who is a Hanoverian in blood, birth (he was born at Herrenhausen) and breeding. When it was becoming unsafe to keep them the Count and Countess started off in a dogcart for the port where they were to embark. She had eight rivieres of diamonds, each one fastened to another until they made formed one string, twisted round her body, and a diadem stitched into her hat. Her sleeves covered bracelets that were stitched on under sleeves and extended from wrist to arm. A crown was hidden in a big ball of wool for knitting. Diamond shoe buckles were concealed in the Count's leggings, and his glazed leather hat held a tiara. The diamond-studded sceptre and three crowns were confided to the Princess Louisa of Hesse, sister of the Duchess of Cambridge. She was able some time after to send them to London.

The greater part of this jewelry had been the object of long litigation between the crowns of Hanover and Great Britain. It was finally left to arbitration, the arbitrators being Hanoverian and English jurists. They decided in favor of Hanover. The suit lasted nine years.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

People Taking Kindly to Government Measures.

The Indian plague figures are again mounting up, owing to the cooler weather brought by the long-delayed monsoon, and a mortality of between 1,500 and 2,000 a week has been reached already. At the same time the figures issued by the Egyptian Sanitary Board up to August 12 show that only ten cases exist in that country and that of 111 persons attacked during the four previous months no fewer than fifty-five recovered.

How is this difference to be accounted for in two Oriental populations, both ruled on similar bureaucratic lines under the same chief power? The comparatively limited area to be protected in Egypt, the general adhesion to Mohammedanism the absence of caste and climatic differences account for much, but a correspondent of the London Times probably points to the most potent cause when it speaks of the absence of panic on the part of the populace and quotes the words of the Director-General of the Sanitary Department, which "has been assisted both by natives and Europeans to discover the cases."

In 1896-7, when the pestilence, which now threatens to become epidemic over the greater part of India, began in Bombay, there was no panic; the announcement of the plague was met with stolid fatalism. It was only when the local authorities were directed from England to initiate more rigorous measures than they themselves thought desirable that the people were stricken with fear, not of the plague, but of

PLAGUE MEASURES,

fied from Bombay and spread the disease throughout the Western Presidency. But for these measures the disease would probably have worked itself out.

The severe regime has been abandoned little by little, until the Government of India has now decreed that the first principle of all plague measures should be to eschew compulsion, to strive to convince people of the utility of particular methods, and to induce them to carry them out, not by force, but of their own free will.

The entire number of reported deaths from the winter of 1896-7 to March 31, was 480,000, to which must be added at a most moderate computation 120,000 as the total of untraced and unreported deaths, and after this experience the last official report admits that "little that is new has been learned during the past year regarding the causation of the plague, or regarding the way in which it spreads."

The Times' correspondent previously quoted is unwilling to conclude that the disease has become epidemic in India, and will be as prevalent there as malaria or cholera. He bases his hopes upon clinical research and sanitary science, and more still upon the changed attitude of the people, who no longer misinterpret the motives of the Government plague policy, and are no longer ranged against it. The Plague Commission report that "in parts of the country the people have begun to recognize the advantage of taking certain measures against the disease, and to appreciate the motives of the Government in taking steps for its extirpation." When this feeling has grown, and the people have been induced to admit the direct rays of the sun into their ill-ventilated and badly lighted tenements, a vast stride will have been made toward the delivery of the toiling masses of Hindoostan from this comparatively new but persistent destroyer.

THE STRONGEST TIME.

Stages of Development and Decline of the Muscles.

The muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline; our physical strength increases up to a certain age and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measurer), and the following are given as the average figures for the white race:—

The "lifting power" of a youth of seventeen years is 280lb; in his twentieth year this increases to 320lb, and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its height, 356lb. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first.

By the fortieth year it has decreased 5lb., and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330lb.

After this period the strength fails more and more rapidly, until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.

THE REASON OF IT.

I can't understand, said the mud-turtle, why you fellows wear scales.

Well, you see, replied the black bass, facetiously, when some fisherman hooks us we want to get a weigh immediately.

BOUGHT MEDICINE HIMSELF.

I'de just been drugged and robbed, said he. I think it is a shame! The officer just yawned, and said, What was the druggist's name?

Virginia tobacco averages 7 per cent. of nicotine, Havanna only 2 per cent.

THINGS LEFT TO CHANCE.

DRAWING LOTS FOR GREAT FORTUNES.

Tossed a Shilling for a Coal Mine.—Red Bean Saved His Life.

Mr. Arthur Burn, one of the biggest coal magnates in the north of England, owes his immense fortune to the spin of a shilling. Twenty-nine years ago his uncle died, and left the Millvale iron mine to Arthur Burn and his cousin, John Hinchbrooke, jointly. But the joint ownership was unlucky. The two quarrelled over the method of working the mine. It ceased to pay, and was closed.

One day the cousins happened to meet on the sands at Whitby, and the discussion over the working of the mine was renewed. But they could come to no agreement.

"Tell you what," said Burn. "I'll sell you my share in the mine."

"Don't want it," replied the other. "Well, I'll buy your interest."

BUT HINCHBROOKE REFUSED.

"Can't please you in any way, it seems," Burn rejoined, laughing. "Look here! I'll spin you which of us owns it." This sporting offer his cousin could not resist. Burn pulled out a shilling and up it went into the air.

"Heads!" cried Hinchbrooke. But it was tails, and the Millvale mine passed into Burn's possession. A seam of coal found shortly afterwards made the property enormously valuable, and formed the basis of a great fortune.

Probably few but his intimates know that Captain Frederic Taylor, whose collection of savage weapons is the finest in the world, owes his liberty, and in all probability his life, to pure chance. He was one of the crew of the "Syria" when she was wrecked on the coast of Madagascar, and was among the twelve who got safely ashore. It was long before the days of the French occupation, and the unlucky men fell into the hands of the Chief of Mojanga, who made them all slaves about

HIS PALACE AND FARMS.

Some months later word came from the king—Radama—that half of the men were to be sent up to him at the capital. The wily old chief picked out five of the weaker men immediately, but could not make up his mind as to the sixth. The choice lay between Taylor, then a boy of eighteen, and a man named Joliffe. Taylor knew that his one chance of eventual rescue lay in his being near the coast, and shivered at the idea of being sent up country. At last the two were brought before the chief. A narrow-mouthed earthenware jug stood before him, and it was explained that this contained two beans—one black, one red. Whoever drew the black was to go to the capital.

Captain Taylor often says that he was never so thankful in his life as when he opened his hand, and found the red bean. He and his friends were rescued a few months later by a French gunboat. The other unlucky six were never again heard of.

The accidental burning of the will of Mr. McManus, one of the original New South Wales sheep-farmers, caused the equal division of his property between his nephews, Eric Stapleton and Geoffrey Stayner, who were at the time under-graduates at Oxford. Neither of them had ever been in Australia in their lives, and the news that they had to divide

BETWEEN THEM A SHEEP FARM

as big as an English county was almost as embarrassing as pleasing.

"What shall we do with it?" asked Stayner. "Run it on shares, or divide it?"

"Divide it, I think," said the other, who had an idea of going out and settling.

The two youngsters got out the plan of the great section of land, took a ruler, and divided the farm as nearly in two portions as possible. Then came the question of who should have choice. They settled the matter by dealing a nap hand, which Stayner won. He chose the northern half, because he said, it seemed to have a stream through it, and he was fond of fishing.

The stream, as he found when he visited his property three years later, was nearly a half-dry ditch, while he found that his cousin had a splendid artesian well on his land, and was fast making a fortune.

One day, in 1898, two young fellows sat near the top of the Brecon Hills. They were brothers, named David, and they were both in love with the daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood. They had not the least idea which of them she favored, but they were both pretty sure that the only possible end of their rivalry would be a quarrel, and this they were naturally

ANXIOUS TO AVOID.

So they talked matters over, at the same time idly kicking loose stones, which rolled down the steep slope below them. At last a happy idea struck Harry, the elder of the two. He suggested that they each get a stone, and start them level to roll down the hill. Whichever travelled further should give its owner first chance with the lady. If she refused him at the end of a month, the other should have a try.

Walter, the younger, agreed, and they set off to find stones. They came back in a few minutes, each with a boulder weighing about a hundred-weight. The hill was steep, and the rocks flew down with ever-increasing bounds, bringing down tons of loose stone. In ten seconds the young men realized that they had started an avalanche. But it was too late for useful repentance. They watched the enormous mass of debris pass right over the shoulder of the hill, and start on its journey towards a farm below.

When they reached the spot, their worst fears were realized. The buildings were shapeless ruins. By the happiest fortune, everyone was out in the hayfield at the time, so no lives were lost. But instead of thinking of marriage, the brothers are still at work paying off the debt which their foolish

EXPERIMENT COST THEM.

One of the biggest things ever left to pure chance was the fate of one hundred and fifty-seven souls.

When the Warren and Finlen Expedition was making its wonderful journey from the Upper Zambesi to the Congo, they were caught by a flood on the Kasai River, and lost almost everything they possessed. Food, trading material, most of their surveying instruments, and ammunition, as well as several carriers, were swept away by the raging torrent. The question was whether to go back to the Barotse Valley, where help was obtainable, or push on to Stanley Pool. Mr. Warren thought the latter; Mr. Finlen considered they should return. They had no ammunition, he said, to fight off any hostile natives whom they might meet. But Mr. Warren considered that as they were nearer to Stanley Pool, and there was more game in front, they should push on.

At last they agreed to leave the matter to chance. Neither had a coin about him, so they cut two reeds, one short, and one long, made a native hold them, and agreed that the one who drew the longer of the two should have his way. It fell to Mr. Warren.

When, starved and in tatters, they struggled into the settlement at Stanley Pool, they learnt that if they had gone back the entire expedition would almost certainly have been butchered by the slave-raiding chief Nzige, who had started after them only a week after they left the Zambesi.

DESPERADO'S CONVERSION.

A Missionary's Experience in Central Africa.

While Albert B. Lloyd was on a tour of exploration in Central Africa he met with many interesting adventures, which he has noted in his book of travels, "In Dwarf Land." The conversion of a notorious desperado is thus graphically described:

Soon after I got to Uganda, while talking to the crowd, I noticed a strange fellow standing outside. He was tall, with very long hair, quite unlike the ordinary Uganda man. In his hand he held a huge spear with a blade two and a half feet in length and five inches wide in the centre.

When the people caught sight of him they moved away in fear. Full well they knew him; the whole district was conversant with his bloody deeds; his notorious life was spoken of by old and young. By the roadside he was wont to lie in wait for harmless travellers, spear them and rob them of all they had. Time after time attempts had been made to capture him, but so strong and active was he that he evaded every effort.

As soon as I had finished speaking he disappeared. A fortnight afterwards he came to me, and he still carried his huge spear. I greeted him heartily, and he told me that he wished to learn to read, and to hear more of the "beautiful words" as he described them.

I conducted him to the church, where reading classes were going on, and beckoning to a little boy, instructed him to teach my new friend to read. Day after day he came, and diligently sat grinding away at the reading-sheet, with the little boy at his side.

He finally succeeded and became a changed man from that time. His old life was entirely given up; the horrible weapon he had used for the purpose of murdering his fellow men he gave to me.

It was wonderful to notice the change in this poor fellow. To-day the man is as true and loyal and earnest in his simple faith as he was when he first decided to give up all his evil practices and become a Christian. Surely this is yet another proof of the glorious truth, "The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

BRITISH POST OFFICE.

The Enormous Business Which is Transacted.

Taken from any point of view, the report of the British Postmaster-General is startling reading. During the year 1900, the number of letters, post cards, book packets, newspapers and parcels delivered amounted to the enormous total of 3,723,817,000. But what seems more startling is the number of letters, post cards, etc., that were undelivered; they totalled 24,172,769; 345,690 packets were posted unaddressed.

The total value of property found in undelivered letters, which had to be opened in the Returned Letter Office, was £681,335. There is one item in the report which reveals something of the great tragedy in South Africa, more than 362,000 postal packets addressed to South Africa being returned to this country as undelivered.

There are 8,439,983 depositors who deposited $135,549,645, or on an average, £16 1s 3d each. There were 90,415,123 telegrams, for which was received £2,802,366. Roughly estimated the weight of letters and post cards and of other articles exchanged by the United Kingdom with the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland was 83,500 lbs.; circulars, book packets, patterns, newspapers, 1,068,000 lbs. These were received from Canada and Newfoundland and this country despatched letters and post cards weighing 70,000 lbs. and other articles weighing 375,000 lbs. Colonial parcel figures for Canada, despatched, 66,105; received, 95,387.

To handle this immense business requires a staff of 173,184 persons, of which number 40,000 are women.

LIFE-SAVING INSTRUCTION.

The New Zealand Government has decided that swimming and life-saving shall be taught in all its schools. The Life-saving Society's methods have been adopted, 2,000 hand-books and charts have been sent by order of the Government for the use of school-masters. The hand-book, in which the course of instruction is fully set forth for the use of classes, schools and individuals, has also been translated into Swedish and Italian

ODD CURES FOR WRECKS.

PLANS ADOPTED TO KEEP SHIPS OFF THE ROCKS.

A Blaze of Turf on Dark Nights—Sable Island will be Planted With Grass.

Seven fishing boats were ground to pieces in a single night in the winter of 1897 on the granite reefs of Killara Harbour, on the west coast of Ireland. Every soul on board was lost, and all this waste of life and property was due to the fact that there was no lighthouse to mark the entrance to the narrow inlet.

A small appropriation has since been made, but not enough to build a regular light house, and keep a paid staff. The fishermen have ingeniously overcome the difficulty. An old martello tower stands on the headland, and on top of this a great brazier has been constructed. This is piled high with well-dried turf, and a man is detailed to keep up a good blaze on dark nights.

People who live inland hardly realize how much time and money are spent in making the world's coasts safe for the ever-increasing sea traffic. One of the worst danger spots for vessels is that long, crescent-shaped island in the Atlantic, known as Sable Island, and often called the Graveyard of the Atlantic. It lies right in the way of traffic between New York and England, and an average of 70 ships a year come to grief on its sand-bars. There is a lighthouse, but that is not sufficient to guard nearly forty miles of sand. There were three originally, but the sea has undermined two. The worst of it is that the dull-brown sand of the island lies so low, and is so inconspicuous, as to be quite invisible until it is

TOO LATE TO CLEAR OFF.

The commissioners have now determined on the bold experiment of planting the whole island with grass, the green color of which will show out boldly, and prove a danger signal.

Yachtsmen who cruise among the ten-knot tides of the West Coast of Scotland would never find their way into Dunollan harbour but for the White Crosses of Dunollan. The actual entrance to the snug little cove is not fifty yards across, and so hidden by projections of the tall black cliffs that it is quite invisible above a quarter of a mile. Venturing as close as that where currents run so swiftly would be madness in anything but a steam-vessel, so the people of Dunollan have marked each side of the passage with enormous crosses, painted in white on the dark rock.

There are not many private lighthouses in the British Isles; but Mr. Claude Sackett, an enthusiastic yachtsman, is the proud possessor of an ingenious device for warning his own boat, and those of his friends, off the rocks near his house in County Wicklow. It is a buoy, of the kind known as a gas-buoy. On the top of it is a reservoir, holding sufficient gas for a month's consumption. On the summit is a clockwork apparatus controlling the lamp, which it lights automascally at a set hour in the evening, and puts out next morning. But the weirdest feature of this floating light-house is the lamp. Its rays gleam through the eyeholes of a

HUGE AND REALISTIC SKULL.

Its warning is well needed, for a reef of dangerous rocks runs almost half a mile out from Kelp Point.

The time may come when phonograph buoys with yell lull directions to passing mariners. The nearest approach to such a thing which has appeared upon the English coast was the "moaning buoy," moored off the Goodwins a year or two ago.

This invention was responsible for scaring the crew of a Dutch fishing-vessel which was poaching in British waters nearly out of their lives. The buoy contains a tube, through which the waves rise and fall, compressing the air, and so working a deep-toned whistle.

The Dutch boat, caught in a fog, was forced to anchor in a calm. A little ground swell came on, and the buoy began its mournful sound. The superstitious foreigners who heard it immediately concluded that it was produced by the ghost of some unfortunate who had lost his life on these deadly sands, and that it was a warning to themselves that their turn was coming soon. In their frantic hurry to depart, they actually got into their dinghy, and towed their vessel until the mournful sound died away in the distance.

DECREASE IN BIRTH RATE.

A French statistician says that, in spite of the increase of population in various countries, the rate of increase is steadily diminishing. Austria is really little better than France in this respect, while Germany, which shows the largest increase of European nations, has a declining birth-rate. The United States, with its increase of 14,000,000 in the last decade, has the largest growth of birth-rate, but would surely show signs of retrogression but for the steady volume of immigration.

THE WORLD'S LANGUAGES.

The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Balbi enumerated 860 which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and 5,000 which may be regarded as dialects. Another modern writer on this subject reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing, and which have existed.

Not many years have elapsed since Henry Grant hit upon the idea of producing what is now known as galvanized iron; but something between two and three hundred thousand workmen are now employed in making the production for all parts of the world, and the trade is valued at $25,000,000 a year to Great Britain alone.

COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES

THE HUMORS OF TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

Most Amazing and Amusing Messages by Wire—Men Who Were Astonished.

I have often wondered, said a leading official of St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, that it has never occurred to anyone to write a book on the comedies and tragedies of telegraphy. It would certainly be more amusing than some of the books which pass as humor nowadays.

Can anything, for example, be more ludicrous than this true story? A business man, when he was touring in a distant part of the country, was horrified at receiving this telegram: "Your wife has had a child. No danger need be anticipated unless it is followed by another shortly."

Here was a "bolt from the blue," with a vengeance; for the good husband was by no means expecting an addition to his family. He took the first train home, which he reached in the very early hours of the following morning, only to find that his wife was suffering from a slight chill, which meant a few days' confinement to bed at the worst.

The telegram was received exactly as the doctor had written it, with this exception, that the word "chill" had been converted by the operator or receiver into "child" with disastrous and alarming consequences.

It was simply the omission of a "dot" that did it; for, according to the code, "I" is represented by a dot, dash, dot, and the letter "d" by a dash, dot, dot.

ANOTHER HUSBAND

had a similar scare a few months ago. He had arranged for his wife to call for him and drive him home after business hours; but his programme was upset by this telegram: "I flee with Mr. A. to Dover straight. Don't expect me."

What could a jealous and alarmed husband do but take the first train to Dover to stop the fugitives? It was late that evening when he reached his home in the last stage of fatigue and despair, and to his amazement and relief, found his peccant wife there awaiting him in a great state of alarm.

Happily this tragedy ended in farce, for he learnt that his wife had simply been drinking tea with an old friend, and that her telegram as written was: "I tea with Mrs. A., Dover Street. Don't expect me."

Only the other day a poor woman received this telegram from a foreman at the works where her husband was employed: "Your husband nicely crushed to death. Come at once if you wish to see him alive." Surely a more heartless message was never received by any wife. The poor woman made her way to the scene of the tragedy as fast as a cab could take her, and found that her husband was not only alive, but had a fair prospect of recovery. The telegram, as sent by the indiscreet foreman, read thus: "Your husband nearly crushed to death," the word "nearly" being changed into "nicely" during transmission.

One of the most amusing of these perverted telegrams was that sent from India by a Press agency, and published in nearly all the English papers. As received it ran thus: "Governor twin sons—brilliant ceremony," which was expanded into a telegram announcing the arrival of two sons in the home of the Viceroy of India, and the gratifying fact that the interesting event had proceeded in all ways satisfactorily.

AS A MATTER OF FACT

the telegram was meant to announce the fact that the Viceroy had officiated at the inaugural ceremony connected with a new railway, and should have read: "Governor turns sod; brilliant ceremony."

It would be difficult to beat the ingenuity of the sub-editor who informed his readers of the "Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus! Latest news of the war!" In vain were atlases and geographies ransacked to discover where "Umbrage" was, for the town existed only in the imagination of the editor. What the telegram thus freely translated really said was: "Zulus have taken umbrage; English forces have had to retreat," a very different message indeed.

It was not the same sub-editor, but another, equally imaginative, who startled the reading world one day by announcing "A Terrible British Catastrophe. 2,468 soldiers killed." The only authority for this alarming announcement was a cablegram for the casualty list: "Casualties, killed, 2,468, Private Smith," 2,468 being, of course, the number by which the unfortunate private was identified.

Occasionally very strange telegrams result from the blending of two distinct messages, where the operator has had to pause after sending part of a message, and on resuming takes up another form. Thus a lady received from her absent husband this message: "Sorry can't return to-night, sending feeding-bottle"; and an old lady who was expecting two of her grandchildren by rail was horrified to receive this telegram: "Children coming 4.40; can have dozen barrels at 25s. barrel."

HIS ONE SUCCESS.

Miss Kilcher—Did you ever go in for literature, Mr. Gay?

Mrf Gay—Well—er—not exactly but once when I was at college I wrote a short story and got $100 for it.

Miss Kilcher—Really? What was it?

Mr. Gay—Dear Father: I'm broke. Please send me a hundred.

Little Emily—Mrs. Smith's got a dog that likes me. Fond Mamma—How do you know he likes you, my child? Little Emily—'Cause he tasted me and then wagged his tail.

THE GREAT RUBY MYSTERY.

"That's a curious-looking thing. What ever is it hung up here for? I suppose there's a story tacked on to it, eh?" I said, looking at a small case fixed on the wall before me. In it was a grey feather mounted in silver, and underneath a date was engraved, May 15th, 18—.

"Well," replied my friend Burke, as he rose from his chair and stood beside me, his hands deep in his pockets, "I daresay you'll smile when I tell you that the feather you're looking at not only won my wife for me but brought a great criminal to justice as well."

I was incredulous, but knowing Burke to be a man of sense I resumed my chair by the fire and placed myself in an attitude for listening to his story.

It is so many years since Nellie and myself first met that I almost forget how it came about. But I remember one morning, when I was about twenty-four years of age, I found myself in the private office of Mr. Potter, a wealthy jeweller in Regent street. I do not exactly recollect what passed between us, but when I re-entered the street I had been engaged to assist him in the selection of gems, for I was supposed to know a good stone as well as any man, and, ahem! perhaps I did.

For about a year I worked with Mr. Potter, and at the end of that time I was compelled to acknowledge that I was in an extremely awkward position—I had fallen in love with my employer's daughter. But being a novice in the art I feared to declare my passion, despite the fact that I often felt her searching eyes upon me when in her presence, and was always favored with one of her sunny smiles. She lived with her mother on the premises, while Potter made repeated visits to the Continent to buy up parcels of diamonds and other stones for setting, invariably leaving me in charge of the gem department during his absence.

Now, when a man is in love his wits are not sharpened by the malady, and I was no exception to the rule. I discovered that until I had told Nellie Potter of my devotion I was totally incapable of occupying the important position intrusted to me, and one cannot afford to make many mistakes when dealing in precious stones. Accordingly, as soon as an opportunity offered itself I robbed my heart of its secret, and boldly and without fear declared the love I bore her. Never shall I forget that day. The awful suspense of waiting to see the effect of my words, the slight glimmer in her eyes that gave me hope, and then with my heart throbbing as if at bursting point I learnt that my love was returned. "But," she added, with a little sigh, "I'm afraid father will never agree to our marriage."

"Why not?" I asked, as an icy tremor ran through my frame.

"Because he wants me to marry the Honourable Mr. Walrond, who will one day be Lord Cairnforth."

"What, that gambling spendthrift!" I cried, exasperated, for tales of the reckless life he was leading were always reaching me. Besides, I knew the man well, for he lived close at hand, and frequently entered the shop to buy jewellery, which, by the way, he always took care to have entered against him instead of paying for it on the spot. Now I understood why Potter never allowed the account to be rendered, and always greeted him cordially when he came to make a purchase. He wanted a title for his daughter, and was striving to force her into an obnoxious union with a man she did not love.

"But does Walrond—care for you?" I asked, presently.

"He says he does, and his pigeons are always pitching on my window-sill with little notes beneath their wings. At first I used to read them because they amused me, but now I leave the birds alone and they return with the letters unread. No, I won't marry him—I won't!"

She tore herself from my grasp and ran upstairs, choking with sobs and anger, while I could only await her father's return to approach him upon the matter. She should never marry Walrond against her will so long as I had breath within me to prevent the union.

A week later Potter returned, and that night I remained late with him in his study, examining some small diamonds he had purchased in Amsterdam. Then, summoning up sufficient courage to face the ordeal, I blurted out the truth. For a few seconds he stood staring at me blankly, and I saw the veins slowly rising in great knots upon his forehead, telling me plainly what the verdict would be. Then he began to pace the room.

"Are you mad, sir, or do you take me for a fool? My daughter marry you—you!" he stormed. "Ha! ha! she's for Mr. Walrond, not for you, and you'll live to see her Lady Cairnforth. She's already affianced to him."

"Pardon me, Mr. Potter, but your daughter seems ignorant of her engagement," I interrupted.

"Liar!" he retorted. "She knows it as well as and better than I do. Look here, Burke, my daughter is not for you, so if you're not content to work here without filling your head with such absurd ideas, why, take your money and—go! Maybe you know the great ruby is to be her dowry, and that's what you're after!"

I ignored his insults and remained mute. The great ruby, that gem of priceless value that lay safely guarded in the shop window, and which had originally filled the eye-sockets of a Burmese idol—for her! Then I rose from the chair I occupied and went to the door.

"No, Mr. Potter, I do not want your daughter's dowry. Good evening!" And well aware that further argument with him in his present mood would be useless, I walked out and left him there.

In a paroxysm of rage and despair I picked up my hat and coat and went home, and not until I reached my own fireside did I realize the full force of the blow he had dealt me. Throwing myself into an arm-chair, I gazed into the glowing embers and tried to collect my scattered senses. Midnight arrived, and was chimed out by a little Cupid on the mantelpiece, but I remained in the semi-darkness, following an unbroken train of thoughts. Then the recollections of my day's work came back to me. What had I been doing before my interview with him? I sat bolt upright, as I remembered that still lying on my desk were four large emeralds which I had forgotten to put away before joining him in the study. Then, without waiting to consider the matter further, I rushed out into the night and made my way back to Regent street.

Arriving there I let myself in at the private entrance with the key I was allowed to retain, and hurried into my own office. Yes, there were the four stones just where I had laid them, and with a sigh of relief I placed them in the safe and turned the key. Then I prepared to retrace my steps, but some irresistible fascination made me enter the shop to look at the great ruby that would one day be hers. I lit a vesta as I reached the window and held it above my head. Great heavens! Was I dreaming or——? I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The great ruby had disappeared!

Stung as though the loss were my own and overcome by a feeling I can hardly term fear, I allowed the match to burn until it reached my fingers, then dropped it, only to light another and stare in the weird light at the vacant place. What could I do? Even if I alarmed the house, Potter would probably suspect me of being the thief after the words he had spoken but a few hours before. I looked around, but there were no signs of anyone having broken in, which was reassuring. After all, perhaps, the stone had only been taken out by one of the assistants to be dusted; but why, then, had the case been left?

After having made a minute examination of the shop and found nothing, I barred the door again and walked away, ill at ease. It was evident that the ruby had been removed before closing hours, so perhaps the mystery would be cleared up in the morning. I, therefore crept from the building as noiselessly as possible, and upon turning the corner was on the point of colliding with the night watchman when fear of recognition caused me to take an opposite direction.

The following morning I returned to Regent street at the usual hour, expecting to be informed of the robbery by the first person I came in contact with, but to my astonishment no one seemed in the least concerned. I, therefore, went to the window, and could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw the ruby was back in its accustomed place, and, what was even more surprising, nobody knew anything about its removal.

Truly I was confronted with a mystery of leviathan proportions, and for the nonce scarcely knew how to act. Silence, I argued, was the best policy, and although my employer during the day did his best to atone for his unseemly conduct of the previous evening, I refrained from telling him anything of the matter, for I began to doubt whether after all I had not been suffering from an illusion. But my curiosity was piqued, and the following night I returned to Regent street at a quarter to one. Again the ruby was taken and replaced in the same mysterious manner.

The anxiety was now becoming too great to bear alone, so I took the first opportunity of going in search of my employer in the morning, and met him as he emerged from his office dressed for going out and with a portmanteau in his hand.

"Just had a wire from Glasgow, Burke, so am off. Look after the place while I'm away." And with these few words he disappeared through the street door.

There was now nothing for me to do but to watch alone, and during the ensuing twenty-four hours I made a startling discovery. At midnight I re-entered the shop, and, as I expected, the ruby was missing, but lying suggestively near the empty case was—a small grey feather. This I picked up, and having carefully placed it in my letter-case went home to think the matter out. Even now the mystery had begun to clear.

My first duty the following morning was to examine the ruby with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, for I had come to the conclusion that its mysterious journeys at night were being caused for one purpose only—that of making an artificial stone that so exactly resembled the ruby as to be capable of taking its place without the fraud being discovered until the perpetrators had disappeared from the country! A few minutes later the truth of this surmise became painfully evident to me, for the great gem I seemed to hold in my hand was nothing but a wonderful copy in glass compound of the great ruby. I had been foiled.

"Mr. Burke—Philip!" I recognized the voice without setting eyes on the speaker, and as I turned a pretty face protruded through my half-open door. "I hope I'm not disturbing you?"

"Disturbing me, Nell? Of course not. Come in and sit down." She obeyed, and took the arm-chair I drew up near my own.

"Philip, do you—do you think you could tell a lie?" she quavered.

"Well, I don't think my abilities in that respect have decayed since I was at school," I answered. "What may I do for you?"

"This morning one of Mr. Walrond's pigeons came to my window, and just for fun, you know—only for fun—I read the letter it carried. Here it is. He says he is coming to say good-bye to me this morning, as he is starting on a cycling tour through Normandy. I want you to meet him and say—I've gone away."

I gave a long whistle as I pondered over her information.

"I don't think Mr. Walrond will trouble you much more, Nellie," I responded, "for he'll soon be pedalling not on a bicycle but on a treadmill!"

I rushed out without waiting for her reply, and the direction I took was that in which Scotland Yard lay.

* * * * * *

"My good fellow, however did you manage it?" ejaculated Potter, two days later, as he gripped my hand.

"I didn't manage it at all; the pigeon did it for me. You see, the silly bird dropped a feather while the ruby was being tied in a little leather bag beneath its wing. Every evening that fine night-watchman of ours would put the bird through the grating in the street, and Dennis down below did the other business in half a minute and sent the bird up again. Luckily for him we did not meet while he was prowling about! The stone was then used as a pattern night after night until the imitation was ready to take its place."

"But what made you connect Walrond's name with the affair?"

"Oh, that's easily accounted for. He was in the habit of sending notes to your daughter by his pigeons. That made me suspect him at once when I found the feather. He did not care for Nell—Miss Potter, I mean—he only wanted the ruby, so he thought he would get it without the trouble of matrimony, and I've heard since that he's really engaged to an actress.

"Having stolen the stone, the next thing was to get away with it before we discovered that the one in our window was glass. This was by no means an easy matter, as the Customs officers have to be passed, and he could not sell the gem in this country. Therefore, he conceived the excellent idea of setting it in the side glass of his cycle lamp, and would in all probability have taken the ruby away right under the eyes of everybody had he not told Miss Potter that he was starting on a cycling tour, and she told me. A more valuable bicycle never existed than the one the police seized at Charing Cross yesterday just as the Dover train was starting!"

"My dear fellow, you've acted splendidly," said Potter, enthusiastically, at the conclusion of my oration. "Please forgive my insults of the other night; they were uncalled for. But I am going to make a little reparation. You know I'm getting an old man, and I feel I want a partner. Will you—well, be my partner?"

I tried to speak, but he interrupted me.

"I must not forget, though, that there is a more important matter to be discussed. Nellie is troubled, and you alone can make her happy. Will you?"

"I will try," I answered.—London Tit-Bits.

THE KING AS AN ORATOR.

HE IS A FINE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER.

Speaks With Distinct Enunciation And Without Any Hesitancy.

"There are few speakers," said the late Mr. Gladstone, "whom I listen to with more pleasure than the Prince of Wales. His speeches are invariably marvels of conciseness, graceful expression, and clear elocution"; and Mr. Phelps, the late American Ambassador at London, himself "a man of silver tongue," declared in the writer's hearing that there was probably only one better after-dinner speaker in England, if indeed, Lord Rosebery was the Prince's superior.

King Edward VII. has been endowed with that prime requisite of a public speaker, a clear and beautiful voice, which can make itself heard without apparent effort in the largest hall. This voice is largely natural, as anyone who can recall his oratorical efforts of forty years or so ago will admit; but it is also partly the result of a long training in elocution by one of its best masters.

In the early years of manhood the King hated no part of his public duties so much as the necessity of making public speeches, but he early determined that "as he had to speak he would, at any rate, make sure of being heard"; and under the guidance of his father—himself a trained and effective speaker—and under an elocution master, he rapidly acquired that clearness of enunciation which makes his speeches so

PLEASANT TO LISTEN TO.

In those days he used to practice so assiduously that if he ever could not be found it was always concluded by his brothers and sisters that "Bertie was somewhere learning to spout"; and stories are told of how he would try his 'prentice oratory on his young brothers, planting them at different angles and distances, and practising until each one heard every word.

In these early days the Prince was obviously and painfully nervous; and even to-day, although long familiarity has moderated his tremors and he has better learnt the art of concealing his sensations, he has confessed: "I always have a bad quarter of an hour before I make a speech in public, and there are times when I would give much to slip quietly away."

And yet, to all appearance, the King, as he chats genially with one and another, or listens with a smile to an address, is the most self-possessed man present; but a close observer will detect certain nervous movements—the furtive stroking of his moustache, the toying with his watch-chain, his hat or stick—which prove that after all the King is human and has nerves.

In his infancy as a speaker his speeches were carefully prepared, copied out, and committed to memory. On one memorable occasion the Prince had forgotten to take his manuscript, and although he rarely referred to the copy of a speech, by knowledge that in this case it was not available for emergencies

SO UNNERVED HIM

that his memory completely failed him, and he had for once to trust to impromptu efforts. Fortunately he succeeded so well that he was encouraged to trust less in future to memory and more to inspiration, with the happiest results. Now his speeches are only typed in outline.

Unlike his nephew, the German Emperor, the King studiously avoids any attempt at oratory, sentiment, or extravagant gesture. He speaks slowly, with a distinct enunciation of each word and without any suspicion of hesitancy, each sentence being as skilfully rounded as it is gracefully and eloquently expressed.

"Brevity," he considers, "is the soul of oratory," as of wit; and he not only makes short speeches himself but expects them of others. He studiously avoids quotation, especially of poetry; and never tries to be funny. His attitude is easy and unconventional, his left hand resting on the table or on his hip, and the right hand left free for the very limited gestures with which he emphasizes the points of his speech.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Ontario Fruit Exhibit Holding Its Own In Buffalo.

(Special by Martha Craig.)

The Canadian representatives at the Ontario Fruit Exhibit wish to convey their hearty thanks to their compatriots who have so generously and constantly contributed to the success of their exhibit at the Pan-American. The fruitgrowers from the Niagara region did not think, when they sent the last consignment of magnificent peaches, that they would just be in time for the President's day. A basketful of the same peaches with plums was presented to Mrs. McKinley, who expressed herself as highly pleased with them.

Those who send their best fruit and flowers to the Pan-American are truly patriotic. They are showing Americans what Canada can produce and upholding the honor of their country. The Canadian fruit growers cannot afford to sell in the States on account of the duty. They are simply doing their best for Canada from purely unselfish motives.

The Ontario Fruit Exhibit is the centre of attraction. They have always on hand a plentiful supply of fruit artistically arranged, and the representatives are noted for their courtesy. Amongst the latest consignments we may mention Mr. W.H. Dempsey, Trenton, Ont., who sent a large collection of apples, including twelve varieties. They are the finest apples that have been received from any section.

A fine collection of plums, pears and peaches arrived from the Burlington Horticultural Society.

Mr. R. L. Huggard, Whitby, Ont., of Ontario Experimental Fruit Station, sent a large collection of plums, apples and pears. Mr. Albert Pay, of St. Catharines, sent three baskets of Bradshaw plums and Moore's early grapes, one basket of choice Niagara grapes and two of Warden grapes.

Mr. James Tittington, of St. Catharines, sent a fine display of plums, including Burbank, Wickson, Washington, Gold and Paragon; also a collection of pears, large Ruby King peppers and egg plants.

Mr. Thomas Beattie, ex-alderman, St. Catharines, sent a choice collection of peaches and Burbank plums.

A large collection of clusters of grapes were received from Andrew Haynes, of Louth Township, and from C. E. Secord a crate of choice Crawford and Foster peaches.

Mr. George H. Walker sent a fine assortment of grapes. Some fine grapes were also received from Mr. F. G. Steward and Mr. L. Haynes. These gentlemen have taken the three first prizes and silver medals for the three largest collections of grapes at the Toronto Exhibition. Some enormous yellow egg plums have been received from Mr. F. G. Grobb, of St. Catharines.

The peaches from the Niagara region are magnificent, and in appearance are equal to those of California. They just came in time to make a fine display for McKinley Day. Amongst those who sent them are Mr. William Armstrong, C. E. Fisher, H. C. Bradley, James Sandham and P. C. Adams, from Queenston. S. & W. H. Collinson, Joseph Dunn, W. Hendershot and H. C. Woodruff, from St. Davids, who sent peaches and grapes. The Freely Bros. from Niagara, sent also some fine peaches.

Burbank plums have been received from Chas. Schwenger of Hamilton.

Mr. J. F. Sinclar and Charles Sherr of Aldershot sent nutmeg melons and water melons. All visitors comment on their remarkably fine size and appearance.

Wm. Orr & Son, of Fruitland, continue to add to their fine collection of plums twice a week. Morris, Stone & Wellington send flowers twice a week.

A remarkably fine collection of tomatoes have been received from C. W. Ashbaugh, of Mohawk, Brant county; also from John Blain, James Tittington and Joseph Dunn, of St. Catharines. Mr. J. A. Leekie had a brilliant idea when he sent on the squash. Fifty times a day the questions are asked what are those things, are they new varieties of water melons, or Canadian cucumbers? Are they used for food? Etc. So interested did the crowd become in the squash that Mr. Collins wrote a large card and placed it on the counter for the instruction and edification of the multitude. It was worded thus:—

This is a squash.
It is not ripe.
It is good for food, when cooked.
It grows in Canada.
It was sent by Mr. Leekie.

This explanation proved highly satisfactory. Two cases of cold storage apples, which had been on the counters at the Pan-American for three months, were sent to Toronto to be exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition. They were in excellent condition.

In every 100 lbs. of new bread you buy 37 lbs. of water.

MAY HAVE GLASS HOUSES

WHAT THE RISING GENERATION MAY EXPECT.

They Will Likely Wear Glass Clothes and Walk on Pavements of Glass.

Whole houses of glass, gowns of glass, neckties of glass; glass furniture, glass pavements, glass decorations, glass stoves and glass statues—all these are among the probabilities soon to be realized if the French scientist, Jules Henrivaux, is to be trusted; but while this noted man is talking to the world the glass-makers of France are working and already producing the materials with which these wonderful revolutions are to be brought about. The people of Toronto are likely to see the first turn of the wheel when a vaudeville artiste will appear before them in a magnificent costume of glass, cost $1,250, and which will be the first one ever worn upon the stage by woman.

The fortunate possessor of this magnificent and miraculous frock is an American woman, Mrs. Clifton Mahon, who is known on the stage as Ellene Jaqua. The gown is a delicate Nile green in color. The cloth was spun in Dresden, Germany and the dress made in Paris. It took five months to complete it for exhibit.

The color effects of the dress under a strong light are wonderful. Delicate shades of pale green, pale blue, and silver white blend into each other with bewildering rapidity as the wearer walks. The dress does not sparkle; it has indescribable silvery sheen. As Miss Jaqua moves the silvery light ripples from point to point on the dress like

WAVES IN THE MOONLIGHT.

That a gown should be made of glass, almost as soft and pliable as silk, exemplifies the extraordinary possibilities of the improved science of glassmaking, but people are not likely to wear glass clothes except as a curiosity, and the importance of the glass revolution is really shown in the immense possibilities for its use in the daily works and necessities of life. The wonderful development makes glass working the newest as well as one of the most ancient of arts. There was an old story told by the ancient writer Pliny, and retold in every boys' school since that day, to the effect that some Phoenician sailors, having landed in Palestine, used lumps of soda to boil their pots on, being unable to find stones; and, according to this old tale, they were surprised to see streams of molten glass running out of the fire; but modern scientists do not credit this tale, declaring that an open fire could not have been hot enough to effect such a result. As a matter of fact it is known that glass was used at least 5,000 years ago, because in Thebes there is a monument of a dead man, known as Beni-Hessan, which shows pictures of Theban glassmakers at work, and the pipes they used are quite similar to the common blow pipes which are in use at the present day. Just how old the glass-making art was at that time is problematical.

In after years the making of glass ornaments became a fine art. As early as 25 centuries ago, the Egyptians were grinding, gilding and coloring glass. Articles of exquisite workmanship were produced, but they were very expensive, and were known

ONLY AS LUXURIES.

Vases and cups beautifully cut, richly colored and wrought in raised figures, were furnished to the Romans. The Phoenicians picked up the art from the Egyptians, and it flourished in Tyre and Sidon at a very early period. In Nineveh glass lenses, vases and bottles were found. In the British Museum today there is a glass vase 2,618 years old, and it is the first piece of transparent glass ever heard of. It bears the name of Sargon, an Assyrian monarch.

But while glass was used for purposes of ornamentation at such an early date, it was not until after the beginning of the Christian era that it was brought into real use, and sot in windows. It was not until the seventh century that window glass was introduced into England, and up to 300 years ago in Scotland glass windows were rare. About three and one-half centuries ago the manufacture of glass began in England, and from that date its utility became better known.

It is only of late years that the wonderful possibilities of glass have become known; and now, according to the scientist, Henrivaux, the world is about to witness a development of it which will relegate bricks stone, and many other raw materials to altogether a secondary position; and the most interesting feature of the affair is that, according to Henrivaux, glass will be cheaper and infinitely more durable than any building material at present existing. The common impression is that there are very few raw materials which are suitable to the making of glass, but as a matter of fact the materials available for that purpose are legion, and the possibilities of cheapness lie in the fact that the glass suitable for building purposes can be made of material which has hitherto been

REGARDED AS WORTHLESS.

M. Jules Henrivaux, who was until lately the director of the great glass manufactory at St. Gobain, France, does not pretend that we can look for glass cannons, or glass men-of-war, or glass greyhounds of the ocean, nor does he contemplate the substitution of glass machinery for that which we now employ in our various processes of manufacture, but he does claim that glass is the best substance known to use for every kind of structural purpose, and especially for dwelling houses. In short, if the visions of M. Henrivaux are realized we shall all be living in glass houses before very long.

The point of the idea is found in the inexhaustible supply of the materials from which glass is made, and its adaptability, and its cleanliness. With regard to the second point, it is obvious that glass can be shaped, colored and decorated to an extent of which no other material is capable, and it is upon this aspect of the idea that M. Henrivaux lavishes his imagination.

There are six ways in which glass can be manipulated. It can be cast into window-panes, paving stones, panels, etc. It can be moulded into cornices, slates, wall decorations, and even statues. It can be blown into bottles, tumblers, vases, and all the utensils comprised under the name of "glassware." It can be blown and ground into crystals, lenses, prisms and other objects of art and utility. It can be drawn into the finest threads and made into pipes, baskets and dress materials. It can be turned into mosaics and enamels, and can be brought into the closest imitation of most of

THE PRECIOUS STONES.

Imagine, with M. Henrivaux, the construction of a glass house. The foundations and the walls would be constructed of a variety of glass, recently invented, called "stone glass," which has already successfully withstood the severest tests. When crushed it gives a resistence three times as great as granite. When subjected to heat or cold it is found less sensitive than steel. When submitted to friction it shows less wear than porphyry. Shock, as of a hammer blow, it resists to a degree 22 times as severe as that which would fracture marble. The [illegible] tension has practically no effect upon it whatever.

The walls, then, would be built of glass held together by angle-iron so as to permit of a hollow space through which pipes could pass (the pipes themselves being glasswork), conveying hot air, hot and cold water, gas, electric wires, drains, and everything needed for the health and comfort of the inhabitants. Stairs and balustrades, ceilings and wall decorations, mantel pieces and fire places, would be constructed of glass.

Some of M. Henrivaux's conceptions in the way of decorations, in which the glass is made of opaque or tinted with brilliant colors, or made silver and golden, or arranged in prisms and crystals with facets like diamonds, are perhaps too fanciful to be taken seriously, but through them all there runs the same enthusiasm, the same belief that glass, as Thiers once said of Louis Napoleon, is capable of anything.

OUR CHAIRS AND TABLES,

in the new glass age, will be made of glass, toughened to the strength of oak and mahogany. Our cooking utensils, our plates and cups and saucers, will be made of the same substance. Even our knives and forks will have glass handles, if not glass blades.

The new glass house will be absolutely clean and practically indestructible. The whole of its surface can be washed from the top story to the basement without a trace of humidity being left. Dust cannot collect on its polished face, and the spider will find no places on which to hang its cobwebs.

They have already begun to pave the streets of Paris with glass, and it is found that the substance, while practically indestructible, is admirably suited to the feet of both men and beasts; and as it neither holds or makes dirt, it is absurdly easy to clean. Its only fault is that it somewhat increases the noise of traffic, but even this might, by and by, be overcome.

One of the features of last year's exhibition was the Palais Lumineux; or the Palace of Light, built entirely of glass. It was to some extent the realization of M. Henrivaux's ideal. Not only was it of solid construction, but the adaptability of glass to every class of decoration in form and in color, aided by its various degrees of opaqueness and transparency, enabled its builders to raise a structure which as far transcended our own crystal palace as a diamond outshines the imitation.

The question of cost has not been left out of account. Glass can be made out of almost anything amendable to the influence of fire. The stone-glass, to which reference has already been made, is manufactured mainly from what have hitherto been regarded as waste substances. The slag heaps which disfigure our mining and iron districts are all convertible into glass. Evidently the days of bricks and slates are numbered.

EIGHTY DEATHS.

Smallpox Record of New York City for July.

The Ontario Health Department and the newspapers of Ontario have been criticized for reporting and publishing every case of smallpox in the province. It is held by these critics that this course tends to keep away tourists and business men, who get the impression that the country is dangerously full of smallpox, when, as a matter of fact, there may not be half as many cases as in their own State, the authorities of which pursue the plan of keeping things quiet.

The answer Dr. Bryce, secretary to the Provincial Health Board, makes to this is that full publicity is the best quarantine, and he urges the health authorities of every municipality to hunt down the disease with the utmost energy, in order to clear themselves of the odium of having smallpox in the district.

That the plan of hushing up news of smallpox cases does not kill out the disease, or make it less virulent, is shown in the monthly statement for July of deaths in New York State. This report shows that in this one month in the city of New York proper there were 80 deaths from smallpox, including the boroughs of Brooklyn, Manhattan, and the Bronx, 160 deaths.

In Ontario there were about 700 cases of smallpox, all told, from January 1 to July 1, which covers the period of the outbreak, and of these not more than one per cent. were fatal. There are now less than a dozen cases left, and it is hoped in a very short time to have the province clear of the disease.

NATION IN MOURNING.

President McKinley Peacefully Passes Away.

Buffalo, Sept. 14.—(Saturday)—President McKinley died at 2.15 o'clock this morning.

Before six o'clock it was clear to those at the President's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for the last sad offices of farewell. Oxygen had been administered steadily, but with little effect in keeping back the approach of death. The President came out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another. But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events of profoundly touching character down stairs. With tear-stained faces, members of the Cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near, and that the hour when they must see him for the last time.

This was about six o'clock. One by one they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney-General Knox. Secretary Wilson also was there, but he held back, not wishing to see the President in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the Cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. They then withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces.

ASKED FOR HIS WIFE.

After they left the sick room the physicians rallied him to consciousness, and the President asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway. The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness, she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The President in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7:40 o'clock, chanted the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," and his last audible conscious words as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside, were:—"Good-bye; all good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done." Then his mind began to wander, and soon afterwards he completely lost consciousness. His life was prolonged for hours by the administration of oxygen, and the President finally expressed a desire to be allowed to die. About 8:30 the administration of oxygen ceased and the pulse grew faint, very faint. He was sinking gradually like a child. By 10 o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremeties, and they grew cold.

WAITING FOR THE END.

Below stairs the grief-stricken gathering waited sadly for the end. All the evening those who had hastened here fast as steel and steam could carry them, continued to arrive. They drove up in carriages at a gallop, or were whisked up in automobiles, all intent upon getting here before death came. One of the last to arrive was Attorney-General Knox, who reached the house at 9.30 p.m. He was permitted to go up stairs to look for the last time upon the face of his friend. Those in the house at this time were Secretary Hitchcock, Wilson and Root, Senators Fairbanks, Hanna, and Burrows, Judge Day, Col. Herrick, Abner McKinley, the President's brother, and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Mary Barber, Miss Mary Williams, Mrs. McKinley's cousin; the physicians, including Dr McBurney, who arrived after 8 o'clock, John G. Milburn, John N. Scatcherd, Harry Hamlin, all of this city; Secretary Cortelyou, and a number of others. Rev. C. D. Wilson, a Methodist Minister, of Tonawanda, N.Y., who was the President's pastor for three years at Canton, called at the residence to enquire whether his services were needed, but did not enter the house. Another Methodist minister, who had a church nearby, remained at the Milburn residence for two hours in the belief that his services might be desired.

At 9.37 Secretary Cortelyou, who had been much of the time with his dying chief, sent out information that the President was dying, but the President lingered on, his pulse growing fainter and fainter. At 11.58, when Dr. Janeway arrived, the President was just barely alive.

NO NEED FOR BULLETINS.

There was no need for official bulletins after this. Those who came from the house at intervals told the same story, that the President was dying, and the end might come at any time. His tremendous vitality was the only remaining factor in the result, and this gave hope only of brief postponement of the end. Dr. Mynter thought he might last until 2 a.m.

Dr. Mann said at 11 o'clock that the President was still alive, and would probably live an hour. Thus minutes lengthened to hours, and midnight came with the President still battling against death:

The entire lower part of the house was aglow with light, and the many attendants, friends and relatives could be seen within, moving about, and occasionally coming in groups to the front doorway for a breath of air. In the upper front chambers the lights were low, and around on the north side, where the chamber of death is located, there were fitful lights, sometimes becoming bright and then turned low.

Secretary Root and Secretary Wilson came from the house about midnight, and paced up and down the sidewalk. All that Secretary Root said was:—"The end has not come yet."

NO EFFORTS SPARED.

Despite the fact that vitality continued to ebb as midnight approached, no efforts were spared to keep the spark of life glowing. Dr. Janeway, of New York City, arrived at the Buffalo depot at 11.40 o'clock, and drove at a breakneck pace to the Milburn house. He was shown to the President's room at once, and began an examination of the almost inanimate form.

Secretary of the Navy Long arrived at the Milburn house at 12.06 o'clock. This was his first visit to the city, and he had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the President alive, even though he was not conscious of his visitor's presence.

Vice-President Roosevelt had been notified early in the day of the critical state of affairs, and word came from him that he was on his way in a special train.

CONSTITUTIONAL PROCEDURE.

There was no longer a doubt that in the approaching death of the President a complete change in the Executive Administration of the Government would ensue. When Mr. Roosevelt would take oath of office was wholly a matter of conjecture. President Arthur took the oath at 2 a.m. after the death of Garfield, and in that case Justice Brady, of New York, administered the oath. There is no requirement that the oath shall be administered by a justice of the United States States Supreme Court, although that procedure is adopted when circumstances permit.

Without unseemly haste the members of the Cabinet will tender their resignations and the new President will then be free to initiate his own policy and choose his own Cabinet.

There is little possibility to-night that Mr. Roosevelt will get here. Mr. Ansley Wilcox, who entertained the Vice-President when he was here last, urges that the best information he had was that Mr. Roosevelt would be here to-morrow morning, and that not until late in the morning would the Vice-President be able to reach a railroad station much before 4 o'clock to-morrow morning, and that would bring him here about 4 o'clock.

Mr. Wilcox said in explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's being so far out of touch. The Vice-President was at all times very optimistic, and when he went away was absolutely positive that the President would recover, and that the convalescence would be rapid. He certainly never expected to-day's occurrences.

PROBABLE AUTOPSY.

It is almost certain that an autopsy on the President's body will be held to determine the exact cause of death. This is the wish of all the surgeons and physicians who are in attendance. The peculiar action of the President's heart was more or less of a puzzle to them all, and Dr. McBurney expressed the opinion that in the interest of science, as well as in the interest of the Government and of the world, it would be desirable that the exact cause of death be determined. Though the President's heart gave trouble from the beginning, its erratic action was at first thought to be due to the shock of the wound, but when the wound had begun to progress favorably, the heart gave more trouble and anxiety than ever. Its action became feeble, and finally gave out altogether. The theory of at least one of the physicians is that the original shock of the first bullet over the heart had much to do with the trouble.

LYING IN STATE.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Buffalo to-day became a city of mourners. The gay and flaming decorations of the Pan-American Exposition gave way to the symbol of sorrow. The black drapery of the city's streets muffled the tolling bells of the churches. Bits of crepe appeared on every sleeve. The sorrow was indescribable. In the morning a single service took place at the residence on Delaware avenue, where the martyred President died. A hymn was sung and prayer was offered over the dead body. That was all. Only the immediate family and friends and political associates of the late President were present. The scene was pathetic in the extreme. Then the body was borne out to the waiting cortege on the brawny shoulders of eight sailors and soldiers of the Republic. The cortege passed through solid walls of living humanity, bareheaded and grief-stricken, to the City Hall where the body lay in state this afternoon. There a remarkable demonstration occurred, which proved how close the President was to the hearts of the people. Arrangements had been made to allow the public to view the body from the time it arrived, at about 1:30 o'clock until about 5 o'clock, but when the body arrived the people were wedged into the streets for blocks as far as the eye could reach. Two lines were formed. They extended literally for miles. When 5 o'clock came 40,000 people had already passed, and the crowds waiting below in the streets seemed undiminished. It was decided to extend the time until midnight. Then for hours longer the streets were dense with people, and a constant stream flowed up the steps of the broad entrance into the hall and passed the bier. When the doors were closed at midnight it was estimated that 80,000 people had viewed the remains, but thousands of disappointed ones were still in the streets.

DETAILS OF THE FUNERAL.

The funeral procession was formed early on Monday morning and the body was taken to the New York Central Station, where a special train was in waiting to carry it to Washington over the Pennsylvania Railroad through Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

On the same train that bore the coffin were the members of the Cabinet and of the President's family, as well as the committees appointed for the journey. There was a committee of five citizens of Buffalo who went to Washington. Senator Frye, President of the Senate, and Speaker Henderson, of the House of Representatives, have been asked to appoint committees of the two houses of Congress.

The funeral train reached Washington on Monday evening, and the President's body was conveyed to the rotunda of the National Capitol, where it will lie in state for two days before being taken to Canton to be finally committed to the earth. Judge Day is in charge of the arrangements for the services in Canton, and he will leave for that city to-morrow night to perfect them.

It is expected that requests will be made from large cities, possibly New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, that the body may lie in state there, but it is not believed that the President's friends will accede to them.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S LIFE.

In steadily climbing upward, from country lawyer to President of the United States, William McKinley overcame poverty, acquired a knowledge of the sufferings of sorrowing humanity, and has left a clean record behind him. Before his first election to the Presidency, he had been twice Governor of Ohio, had served fifteen years in Congress, during which fame came to him as the author of the Tariff Act of 1889, known as the McKinley Bill, had been prosecuting attorney of an important county in Ohio, and had served in the War of the Rebellion as an officer after having marched in the ranks with the private soldiers, himself a private.

The McKinleys are of Scotch-Irish descent, and came to this country about one hundred and fifty years ago. William McKinley, father of the President, was an iron manufacturer. He lived to see his son Governor of Ohio. The late William McKinley was fifty-eight years old. He was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio. In 1860 he entered the Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, but his health was broken by overstudy, and he became a clerk in the postoffice at Poland, to which place the family had moved from Niles. When came the call to arms, he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. Among the officers of this famous regiment were General W. S. Rosecrans and Rutherford B. Hayes, who afterward became President. For his services in the winter camp of Fayetteville, young McKinley, in 1862, was made commissary-sergeant. In recognition of his bravery at the Battle of Antietam, he was given a commission as second lieutenant. In 1863 he was made captain, and in 1865 breveted major by President Lincoln for gallantry.

After the war he studied law in Canton, Ohio, and at the Albany Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He settled in Canton, where he made his home. He soon attracted attention as a lawyer of exceptional ability, and in 1869 was elected prosecuting attorney of Stark County, though that county was Democratic.

From this time forward politics engaged Mr. McKinley's special attention and interest. In 1876 he was elected to Congress, where he remained till 1890, having been re-elected seven times. It was as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee that he gave the nation the bill that bore his name.

In 1891, and again in 1893, Mr. McKinley was elected Governor of Ohio. He had become one of the recognized leaders of the Republican party. As political speaker and leader in Congress and in various political conventions, he made himself known and admired throughout the country. The confidence of the people in his principles and purposes was so firmly established that no great surprise was felt when he was nominated for the Presidency, on the first ballot, at St. Louis in 1896. The electoral vote that followed stood 271 for McKinley and 176 for Bryan.

In 1871 Major McKinley was married to Miss Ida Saxton, of Canton, Two daughters were born to them, but both died in early childhood. During his official career, the President had received the degree of doctor of laws from a number of universities.

THE DUKE IN TORONTO.

Revised List of Events for His Entertainment.

A despatch from Toronto says:—The following programme has been decided upon for the Duke of York and Cornwall's reception:—Arrive in Toronto 2 o'clock on the afternoon of October 10th; procession to City Hall; dinner at Government House; opera at Massey Hall in the evening; military review at Exhibition grounds at 11 o'clock next morning, the Royal party leaving it at one o'clock; conferring of degree on the Duke at Toronto University in the afternoon; dinner at Parliament Buildings, 7 p.m.; reception at Parliament Buildings at 8.30; leave Toronto 9.30 next morning.

AUSTRALIA'S NAVY.

Scheme Now Being Drafted by the Commonwealth.

A despatch from London says:—A despatch to the Daily Mail from Sydney, New South Wales, says that Sir John Forrest, Minister of Defence of the Commonwealth of Australia, is drafting a Federal naval policy, aiming at the eventual formation of a purely Australian navy, which he regards as speedily necessary. He thinks that the existing system of paying Great Britain for naval defence is unsatisfactory.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Cheese, Grain, &c in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, Sept. 17.—Wheat—The local grain trade is quiet. Millers are finding it difficult to secure supplies, as farmers are holding off for higher prices. Prices are principally unchanged. Sales of old white and red to millers, at 68 to 68½c low freights while exporters quote 67c middle freight. New white in demand at 65c to millers. No. 1 spring nominal at 68½c middle freight, and No. 2 goose at 62c middle freight. Manitoba wheat, old, is held at 82c for No. 1 hard, and 79c for No. 2 grinding in transit, prompt shipment; No. 1 new hard, September, quoted at 80 to 81c. Toronto and west, 2c lower.

Oats—The market was quiet to-day at unchanged prices. New No. 2 white sold locally to millers at 34c.

Peas—Trade quiet, and prices unchanged. No. 2 is quoted at 70c high, and at 71c middle freight.

Barley—The market is steady. No. 2 quoted at 46 to 47c; No. 3 extra at 45c, and No. 3 at 42 to 44c, all middle freights.

Corn—Market quiet with sales of No. 2 Canadian yellow at 54c west, and mixed at 53½c. U. S. yellow nominal at 61c on track here.

Rye—The market is steady with sales at 49c, middle freights, and 50c east.

Buckwheat—Market dull with prices purely nominal.

Flour—The market is quiet. Ninety per cent. patents quoted for export in bbls, at $2.90 middle freight. Choice straight rollers in bbls, locally and for Lower Provinces, $3.15 to $3.25. Hungarian patents, $4.05, bags included, at Toronto, and strong bakers', $3.80.

Oatmeal—Market is lower; car lots at $3.75 in bags, and $5.85 in wood. Broken lots, Toronto, 30c per bbl. extra.

Millfeed—The market is quiet with offerings small. Cars of bran for shipment quoted at $13 west, and shorts at $15 west. Ton lots of bran sell here at $14.50, and shorts at $16.50.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The receipts are large with an over-supply of inferior qualities. Demand is good for choice stock. We quote:—Selected dairy tubs, 16 to 17c; choice 1-lb rolls, 18 to 19c; second grades, in rolls, tubs and pails, 13 to 14c; bakers', 12½ to 13½c. Creamery solids steady at 20 to 20½; creamery prints 21 to 22c.

Eggs—Market is unchanged. We quote:—Case laid, 12 to 13c; ordinary fresh candled, 11½ to 12c; seconds, 7 to 8c.

Cheese—Market is dull, with cables still lower to-day. We quote:—Finest, 9½ to 9¾c; seconds, 9c.

HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged at $9.25 to $9.50. Hog products in good demand. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, ton lots, 11½c; case lots, 12c. Pork, mess, $21.50; do, short cut, $22.

Smoked meats—Hams, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 15 to 16c; rolls, 12 to 12½c; backs, 16c; and shoulders, 11 to 11½c.

Lard—Demand good and prices firm. Guaranteed pure, in 50-lb tubs, 11½c; pails, 12c; and tierces, 11¼c.

THE STREET MARKET.

The receipts of grain on the street market to-day showed a heavy falling off, about 1,400 bushels coming in, as against 4,200 yesterday. Prices generally were steady. One hundred bushels of new red wheat sold at 63 to 69c, 300 bushels of goose sold at 68 to 68½c. Barley was unchanged, 400 bushels selling at 47 to 53½c. New oats ruled higher, 700 bushels selling at 37½ to 39c. Hay was fairly active, 20 loads selling at $10 to $12. One load of straw sold at $10.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Wheat, white	$0.66	$0.70
Wheat, red	.64	.68
Wheat, new, red & wh.	.66	.68½
Wheat, spring, old	.70	.00
Wheat, goose	.67½	.68
Oats, old	.41½	.00
Oats, new	.37	.39
Barley	.48	.53½
Peas	.68	.70
Rye	.52	.53
Hay, old, per ton	13.00	13.50
Hay, new, per ton	10.00	11.00
Straw, per ton	9.00	10.00
Dressed hogs	9.25	9.50
Butter, in lb rools	.17	.22
Butter, creamery	.22	.25
Chickens, per pair	.40	.65
Ducks, per pair	.60	.85
Turkeys, per lb	.10	.13
Eggs, new laid	12½	14
Eggs, held, per doz	.12	.14
Apples, barrel	2.00	2.50
Potatoes, bush	.60	.75
Beef, forequarters	4.50	5.50
Tomatoes, basket	.20	.25
Beef, hindquarters	8.00	9.00
Beef, medium, carcase	6.50	7.25
Beef, choice	7.00	7.75
Lamb, yearling	6.50	7.00
Lamb, spring	7.50	8.50
Mutton	5.50	6.50
Veal, choice	7.50	9.00

Detroit, Sept. 17.—Wheat, closed—No. 1 white, cash, 71c; No. 2 red, cash and September, 71c; October, 71½c; December, 73c.

St. Louis, Sept. 17.—Wheat closed—September, 69c; December, 71½c

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—Spring wheat—Little doing; No. 1 northern old, 76c; do, new, 74c. Winter wheat—No. 2 red, 74½c; No. 1 white, 75½c. Corn—Weak and lower; No. 2 yellow, 60½c; No. 3 do, 60 to 60½c; No. 2 corn, 60c; No. 3 do, 59½c. Oats—Easy; No. 2 white, 38 to 38½c; No. 3 white, 37½ to 37½c; No. 2 mixed, 36½c; No. 3 do, 36. Barley—Little doing. Rye—No. 2, 55c on track. Canal freights—Steady.

Toledo, Sept. 17.—Wheat—Cash and September, 71½c; December, 73¼c; May, 76½c. Corn—Cash and September, 56½c; December, 57c. Oats—September, 36c; December, 36½c. Rye—52½c. Cloverseed—Cash and October, $5.15; December, $5.17½.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 17.—Receipts at the Western Cattle Market to-day were generally light. There were 62 cars in all—974 cattle, 1,394 sheep, 700 hogs and 55 calves. Trade was good except in exporters, in which demand was good, but quality was not up to the mark, and they were from 10c to 25c a hundred off. Good butchers' cattle were the steadiest, and there were not many offering. Hogs were steady, with no change in prices. Sheep were all cleared up, though dragging slightly. Export sheep were easier.

Export Cattle—Really choice animals were wanting, and the best offerings sold at $4.87½ to $5. Ordinary loads, averaging 1,300 pounds, sold at $4.50 to $4.75.

Butchers' Cattle—Trade was good in this line, everything being cleared up, as the offerings were light. The quality was not really choice, however, and the best lots sold at $4 to $4.25 per cwt. Fair animals sold around $3.50 to $3.85 and the commoner stock at $3 to $3.50 per cwt. Cows came in slowly and quality was better, selling at from $3.25 to $3.37½.

Feeders—Demand was better, but there are still no offerings. Prices are unchanged, good stock steers, weighing from 1,100 to 1,200 pounds being worth from $4 to $4.25 per cwt, and heavier ones $3.50 to $3.75. Light stock is worth $3 to $3.50.

Stockers—Were steady at last week's prices and receipts were light. Animals weighing from 500 to 800 pounds sold at from $2.55 to $2.85 per cwt.

Bulls—Those weighing from 900 to 1,050 pounds were selling at $2.50 while extra good animals ranging from 1,200 to 1,300 pounds, brought from $3.50 to $4.

Milch Cows—Good milchers were wanting. Prices were about $45 to $47.

Sheep—Were about the same, and all lines were cleared up, export ewes bringing $3.35 to $3.50, bucks, $2.50 to $2.75 and culls $2 to $3.

Lambs—Were steady, everything being sold at from $3.75 to $4.25 per cwt and $2.50 to $3.25 each.

Hogs—There was no change; selects of 160 to 200 pounds, unwatered and unfed, off cars, are still quoted at $7.25 to $7 for lights and fats.

Calves—Sold at from $2 to $10 each.

We quote:—

Export cattle, choice	$4.75	$5.00
do medium, per cwt.	4.25	4.65
do cows, per cwt	3.50	4.00
Butchers' cattle pick'd	4.50	4.75
do choice	4.00	4.50
do fair	3.50	4.00
do common	3.00	3.50
do cows	3.00	3.75
do bulls	3.00	3.50
Bulls, exp., heavy, cwt	3.50	4.00
do light, per cwt	2.50	3.00
Feeders, short-keep	3.85	4.25
do medium	3.50	3.75
do light	3.00	3.50
Stockers, 400 to 600lb	2.75	3.00
do off-colors & bulls	2.00	2.75
Milch cows, each	30.00	50.00
Sheep, export, ewes	3.35	3.50
do bucks, per cwt	2.50	2.75
do culls, each	2.00	3.00
Lambs, each	3.75	4.25
do per cwt	3.75	4.25
Calves, per head	2.00	10.00
Hogs, choice, cwt	7.25	0.00
Hogs, corn-fed	7.00	0.00
Hogs, light, per cwt	6.75	7.00
Hogs, fat, per cwt	6.75	7.00

QUEBEC GAY WITH BUNTING

The Duke and Duchess of York in the Old Capital.

Quebec, Sept 16.—The Ophir, with the Duke and Duchess on board, cast anchor this morning, when guns of the fortress boomed out a welcome. At 9.30 o'clock His Excellency the Governor-General, attended by the Prime Minister of Canada, proceeded on board H.M.S. Ophir.

At noon the official landing took place at the King's Wharf, the guards of honor being furnished by the bluejackets and marines, and the royal procession proceeded to the Legislative Building by way of Champlain and St. Peter-streets, Mountain Hill, Du Fort, and St. Louis-streets and Grande Allee. The escort was drawn from the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars. At the Legislative Buildings the guard was furnished by the 8th Royal Rifles and the Royal Party was greeted by a chorus of 3000 children drawn from the different city schools. An address from the city was presented, and the royal party proceeded to the Citadel, where they lunched with the Governor-General.

At 4 o'clock a visit was paid to Laval University, where His Royal Highness was graciously pleased to accept a diploma. At 7.30 there was an official dinner in the Citadel, and the party listened from the King's bastion, overlooking the St. Lawrence, to a program of instrumental and vocal music performed on Dufferin Terrace by the massed bands and a large choir. The royal visitors had a magnificent view of the display of fireworks and illuminations that took place on the river, 350 feet below them.

QUEBEC IN GALA ATTIRE.

Not for many a long day has Quebec presented such an appearance of bustling activity. Troops are pouring in from Montreal and the townships, sight-seers throng the streets and the finishing touches are being made in the decorations and arches in every quarter. The town has been full of visitors all the summer, and now there is hardly a bed to be got for love or money. The oldest inhabitant sees the days of the Imperial garrison recalled, as he watches a regiment marching in, and the streets are gay with the uniforms of the men of duty.

A FITTING PORTAL.

The King's Wharf, where their Royal Highnesses landed, has been really beautifully decorated. Four large Venetian masts, painted white, have been erected at the landing stage, and on them are emblazoned the arms of the provinces, and maple leaves in their autumnal tints Flags hang all round them, a crown surmounts them, and the branch of Canada is pictured on their sides. All round the yard hang bannerets of every hue, on the steps of the Government office stand four large palms, and the ground has been gravelled and groomed to the perfection of neatness. Two arches span the gateway, built of wood and painted white with the arms of the cities of Canada gleaming from them. They form a fitting portal to the Dominion. All along the route of the procession, masts with trophies of flags and shields have been erected where possible, the street railway standards have been used for the purpose, and even the telephone poles have been made as beautiful as possible with brightly-colored cloth turned round them.

AN HISTORIC DAY.

Altogether the old city has put on a very beautiful appearance and the contrast between the new and the old, the past and the present is seen through it all. It is only one more historic day for this historic city, and the grim rock stands out through all the bunting and the decorations as though symbolizing the greatness of the events that have passed beneath its shadow.

ALBUM FOR THE DUCHESS.

The Victoria and Baden-Powell Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire League have prepared a beautifully bound album of views of Quebec for presentation to the Duchess of York. The views are photogravures of the scenes which will be familiarized to Her Royal Highness by her visit, including the Legislative Council and the Parliament Buildings. A view will also be shown of the departure of the Sardinian with troops for South Africa. The whole is bound in white kid, with a medallion of the arms of Quebec in the centre and a border of small maple leaves all round it. The album will be presented to Her Royal Highness privately by the Governor-General.

DENTIST AWAITS HER HIGHNESS.

Dr. Alexander Martin, the Ottawa dentist, summoned to meet H.M.S. Ophir at Rimouski, has been ordered to await her arrival at Quebec.

PRECAUTIONS OF THE POLICE.

The utmost precautions are being taken to insure the safety of Their Royal Highnesses during their stay in Quebec. The most distinguished police officers of the Dominion are now gathered here and it would be a clever scoundrel who managed to escape their vigilance. Lieut.-Col Percy Sherwood, Dominion Commissioner of Police, Chief Carpenter of Montreal, Chief Stark of Toronto, Chief K. P. McCaskill of the Provincial Detective Force, Inspector Burns of the C.P.R. police and Detectives Sloane and O'Keefe are some of the principal members of the criminal investigation force that are here now. The local police, under Capt. Pennee, are also on the qui vive and with this outside aid there can be little fear of any untoward incident to mar to-morrow's festivities.

ACTS DISALLOWED.

British Columbia Measures No Longer Law.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—At Thursday's meeting of the Cabinet an order-in-Council was passed disallowing two of the Acts of the British Columbia Legislature of last year, against which the Japanese Government has so vigorously protested. One of these measures is chap. 11, entitled "An Act to Regulate Immigration into British Columbia." It is practically a copy of what is known as the Natal Immigration Act, and imposes educational qualifications upon immigrants generally. Chap. 14, which is also disallowed, is an Act relating to the employment on works carried on under franchises granted by private Acts of incorporation.

The obnoxious provision of the statute in question debars from employment with such company any person who "shall fail to read in a language of Europe this Act." This provision would shut out fully 95 per cent. of the Japanese and Chinese in Canada from securing employment with companies possessing Provincial incorporation.

BRITISH SUCCESSES.

Scheeper's Commando Being Driven Hither and Thither.

A despatch from Pretoria says:—Scheeper's commando of 250 men, mostly rebels, is being driven hither and thither by five columns under Beatson. They are now near Worcester. Reports indicate satisfactory progress during the week.

An anonymous Boer communication has been received threatening reprisals if confiscation proclamation is carried out.

General Methuen has had an engagement with a Boer force at Rhenosterfontein, east of Zeerust, in which 11 of the burghers were killed and 20 captured. The British pursued the Boers north and in the chase killed seven and captured 21 of them.

Skirmishes have taken place on the Pietersburg Railway line, in which seven Boers were killed.

News From The District...

Interesting Jottings from our own Correspondents and Culled from Exchanges for Review Readers.—All the Happenings of the District.

BANCROFT.

From the Times.

The party of hunters who went to Conroy's marsh last week bagged 102 ducks.

Mrs. John Fitzgerald of Greenview is seriously ill, and is not expected to recover.

Mr. W. J. Sargent has disposed of his store and stock to Mr. John Kelusky, who has already taken possession.

John. Stanyer, for allowing his dog to run at large, was fined $5 and costs by the F.M. Game Warden Smith prosecuted.

There is some talk of the C. O. R. running two passenger trains a day to Bancroft. This would give us a much better mail service.

Samuel W. Cowan, of Bangor, was fined $50 last week for shooting a moose. Game Warden Smith of Belleville was prosecutor.

Henry Wheeler, who runs a boarding house at Coe Hill, is charged with selling liquor without a license. The case will be tried at Bancroft on Friday.

Messrs. Best and Chisholm are opening up a copper prospect on Mr. A. McGibbon's farm in Dungannon, which given every promise of being a paying one.

Alex. McInroy of Cardiff, who is charged with trying to pass bogus money, was given a hearing in the Toronto police Court on Tuesday, and was sent up for trial.

John Richards, of Carlow, has been summoned to appear before the magistrate on Friday to answer a charge of threatening to shoot Mrs. Chas. Wasmund of the same township.

Mr. Jno. D. Ronald of Bussels was in Bancroft last week, and before leaving town he closed a deal with the police trustees for a steam fire engine, two hose reels and 1,000 feet of hose. The price paid was $2,100.

About a year ago Mr. J. W. King, of Egan Creek, lost three head of young cattle. Diligent search was made, but no trace of them could be found. While hunting in the woods recently a neighbor came upon a pile of bones—the remains of Mr. King's cattle. They had been struck by lightning.

MARMORA.

From the Herald.

James Maloney, of Cordova, was tried in Havelock, Tuesday on a second charge of illegally selling liquors. He was fined $50 and costs.

Mr. James Best and daughter returned home to Bancroft Saturday. In the week's absence they visited Marmora, Campbellford, Toronto, Pan-American and Madoc in company with Mr. W. Golding.

Arrangements are being completed for a unique mining exhibit at the Marmora Fair. Mr. Aunger has consented to exhibit his cabinets of minerals. They contain many rare samples from every part of the world which Mr. Aunger has spent a lifetime in collecting. These minerals were awarded a gold medal at Chicago Exposition.

Mr. W. E. Gladney was taken ill last week while working at the store. He has since been confined to the house where the doctor has ordered him to take a period of perfect quietness. Mr. Gladney has for many years been excessively active and energetic in business and the strain has been too much for him. With rest for a season and easing up on the work he performs he will soon be himself again.

Rev. Mr. Reddick, of North Marmora, preached in the Methodist Church here Sunday evening. Mr. Reddick is a young man, but was listened to with close attention by a large congregation. He is unaffected by any peculiarities of style but preached a straightforward, manly sermon, full of hope and energy of life. His reasoning too is both clear and logical and altogether the service was bright and interesting.

James Henderson, reported to be from Toronto, was run over and killed by a G.T.R. train near Oobourg.

KINGSTON.

The death is recorded of Thomas Atkinson, an excellent citizen. He was aged 56 years.

Miss Emma McVeity, a Kingston soloist, has been engaged by Somerville Methodist Church. She leaves next week.

It is rumored that Mr. George McIlwratn of Darling Township, near the Kingston & Pembroke Railway, has been offered $30,000 for his farm, on which hematite ore has been found.

William J. Newman, a reporter on the press, and a popular young man, died on Saturday night, aged 28 years. He died from glanular tuberculosis. He was married.

Three Kingstonians who secured engagements in Scranton, Pa., were seized by alien labor officers and accompained to Kingston by uniformed officers. It is said the firm engaging the clerks has been fined $1,000 for each case. The young men, it is said, will again go to the United States and seek engagements.

The work of getting the recruit class at the Royal Military College into shape is being rushed this year in view of the expected visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. The work is somewhat hard for the new beginners. A freshman, tired by the exertion, left mysteriously last week. He was from the Northwest and is supposed to have gone home. He left his baggage behind. The officers of the college could not trace him further than his having inquired at one of the steamboat offices for a ticket to Toronto.

The contract for building a factory to manufacture beet sugar was awarded at Wiarton.

An Order-in-Council has been passed for the stringent enforcement of regulations regarding the packing and marking of fruit.

William Smith, of Stirling, was arraigned before Magistrate Flint in Belleville on Monday afternoon for non-support of his wife.

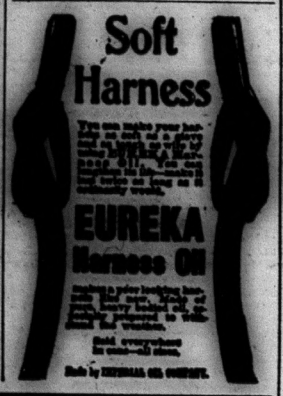
The United States steamer Hartford damaged a bridge in the Welland Canal and then sailed away in defiance of the Government rather than pay $500 damages.

Lord Kitchener's weekly report shows an unusually large number of captures in the Transvaal, while the operations in Cape Colony have been stagnant.

Czolgosz refused to plead to the indictment of murder, and Judge Lewis, his counsel, entered a plea of not guilty. The District Attorney gave notice of trial for Monday next.

As Hon. S. C. Wood has been unable to accept the Liberal nomination for the Legislature for West Victoria, a convention to name a candidate has been called for October 5 at Lindsay.

A social was held in the Presbyterian Church, Campbellford, on Labor Day, the proceeds of which were to go toward the erection of a church at Cordova Mines. The receipts amounted to over $20.



Choice Lots for Sale....

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of Small Capitalists.

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms or avail themselves of the conditions of building, can get full information by application to the undersigned or to

A. F. WOOD, ESQ.

Prices of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. Buildings and Lots can be arranged for from $400 to $2,000.

F. E. SEYMOUR.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

W. J. ATKINS.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND Women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Pine's Medicines.

The demand for Pine's Medicines ha so increased that the proprietor has decided to place them in convenient places for the public. Below are the places, where they will be found :—

F. C. Sherwin, Crookston.
Elizabeth Tanner, Ivanhoe.
A. Adams, West Huntingdon.
Geo. W. Collins, Plainfield.
Hewitt & Cornish, Roslin.
J. H. Roberts, Actinolite.
Hawley Stone, Flinton.
Wm. Both, North Brook.
James Murphy, Bogart.
Patrick Murphy, Stoco.
F. O. Diamond, Queensboro.
Lewis Kellar, Remington.
C. Miller, Eldorado.
Israel McEwen, Bannockburn.
Wm. Lumb, Millbridge.
W. D. Nickle, Malone.
R. B. Hannah, Cooper.

T.. Hinchliff, Gunter.
N.. Green, Gilmour.

Flinton, July 20, 1900.

To whom it may concern :—

This is to certify that having had occasion to use some of James S. Pine's medicines or prescriptions I can safely say that I believe they are the best remedies for suffering humanity (that is for diseases for which those remedies are advertised) that are in the market to-day, and I have no hesitation in recommending them to anyone.

JAMES M. DAFOE.

Village Property for Sale.

We have a number of good building lots which we offer for sale very cheap. They will be sold in single lots or in blocks to suit the purchaser. For further particulars apply to

FRED. ROLLINS,
Madoc.

..... BATHS.....

Why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to

SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING

AT

VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,

Next Wilson's Dru Store.

ALEX. BELAIR

Merchant Tailor.

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

MADOC.

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings. All new Goods.

YOUR PATRONAGE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Bertram Walker, late of the town of Wardner, in the state of Idaho, one of the United States of America, miner, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O., 1897, Chap. 129, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said deceased, who died on or about the 13th day of March, 1901, are required on or before the 1st day of October, 1901, to send by post prepaid or deliver to W. J. Moore, Esq., Solicitor for Harrison William Walker, the administrator, their full names, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further, take notice that after such last mentioned date, the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have received notice as above, and that he will not be liable for the said assets to any person of whose claim he shall not have received notice at the time of such distribution.

W. J. MOORE,
Solicitor for the Administrator.

Dated at Madoc this 30th day of August, 1901.

You'll Be Happy

when you see these delightful cloths for summer use. The manufacturers have provided for coat comfort these silken textured materials. Order your coat cut from some of these cool and elegant cloths, and order it early, for they are greatly in demand by fashionable dressers who want to keep cool.

R. E. COLLING.

LIFE.....

A question of great interest for intending insurers is: Which Canadian Life Company is in highest favor with the insuring Canadian public? The following table is a good indicator:

Name of Company.	Commenced Business in Canada.	Canadian Business, Written in 1899.
North American,	1881,	$4,834,505
Sun Life,	1871,	3,966,859
Ontario Mutual,	1870,	3,955,505
Confederation,	1871,	3,839,469
Canada Life,	1847,	3,800,917

The above are the five leading Canadian Companies and although the North American is much the youngest in years, she is outstripping all her rivals in the Canadian field.

J. R. ORR, Agent, Madoc. J. W. GARVIN, B.A., Man. Con Peterboro, Ont.

Business Men,
Professional Men,
School Teachers,
Clergymen, Etc.

Use Printed Stationery

It costs little more than the plain—gives caste to your business or profession. We have several qualities of Letter Heads, Note Heads and Envelopes, as well as a full line of Commercial Stationery.

Some Spring or Summer Announcement is wanted—a circular, booklet or dodger—perhaps some Billheads or Statements—Labels or Tags.

Your Printing is what we are asking for—and we can ask for it with good grace, for we do the kind of Printing that pleases fastidious people.

The Review Job Department,
MADOC, ONT.

Let us Figure on Your Requirements

Farmers

CALL AT

JOHN R. BROWN'S

and see his special lines of Spring Goods, consisting of

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Steel Rollers, Seeders, - also - Buggies, Wagons, &c.

Agent for the celebrated

DEERING HARVESTING MACHINERY

— also the —

Handy Truck Scales

Call and see me before purchasing.

JOHN R. BROWN.

The Great Home Paper of Hastings County 24 Years Before the Public

The Madoc Review

TWELVE PAGES

Subscription Price $1.00 Per Year.

This Great Home Paper of the County is noted for being filled with instructive intelligence.

ALL DEPARTMENTS ENGAGE CAREFUL ATTENTION

The Home, Talmage's Sermons, Stories, Sunday School, Miscellaneous, Farm, Markets of the World, Local and General News of special interest.

Every Line of Interest to Somebody.

FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM

As a means of reaching the people of the North Riding of Hastings it has no superior. It carries the advertiser's announcement into the best homes of this section of the county.

The JOB DEPARTMENT

Is being kept up to the highest state of efficiency. We guarantee to turn out work equal to that of the cities and at city prices. Samples shown on application.

J. R. ORR,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW.

J. R. ORR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS: $1.50; $1.00 IF PAID IN ADVANCE

25TH YEAR.—No. 38. Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, September 26, 1901. POSTAGE PREPAID

J. C. DALE & Co.,

BANKERS,

DALE'S BLOCK, MADOC, ONT.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Interest added to principal half-yearly, on the 11th of May and the 11th of November of each year.

REFERENCE:—Canadian Bank of Commerce.

J. C. DALE,
Manager.

Notice.

I have a large amount of money to loan at 4½ and 5 per cent. on first-class farm security.

W. J. MOORE.

Madoc Lodge, No. 195, A.O.U.W

THE Ancient Order of United Workmen meets every first and third Friday of each month, in Moon's new block. Visiting brethren are cordially welcomed.

W. J. MOORE, Master Workman
C. D. McDONALD, Recorder.

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I. O. O. F.

MEETS in Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening, at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.

WM. BROOKS, Rec. Secretary. WM. SINCLAIR, Noble Grand
JAMES WHITE, Fin. Secretary.

D. E. K. STEWART,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY ETC., MADOC, ONTARIO.
Money to loan on first mortgages at lowest rates.
Solicitor for J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.
Solicitor for Murphy, Gordon & Co., Bankers, Tweed.

W. J. MOORE, B.C.L.,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Over the REVIEW Office, Madoc.
MONEY TO LOAN.

WILLIAM CROSS, LL.B.,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER.
Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good farm security. No commission. No valuation fee.
OFFICE—Wood Block, Madoc.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
BARRISTER, BELLEVILLE, ONT.
Dated at Madoc this 21st of November, 1899.

JAMES C. DALE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
OFFICE—J. C. Dale & Co., Bankers.

MONEY TO LOAN.
A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN AND COMMISSION AGENCY.
MADOC, — ONT.

DR. HARRISON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.,
Graduate of Queen's University, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
SPECIALTY—Diseases of Women and Children.
OFFICE—Opposite Methodist Church.

DR. HARPER,
GRADUATE OF TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Durham street, opposite Brown's Carriage Shop, Madoc.

DR. S. EAGLESON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.,
Graduate and Gold Medalist of Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Graduate and Silver Medalist of Trinity University, Toronto, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
OFFICE—In O'Flynn's Block, south of the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, Ont.

G. ERNEST CORK
(Former pupil of A. S. Vogt and J. Humphrey Anger, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.)
TEACHER OF
PIANO, ORGAN AND THEORY,
Organist Madoc Methodist Church, will be in Madoc from
FRIDAY UNTIL MONDAY

Canadian Arsenic at the Pan-American.

Nothing at Buffalo to be Compared with This Exhibit.

History of the Unique and Remarkable Deloro Mine in Hastings County, Ont.—A Close Corporation in which There is No Stock for Sale.—Only Arsenic-Producing Plant in America.

"Martha Craig," the mining expert of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, writes as follows of the arsenical exhibit of the Canadian Goldfields Co., of Deloro:—

On entering the Ontario mining division of the Mines Building at the Pan-American Exposition much may be seen that is at the same time interesting and structive. Not least amongst these is the exhibit from the Deloro Mine of Hastings, Co., Ont. On examining the display in the handsome show case we find White Arsenic. This is something new and one will naturally ask "what has this to do with a mineral exhibit?" On further investigation we learn that arsenic is manufactured from the ores we see in the same cases. These ores are known as mispickel ores. Looking into this more closely we learn that these ores contain gold as well as arsenic and that the gold is extracted first from the raw ores after they have been crushed by stampers.

Another most interesting feature about this exhibit is that the peculiarities of these ore deposits and the formation surrounding them is plainly represented by actual rock samples showing the veins and country in miniature. This is a novel feature in an exhibit and a valuable one from an educational point of view and reflected great credit upon P. Kirkegard—the discoverer of this new process. There is much to be learned from this little exhibit; it stands alone as very unique and there is nothing else that can be compared with it.

The Deloro Mine has a most remarkable history. It was first discovered during the gold excitement over thirty years ago. It was owned by the Gatling Gold and Silver Mining Company from 1873 to 1880, during which time considerable work was done in it and a 20-stamp mill was built. Some of the surface ore was milled with a profit, but at very shallow depth the ores became refractory, containing 20 per cent. and more of mispickel, "Arsenogrite," when these ores were reached no process then known would extract the gold, and work was discontinued. In 1880 the property was bought by the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company who at once erected large reduction works consisting of a dry crushing mill, and chlorination works. Considerable development work was done during the building of this plant and this was finally started, crushing thousands of tons of ores, but all was wasted. In 1883 the mine was closed and remained idle until 1896, when the property was bought by the Canadian Goldfields Company. This company also started by building a large mill, this time manipulating the ore by the dry crushing and bromo-cyanide process. This was only partially successful, some 50 to 60 per cent. of the gold value was recovered, but the process was so expensive that this was obtained at a loss. It was not until 1898 when the present Manager, Mr. P. Kirkegard, was placed in charge of the mine, that anything like success was met.

During the summer of 1898 the mill above mentioned was destroyed by fire and work was suspended for a time. The real successful working of this mine dates from this time. The manager having seen the weak points in what had been done up to that time, wisely avoided the shoals. He built a ten-stamp mill, adopting amalgamation on electroplated copper plates. This was followed by double concentration combined with classification and the concentrates treated by bromo-cyanide. This double treatment proved to be the solution of the trouble, not only giving a high percentage of extraction but also greatly reducing the working cost. Having established the process for extracting the gold values, he started on the mispickel, knowing that white arsenic could be made from it. The old mill built by the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company was again brought into use, all the old machinery for which he had no use was pulled out and sold for scrap iron, and the furnaces were re-constructed to suit the new conditions. Much money was expended on various experiments. The industry was a new one for this continent. No one could be found who thoroughly understood this business, and there was practically no literature bearing on the subject, the arsenic manufacturers of the old country keeping what they knew about it a profound secret. Nothing daunted Mr. Kirkegard went right on and after a short time succeeded in making the desired white arsenic, and this has proved to be whiter and purer than any made in Europe.

Mr. Kirkegard and his staff are just such men as we need in Canada to develop our natural resources. The Canadian Goldfields Company has set a good example in another direction, namely, that of looking to the welfare of their employes. They have built a commodious hall for the use of their men and families for religious services, school and entertainments, and have established a fine library therein.

The employes have formed a band of twelve pieces among themselves, and this band gives frequent open air concerts.

The Canadian Goldfields Company is an English company. It is a close corporation, no stock being for sale, and this no doubt accounts for the fact that very little has been heard about this mine, although it is only 110 miles from Toronto and has been successfully operated for about five years. This is the only arsenic producing plant on the American continent, manufacturing arsenic on a commercial scale. The product is 40 to 50 tons per month and this output is steadily increasing.

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GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.

Mr. Adam Misener of Troy, Ont., is dead, aged 103 years.

There have already been severe frosts in some districts of Manitoba and the Northwest.

Daniel Kelly, of Cherry Valley, was sent to the penitentiary for three years. He was convicted of arson and sentenced by Judge Merrill at Picton on Monday.

There is a great rush of settlers to the Lake Temiscaming. The old Ontario farmers have now garnered their harvest and are turning their attention to the new country. According to information from the Ontario colonization office, the number of men going into the new district is away ahead of what was expected. Applications [illegible] to the trainload less than 90 pounds, as the by-

LET US SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most
is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart
that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the clouds of gloom
and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness too,
with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when
we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—It's
never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when
failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are
good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest, for it is
merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can
wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can
squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-
strings that will tug,
And alway leave an echo that is very
like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand
what by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.

Personal = = =

Every reader is invited to assist in making this column interesting and reliable.

Miss Susie Dale is visiting friends in Belleville.

Mr. William Kerr, of Belleville, is again reported to be seriously ill.

Mr. R. R. Casement is spending a few weeks in Northern Dakota.

Mr. Theo Seymour, of Trinity Medical College, Toronto, is home for a visit.

Stirling News-Argus:—Miss Lydia Conley, of Madoc, is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. G. Ernest Cork, music teacher, will in future make Madoc his headquarters.

Mrs. Jos. Caverly left last week for a month's visit to her sister, Mrs. A. Bartlett, in Buffalo.

Mr. Lyman Moon, an old Madoc boy, son of Mr. Allen Moon, was married in Stirling last week.

Mr. James C. Dale, jr., returned on Saturday last from a trip to Buffalo, the Pan-American, and other places.

Dr. A. R. Farrell, of Index, Wash. Ter., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Farrell, Madoc township.

Mr. W. H. Nugent, of Coe Hill, township clerk of Wollaston, was in town this week and gave THE REVIEW a call.

Inspector Mackintosh has been in the northern townships during the past couple of weeks, inspecting the schools.

Mr. Walter Ross, merchant-tailor, of Bancroft, spent Saturday and Sunday in town, the guest of his mother, Mrs. D. Ross.

Mr. John Mouncey drove back to Salmon lake on Monday for a week's hunting and fishing. He was accompanied by Mr. T. Knox.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sanderson, of Haliburton, are visiting relatives in town, the guests of Mrs. Sanderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Elliot.

Mr. Frank Dafoe, of O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, will go north to Bancroft next week to assist Mr. W. J. Sargent to open his new banking house in that village.

Mr. Charles Tumelty is spending a few weeks at Caledonia Springs mineral baths, to relieve an attack of rheumatism which has been troubling him this past summer.

Mr. McIntosh, of Belleville, proprietor of the "Bee-hive," with Mrs. McIntosh and family, have been spending the past couple of weeks in town, looking after the Madoc business.

Mr. Carl J. Lynde leaves Madoc today for Germany where he will take up scientific studies for a year. He goes by way of Liverpool, England, starting from Montreal on Saturday next.

Marmora Herald:—Mr. Gladney is steadily improving in health and is able to walk about the house.... Rev. E. A. Sanderson, of Madoc, preached to a large congregation in the Methodist church, Sunday evening.... Mr. Joseph James returned home Wednesday from spending a week among the mining men here.

Mr. Alex. Milne, merchant, left town suddenly on Friday evening last, having been called to his old home at Peterhead, Scotland, by the news of the serious illness of his father and mother. Mr. Milne caught an outgoing Allan liner at Roumiski, on Sunday morning, and is now about the middle of the Atlantic. He will be gone about five weeks.

A farmer near Deseronto has been summoned to appear in court on a charge of selling potatoes in bags containing less than 90 pounds, as the by-

Several Canadians Knighted.

The following official announcement was made on Wednesday evening by Mayor Maude, Military Secretary to His Excellency the Governor-General:

On the occasion of the visit of their Royal Highnessess the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Canada, his Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to confer the following honors:

To be Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George:

The Hon. Sir John Boyd, Chancellor of the High Court of Justice of Ontario.

The Hon. Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec.

To be Companions of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Joseph Pope, Under Secretary of State.

Dr. Peterson, Principal of McGill University, Montreal.

The Very Rev. George Grant, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

The Rev. Oliver Matthieu, Principal of Laval University, Quebec.

Oliver Howland, Mayor of Toronto.

Mayor F. S. Maude, Coldstream Guards, Military Secretary to his Excellency the Governor-General.

To be Knight Bachelor:

Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The Duke of Cornwall.

George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York.

Born at Marlborough House, London, June 3, 1865.

Educated at home.

Joined the training ship Britannia as naval cadet, October, 1877.

Made a tour of the world as a midshipman on H.M.S. Bacchante, 1880.

Confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1882.

Appointed midshipman on H.M.S. Canada, 1883.

Paid his first visit to Canada, 1883.

Passed as sub-lieutenant, obtaining a first-class for seamanship, 1884.

Promoted lieutenant, 1885.

Served under the Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean Squadron, 1885-6-8.

Made commander of H.M.S. Thrush under Admiral Watson and again visited Canada, 1890.

Became Heir Presumptive on death of the Duke of Clarence, January 14, 1892.

Created Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney, May, 24 1892.

Married at the Chapel Royal, St. James', the Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, only daughter of the late Princess Mary of Cambridge and the Duke of Teck, July 6, 1893.

Given honorary degree of L.L.D. by Cambridge University, 1894.

Given honorary degree of D.C.L. by Oxford University, 1897.

Made commander of H.M.S. Crescent, June 8, 1898.

Promoted Rear-Admiral and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marine Forces, January 1, 1901.

Became ipso facto Duke of Cornwall on the Death of Queen Victoria, January 22, 1901.

Also inherited the titles of Prince and High Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles, January 22, 1901.

Sailed from Portsmouth on his tour of the Empire, March 16, 1901.

His Children are: Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, born at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, Midsummer Eve, June 23, 1894. (His birth marked the first occasion in English history where three direct heirs to the throne were alive at the same time.) Albert Frederick Arthur George, born December 14, 1895; Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary, born April 25, 1797; Henry William Frederick Albert, born March 31, 1900.—Toronto Star.

Ezra Pixley Died a Hero.

Fatal Result of a Fire Near Napanee—Pixley Gave His Life to Save a Friend.—He Was Caught in a Silo by the Flames.

Napanee, Ont., Sept. 21—Ezra Pixley, with some other men, was engaged this morning in filling with corn a silo on the farm of William Rutledge, two miles from Sydenham, when flames suddenly burst out from the barn.

In the first excitement the other men forgot about Pixley and Dunn, who were in the silo. Pixley, however, gallantly assisted Dunn out of the silo but gave up his life in doing so. Dunn threw a ladder to him but he could not reach it.

Pixley was 45 years old and leaves a wife and family.

Mr. Rutledge, owner of the barn, was seriously burned as a result of attempting to subdue the flames.

It is announced that the C.P.R. has purchased the K. & P. R., and that a fine new hotel for Kingston will be one of the first moves of the big corporation in order to secure a fair share of the Thousand Island tourist travel.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The following may be of interest to the pupils of the intermediate forms of the public and high schools:—

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese;
You can find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice;
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cows in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a cow if repeated is never called kine,
And the plural of vow is vows, not vine,
And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural for booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three may be those,
And the plural for cat is cats, not cose.
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother we never say methren;
Then masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think, you will all agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

Magistrate's Court.

BEFORE A. F. WOOD, J. P.

On Friday night, Sept. 20, a complaint was laid before Justice A. F. Wood by James Fleming, of Elzevir, charging a brutal assault by one John Orr, of Madoc village. The same day a charge was also made against said Orr for brutal treatment of a horse near Seymour's. On Saturday morning a further complaint against Orr of drunken and disorderly conduct on the streets was laid. A warrant was issued to Constable Huff who reported on Monday morning the willingness of the prisoner to be tried. The charges were read over to him, and he pleaded guilty and alleged drunkenness as the cause, stating he only remembered a part of what he was charged with.

He was fined $2 and costs for cruelty to the horse; $2 and costs for drunk and disorderly; $5 and costs for assault on Fleming. The Magistrate said this made a somewhat severe penalty, but as he has previously stated the day of nominal fines with him is over. He said the action of the Constable in not arresting Orr before morning was disgraceful. Information had come to him that on Saturday afternoon and evening a number of drunken men were on the streets much to the annoyance of respectable people. He had done all he could to put a stop to it. If the council would not act the responsibility rested with them. The reason an arrest was not made Friday night was no Constable could be found to act.

Orr could not pay, and the alternative was 60 days in jail. He got a reliable party to become his surety for a short time.

His Hand Shattered.

Joseph Stoneburg Meets with a Mishap that Causes Him a Great Deal of Pain.

The Ontario of Friday last had the following regarding an accident to Joe Stoneburg, late of Madoc:—

Mr. Joseph Stoneburg, of this city, is in the hospital here suffering from a gun shot wound in his left hand, which is of a very serious nature.

Mr. Stoneburg is an enthusiastic hunter and carries his gun with him on his travels. He has been engaged on the G. T. R. bridge gang and was at work near Pickering.

Yesterday he saw a hawk and, procuring his gun, went after the bird. His left hand was over the muzzle of the gun when it went off and the full charge entered the palm of the hand and passing out through the back, tore it fearfully, shattering two of the bones. The charge scattered and the wound was a very ragged one.

The injured one was brought to the city and taken to the hospital where Dr. A. E. MacColl dressed the wound and hopes to save the hand. To-day Mr. Stoneburg was resting quite comfortably and it is hoped that no very serious consequences will ensue.

Two more cases of smallpox are reported at Ottawa.

A son of Mr. Alex. Anderson, of South Dorchester was killed by falling off his bicycle.

Mr. A. Stevenson, of Thorold, was killed by his team running a land roller over h[illegible]

About the ....House

SUGGESTIONS FOR BREAD.

In mixing bread use a short-handled wooden spoon, as long as you can. Use enough flour always to keep your loaf from sticking to the board, or your hands, but take care not to get in too much flour. Expert handling can only come by experience, and you must not be discouraged if at first the dough sticks to everything it touches. Try and get your loaves into the pans for the last rising rather soft. If you can get pans with high sides, you will find them nicer, as it keeps the bread from spreading apart r running over the sides.

To insure good baking powder biscuit, care must be taken to keep the dough very soft, so soft in fact that you are only just able to get them up and into the pan; and they must be baked quickly in a very hot oven. Never roll out your dough thinner than an inch.

When bread or biscuit becomes stale, you can freshen it by pouring a little hot water over the loaf and draining it off quickly; then set it in the oven to heat through, and it will be good as new. When crackers become soft from long standing, put them in a pan, and bake them over. They will be as crisp as new ones.

Yeast without hops: Twelve large potatoes boiled, mashed and pressed through a sieve; add 3 qts lukewarm water, 1 cup yeast, 1 cup salt and 1 cup sugar. Mix thoroughly and set in a warm place four or five hours. When bubbles rise, it is ready for use. One teacup of this yeast will make three quart-loaves, and no sponge is necessary. Keep in ½-gal. jars, corked tight, and in a cool place. It will be good for weeks.

Bread: Pare and boil 6 good-sized potatoes, drain off the water, mash fine, pour over them about 3 pts lukewarm water, and run through a collander. Add flour until this is a thin batter, then put in 1 cup coffee yeast. Let stand until it rises, then stir in flour, as much as you can, with a spoon, and let rise again. Work in enough more flour to knead rather stiff and let rise the third time. When light, this time work out into loaves and let rise.

Baking Powder Biscuit: One qt flour, 1 lump butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt and 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder. Milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a quick oven.

Crackers: One egg, white only, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teacup sweet milk, ½ teaspoon soda, and 1 teaspoon cream tartar. Mix very stiff, beat well; roll thin and bake.

Rusks: Take a piece of bread dough when ready to bake and add 1 egg, ½ cup butter or lard and ½ cup sugar. Mix them well, roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter. Let them rise before baking. If not quite stiff enough, add flour. Bake in a quick oven.

MEN IN THE KITCHEN.

There are multitudes of women who do their own housework and whose mothers and grandmothers did before them, who, though tired almost to the point of nervous collapse, or even when half sick, never think of asking their "men folks" to get a meal or do kitchen work. Many women of the old school seem to think it out of place for a man to wash dishes or make bread.

Of course the average man, uninstructed innocent as he is, does look awkward in his wife's kitchen. He is apt to disturb its apple pie order. Naturally he would prefer to be doing something else, and as a general thing he ought to be doing something else. But there are times when his place is in the kitchen. Men are not always busy at their respective occupations; there are slack times when they are laid off, or if they employ themselves, when their own work does not press so, but that they could just as well lend a hand in the kitchen as not.

A woman is making a needless sacrifice of herself who refrains from asking her husband or sons to do more in the kitchen than to bring in the wood and coal and fetch a pail of water

The relief that more assistance would give to the woman of the house is not the only consideration. Since no farmer feeds his horses or cows, his hens or hogs without endeavoring to utilize the teachings of the widest available experience and the closest study in regard to the best kinds of diet adapted to secure the best conditions of health and strength for his animals, so he will naturally ask why should not an equal care and intelligence determine the selection of fare for his own table.

He will find a new interest in legislation bearing on the protection of the people's food in purity and wholesomeness and he will be ready to co-operate intelligently with the public schools and the progressive press with regard to popularizing more rational ideas of diet as bearing on economy, health and morals.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Sweet Pickles—One rule will answer for pear, peach, plum and apple sweet pickle. To seven pounds of fruit allow five pounds of sugar, a pint of cider vinegar, half an ounce of stick cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. Some like more cinnamon and less cloves. Tie the spice in muslin and cook in the vinegar.

Cucumber Pickles—To each hundred of the smallest cucumbers you can procure, allow an ounce each of mustard seed and cloves, a large tablespoonful of salt, a cup of sugar and two small red peppers. Put the cucumbers in a kettl[illegible] with enough vinegar to cover [illegible] Heat very slowly to the s[illegible] point. Take [illegible]

Tomato Pickle—Chop a gallon of green tomatoes, sprinkle salt on them, hang them in a coarse cotton bag and let drain twelve hours. Chop a dozen onions, four green peppers and a pint of horseradish, add four ounces of mixed spices; mix well, pack in jars and cover with vinegar. Tie up closely.

CLEANING WALL PAPER.

A correspondent tells of an experiment she made in cleaning her wall paper. She says: "I used pulverized pumice stone and flour, four ounces of the pumice powder to one quart of flour, making a thick paste or dough. Roll out as wide as the wall paper in length and two inches thick, then inclose the dough in a piece of muslin and sew it on and boil them about three-quarters of an hour, when the rolls will be hard and firm and ready for use. You will have to use the wash boiler, as nothing else in the kettle line will be large enough to accommodate the broken lengths of the strips. These rolls are then used for rubbing over the soiled portions of the paper. Not only will they take out ordinary dirt spots, but grease as well. After the rubbing the paper should be dusted off carefully with a clean cloth, and if any dirt remains go over the surface again. This removes the dirt much better than the bread process, which I have tried also. It cleans like a charm."

CLOTH MITTENS.

Take any soft, strong cloth, of all wool, and the same amount of Canton flannel; let the hand be laid flat on a piece of paper marked round with a pencil, then cut out a pattern, allowing for seams; cut the lining bias so as to have a spring to it; stitch the flannel and lining separate, turn the seams together inside, bind the wrist, leaving the mitten open two inches on the under part of the hand, work a buttonhole on one side, sew a strong button on the other, and you will have a durable mitten.

A GREAT FUTURE.

Northwest in a Splendid Financial Condition.

F. W. Thompson, general manager of the W. W. Ogilvie Milling Company, says the result of the crop, which will average about 23 bushels to the acre for Manitoba and the Northwest, will leave that country in a splendid condition financially, and he added that the eastern provinces will of course benefit accordingly. He estimates that the farmers this year will realize a total of from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 cash as a result of their labors this season.

Mr. Thompson looks for a large increase in the population for the next ten years, and in greater proportions than has occurred in the past. Winnipeg, he adds, was bound to prosper, and would become in the near future one of the most important cities of the Dominion.

He believed that the total wheat yield would be 50,000,000 bushels, while all the other grains were most satisfactory. There will be, the general manager declares, a steady increase in the business of cattle raising, and the shipments promise this fall to largely exceed those of last year. Speaking further, Mr. Thompson says: "When we realize that only ten per cent. of the fertile land in the small province of Manitoba is under cultivation we can easily gauge the future. The total area of land in the province of Manitoba is over 40,000,000 acres, so if we deduct one-half there are 20,000 acres left, and this is the finest land in existence on the globe to-day, and capable of producing as much wheat or in fact more than the entire spring wheat crop of the United States. To-day in Manitoba there are 3,500,000 acres under cultivation, and all grains, so you will easily see that we are still in need of farmers in the west. There are some 35,000 farmers in Manitoba, and there is plenty of room for 100,000 more, and if these were there that little province alone could raise sufficient wheat to supply the United Kingdom, making Great Britain completely independent of the foreign powers as regards her consumption of breadstuffs."

SHE SCORED.

They occupied two one dollar seats at the opera—those two women did.

They wore high and costly hats on their heads and an aspect of grim determination on their faces.

For the young woman in a seat behind them had said:—

I beg your pardon, but will you please remove your hats?

And each had answered:

No, I will not.

When the first scene was over she asked them again, and again they answered "No."

Then she went to an official and made complaint.

Yes, he said, it is a hardship, madam, but I hesitate to ask them to take off their hats, for I know them and I know they would refuse, and if I should undertake to compel them there would be a scene. But I can do better for you than that. There is a vacant seat directly in front of them. Go and take that, and I will see that you are not disturbed.

She took it.

With her face wreathed in smiles she turned to them and said:

Keep your hats on ladies, if you choose. You will not incommode me in the least.

Then she put on her own hat, a close imitation of a Gainsborough in its design, make-up, and general scope, and sat serenely, with it on her head, through all the rest of the performance.

For she was only human, and the provocation was great.

The relative expenditure per inhabitant of the British Isles has risen [illegible]

Pair of Tight Boots.

I.

"How is it you have never married, Major Henderson?" asked my wife.

"Oh, I was born a bachelor," replied the major, "and——"

"Don't be so foolish! I want to know the real reason."

"The real reason," said Major Henderson slowly, "is that my feet are so small."

"What do you mean?"

The major leaned back in his chair, and smiled round the table. Jane—if that girl had been born a man, she would have been butler to an archbishop—filled his glass with port and after a sip at it he began his story:

It was a good many years ago that it all happened (he said slowly)—a good many more years, in fact, than I care to count. I was a young subaltern, and over head-and-ears in love with Kittie Marshmount. I was a timid youth in those days; and although I thought Kittie rather liked me than otherwise, I had never dared to tell her of my own feelings. I had often tried; but, whenever I began, something was sure to happen to make Kittie laugh, and then all my courage oozed out of my finger-tips.

One evening in June there was a dinner-party at the Marshmounts, and I was there. I was off to Gibraltar to join my battery next morning early, and I had made up my mind to speak to Kittie that same evening after dinner. You can imagine how I enjoyed the meal. I felt like a nervous man must feel who is going to be hanged as soon as day breaks; and, to add to my misery, I had on a pair of new patent-leather boots, which were too tight, and gave me awful beans!

As dinner went on, my feelings and my boots combined became too much for me, and I dropped my fork, on purpose, stooped down, unbuttoned the right boot, which hurt me most, and kicked it off. The relief was wonderful, and for a little while I actually contrived to talk to Kittie.

She was charming that evening. There was something about her that showed me she was sorry that I was leaving England, and she wore some tea-roses I had sent her in the bosom of her dress.

"Miss Marshmount," I said, while dessert was being handed round, "I want to talk to you very particularly after dinner."

"Come up and sing duets instead of smoking those horrid cigars you are so fond of, then!" was Kittie's reply. And I felt as though I had suddenly been translated into a seventh heaven.

A few minutes later I bent down under the table, and felt about for my boot. I couldn't find it. I dropped another fork, stooped down, and looked for my property under the table. It wasn't there—at least, I couldn't find it anywhere. I came up again, purple in the face; and when the ladies left the room I couldn't open the door for them.

Kittie was very naturally annoyed at this, and I was the youngest man at the table, too; but how could I hop round that room, in front of everybody, with one boot on?

"I shall expect you upstairs in five minutes," whispered Kittie. And I think, although, of course, I can't be certain, that she returned the squeeze of the hand which I gave her.

Directly the women were out of the room, I went down on all fours under the table, and searched everywhere for that confounded boot of mine. It had vanished as completely as last month's moon!

"What the dickens are you doing Henderson?" asked Tom Marshmount. It might have been better if I had told him at once; but he was one of those incorrigible jokers, who would have bothered me about my tight boots all the evening if he had known, so I told him it was nothing.

Then Kittie came back into the room, to speak to her brother for a few moments. She sat there, darting daggers' thrusts at me out of those gentian-blue eyes of hers. I forgot to say that I had lit a big cigar, to give myself countenance, and think up a plan for finding my boot again.

"Well," said Kittie presently, "I am going up to the drawing-room again; but I can't make my entry among all the dowagers without the support of a manly arm." And she looked straight at me.

I felt the perspiration pour down my cheeks and forehead, and I know that I blushed scarlet, but I didn't move. How could I? I couldn't lead Kittie Marshmount into her mother's drawing-room, with "one boot off, and the other boot on," like the boy in the nursery rhyme.

Then George Heseltine came up, smiling fatuously, as he always did, and offered his arm to Kittie.

She took it, of course; and afterwards, as you know, she took George Heseltine as well, the brute!

Directly she had gone, I crawled down under the table again, and, right over in the far corner, near the head of the table, I saw the point of the boot which had played me such a nasty trick. It's extraordinary, I thought, how these inanimate objects travel. I reached out for it; but it had stuck somehow. I gave it a good pull. There was a crash, a yell, and when I came out from underneath the table, I found old Marshmount on his back in the fireplace, with all the other men standing round him, trying not to laugh.

II.

Old Marshmount was a choleric old chap, and the language he used was frightful. He thought I had been playing off a practica[illegible] him, and [illegible] explain[illegible] language, or by the laughter of the other fellows, and I couldn't get a word of explanation in.

Luckily, the old man wasn't really hurt, but only shaken and presently he got up, and led the way to the drawing-room.

I followed last, hobbling along as best I could, and trying to hide my bootless foot behind the other one.

"Young chap must be going mad!" were the words I heard in old Marshmount's growl, as I made my way into the room. Just as my luck would have it, Kittie was sitting on the far side of the room, and I didn't dare cross over under the fire of the dowager's eyes, with only one boot on, and the other foot in a blue silk sock. It was horribly tantalising, for Kittie was on a little sofa near the piano, and there was lots of room for two.

I remained standing by the door, hidden—at least, my right foot hidden—behind a large standard lamp, and spent a miserable ten minutes watching Kittie, whom Heseltine had joined upon the sofa.

Presently tea came in, and behind the footman with the biscuits trotted Fido. Fido was Kittie's spaniel. A nasty King Charles I. beast, with more ears than sense. The little brute had my boot in his silly mouth, and was pretending that it was a rat, and worrying it. If it had been a rat, he would have squealed, and hidden away underneath a chair. I was furious. I made a bolt forward, to catch hold of Fido. My foot slipped, I caught at the nearest thing I could reach, and down came the footman, with tea, on top of me.

I have never seen anybody so absolutely furious as old Marshmount was.

"This sort of thing may be very funny in a sergeant's messroom," he thundered; "but I'm—I'm—I'm hanged"—it was a terrible exertion for the old man to change the word he meant to say—"I'm hanged if I'll have it in my drawing-room!"

"And he's taken one of his boots off, too," said Tom. "Whatever is the matter with you this evening, old man—a touch of sunstroke, or what?"

"Sunstroke! Sunstroke be—be stroked!" shouted his father. "It's port—that's what it is. He's drunk, sir! Yes, you're drunk, and if your father wasn't one of my oldest friends, I'd——"

I don't know what old Marshmount would have done if the governor had not been one of his oldest friends, for just at that minute Fido, with my boot in his mouth, came within kicking range, and I let fly with the foot that had a boot in.

Fido dropped the boot, and flew across the room like a punted football, dropping with a yap, just at Kittie's feet.

I snatched up my boot, but didn't stop to put it on, and left the house hurriedly, without saying good-bye to anybody.

I spent most of the night composing a note to Kittie, with a full explanation; but it read so absurdly that, after writing eighteen or twenty different versions, I gave it up, and sent my man round at seven next morning, with a few lines to her, begging her to see me for two minutes before I left at ten for Gibraltar, so that I might explain.

My own messenger brought the answer back to me.

"Dear Mr. Henderson," she wrote—we had been brought up together, and she had never in her life called me anything but Jack.—"A man who can so far forget himself as you did last night, and who can ill-treat a poor dumb beast who had done nothing to incur your anger, can have no explanation to make to which it would be worth my while to listen.

"I am leaving town early this morning myself, for a fortnight's stay with my friend Gladys Heseltine, so anyhow it would be difficult to find time to see you. Besides, father says he will never have you in the house again! You have offended him dreadfully."

So, you see (said the major), if I hadn't been so vain of my small feet, and had worn my boots just one size larger, I might have been a Benedict by this time.

And the major looked down at his well-varnished boots, smiled into his moustache, and didn't look altogether miserable, I thought.

WORLD'S BIGGEST FLOWER.

Now in Blossom in the Kew Gardenss in London.

The biggest flower in the world has just opened in the Kew gardens, London. It is a species of lily found in Sumatra, and the flower is sometimes a yard in diameter. It has the rather cumbersome name of Amorphophalius. This giant of its race was discovered in 1878 by Dr. Beccari, who sent seeds to Florence, and one of the seedlings raised from them was sent, in 1879, to Kew.

The flower which opened this year on the plant remained open for 12 hours only, and then closed up again. The vase-like cup of the flower was supported by a stalk three inches thick. The cup was 18 inches deep and nearly three feet across. It was beautifully frilled and toothed on the margin. Outside it was smooth, of light green color, spotted with white, the upper part being deeply fluted with white ribs over half an inch thick and purple interspaces. Inside the cup of the lily was yellow at the bottom and purple at the top, with a velvety sheen over it. From the bottom of the cup arose a columnar "spadix" three and a half feet high and seven inches thick.

TWO VIEWS

Castleton (to Dashaway)—What do you think of it? Here's Clubberly, who I have always thought was a friend of mine, actually asking me to lend him $25.

Clubberly (later, to Dashaway)—[illegible]

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

METHODS ADOPTED BY SOME MEN TO GET AT THE FACTS.

Food of the British Jack Tar—Lord Kitchener's Experience in the East.

"Hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together." That is the opinion of Mr. Yerburgh, an English M.P., upon the food the Admiralty allows the men. No one who is not actually an able seaman is better qualified to give an opinion on the subject than this gentleman, and another member of Parliament—Mr. Arnold White. The two have lately been serving as bluejackets on board H.M.S. "Ramillies," of the Channel Fleet, and for a time living on the food served out by Government, without even the slender additions which Jack, as a rule, buys out of his own pocket. The worst point of this diet was that, after dinner had been served at 12:30, the only food for the next eighteen hours was

HOT TEA WITHOUT MILK.

and a piece of dry bread. This meal was at 4:30 in the afternoon, and after that nothing till breakfast, at 6:30 next morning.

This experiment, if trying, was short. General Broadwood is the hero of one which lasted longer and was far more severe. The general has always been one of the greatest authorities of horsemanship in the army. He gained his experience in a very novel fashion. When subaltern in the 12th Lancers, he felt that, as an amateur, it was impossible to acquire that inner knowledge of the Turf which professional riders have.

So he joined a racing stable, in the humble capacity of stable-boy. He got up at dawn, groomed and fed racers, exercised them, lived like all the rest of the helpers, and very rapidly acquired all the tricks of the trade. That they stood him in good stead is proved by the fact that he holds the Indian riding record of 108 miles in forty-eight and a half hours.

No one but himself knows how many characters Lord Kitchener has played during his long Eastern experience. But one or two

INCIDENTS HAVE COME

to light which give some idea of the methods by which he gained his amazing knowledge both of his own men and his enemies. For instance, on the head of our second general is a scar made by a stone thrown at what he imagined to be "that dirty nigger" by one of his own men.

Later on Lord Wolseley was spectator of an unexpected sequel to another of Kitchener's experiments. A big, handsome Arab was being examined by the Commander-in-Chief, and Kitchener, standing by the latter, now and then then spoke to him in a low voice. Suddenly the Arab recognized the tones. He sprang across the table, and, gripping Kitchener by the throat, endeavored to strangle him. He had only just realized that this English officer was the seeming Arab emir to whom he had unwittingly betrayed all the secrets of the great plot which once so nearly lost us Egypt.

Quite the pluckiest experiment of recent years had as hero Mr. Henry Fleuss, of cycle-tyre fame. When the Great Western Railway of England were constructing the biggest tunnel in the world under the Severn, the water broke in from

A GIGANTIC SPRING,

and so completely flooded the borings that it seemed they would have to be abandoned.

There was a chance of pumping them clear if only a water-tight door in the tunnel could be closed. But no diver was strong enough to pull a thousand feet of air line behind him through the borings. Then Mr. Fleuss came upon the scene, with a new invention of his own—a diving apparatus, with an air-bag, which needed no tube.

But the Great Western diver said he would not put it on for a thousand pounds, so the inventor, who had never had a diving-dress on in his life, was forced turn diver, and drop through eighty feet of shaft, and crawl through the black silence of this flooded tube, jammed with floating timber and debris. He tried it time after time, creeping on his knees along the tramway metals; but his air supply was insufficient to last and he failed to reach the door. He succeeded however, in persuading Lambert, the company's diver, to try the dress, and the latter eventually closed the door.

Considering that he employed five keepers, a well-known Yorkshire baronet was of opinion that his stock of pheasants was not what it should be. He had more than a suspicion that his coverts were not watched at night; and, by way of making certain resolved to turn poacher himself. Pretending to leave home, he kept quiet during the day, and at night sallied forth in velveteens, armed with a regular poacher's short-barrelled gun. For three nights in succession he worked havoc among his own birds, and at the end of that time his whole staff of keepers received

SHARP AND SUDDEN NOTICE

to leave.

Heads of big establishments have sometimes to make sure that they are getting their money's worth of work from their men. Mr. Flood, the millionaire timber and mining king, would often dress as a lumberman, and, axe in hand, tramp off into the mountains, where he spent days, unknown, among his men. He did it once too often, was recognized, and the camp determined to pay him out.

The logs were at that time sent down to the plains on a water chute, a wide trough of timber, which ran on trestles, like a mountain railway. Now and then a flat-bottomed boat was sent down this chute when repairs were needed. But the work was risky, as the speed was naturally terrific. [illegible] decoyed Mr [illegible] good management, arrived safely at the bottom, twelve miles away.

Another experiment, which its author is not likely to repeat, was that of an English novelist, well-known for his realistic descriptions. He was writing on the French Revolution, and

PAID A VISIT

to a London waxworks exhibition, to have a look at the guillotine. As he studied it, he began to fancy that the yoke made to fit down upon the shoulders of the criminal would not hold a person who struggled.

He waited till there was no one about, and then tried the experiment of putting his head in the machine, and lowering the yoke. To his dismay, he found himself quite unable to lift it again. Then the awful thought occurred that if he struggled the axe which was suspended overhead might fall. In that case his head would ornament the basket of sawdust below.

At last he heard a visitor approaching; but, to his disgust, the man, evidently of the opinion that the author was the person placed there to show how the thing acted, refused to listen to his appeals. It was a full twenty minutes before an attendant came and released him from his perilous position.

GREAT SPEAKERS.

Time of Life When Orators Are at Their Best.

Amongst orators there can be no doubt that it is between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five that their special endowments have secured for them their highest triumphs. Demosthenes, whose ambition was early kindled, did not deliver his greatest speech—De Corona—which has been described as the most magnificent vindication in the annals of oratory until he was fifty-two.

Burke, whose training was desultory, astonished the House of Commons by his speech on American affairs when he was thirty-six, but only achieved his masterpiece, his impeachment of Warren Hastings—an effort of eloquence unparalleled in its energy and effect, and which must have exhausted his speech centres, for it left him at one point deprived of the power of articulation for a little—when he was in his fifty-eighth year.

Curran, of whom Byron said, "He has spoken more poetry than I have ever written," made his most brilliant speeches in the State trials in which he appeared between his forty-fourth and forty-seventh years. And John Bright, whose fiery declamation on behalf of the Anti-Corn Law League began in his twenty-eighth year, may be said to have exhibited his control over language in its finest perfection in speeches delivered subsequent to his election for Birmingham, when he was forty-six.

On this subject Mr. Barnett Smith says: "I have heard all the greatest speeches of the greatest orators of my time—Parliamentary, pulpit, and platform speakers—Butt, Lowe, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Derby, Punshon, Gough, and all had their most splendid period from forty-five to fifty-five years of age. In the case of Gladstone, some of his greatest orations were delivered when he was between fifty-five and sixty."

SHRINKAGE OF THE SUN.

Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, says that the sun is shrinking. It is a well known fact, he explains, that most things in cooling become smaller; a poker, for example, is shorter when it is cold than when it is hot. The sun, too, must obey this fundamental law, and must therefore be getting smaller. If we could measure its diameter on two successive days we should find that it had decreased by nine inches—that is to say, it is shrinking at the rate of, roughly, five feet a week, or a mile in every twenty years. In view of this shrinkage some people might feel anxious lest the sun should not last their time. Such anxiety, however, is groundless. Sir Robert Ball assures us, for the sun is still 860,000 miles in diameter, and it will take 40,000 years for it to be reduced to 858,000.

HOUSE OF ECHOES.

Many valleys, described in guide books as "whispering valleys," are favorite resorts for tourists in all parts of the world. Few, however, exceed in wonder a valley at Stansfield, in Essex, England. The rector of this parish, in giving a careful account of his own experiences, states that his house stands on a hill 288 feet above sea level, rising in the rear to 300 feet, while in front the ground slopes away to a stream 100 feet below, and again rises 180 feet on the opposite side. From the rectory the bells of fourteen or fifteen villages may be distinguished, while across the valley footsteps and voices in conversational tone may be heard at half a mile.

VALUE OF THE KING'S CROWN.

The Crown worn by King Edward at his coronation will be enlarged but its weight will be kept down to the lowest possible degree. Now that it has become an object of great interest after a long seclusion many questions are rife concerning it. The man in the street, who is most impressed by the cash value of an object rather than by its historic or sentimental associations, is particularly anxious to know how much the crown is worth. The question is more easily asked than answered. Sixty years ago the crown was valued at something like $565,000, but it is considered that the gems have a higher value now apart from that which historic importance confers.

HEALTH.

We spoke, now, of the unhealthfulness of alcoholic beverages. [illegible]

HOUSEHOLD.

USEFUL HINTS.

An economical and yet satisfactory way of removing grease spots is to cover with a piece of brown paper and press with a hot iron.

If salad dressing curdles while being mixed, add a little cold water, stir quickly, and it will become quite smooth.

Sawdust laid evenly over the floor before putting down oilcloth will cause it to wear much better and deaden the sound of walking.

Iron mold may be removed from linen by wetting the article, then laying it on a metal surface, while a spoonful of salts of lemon is rubbed over the surface. Rinse well and the blemishes will at once disappear.

Hard water may be delightfully softened by throwing orange peel into it just before being used. The peel will not only prove agreeable to the skin, but give out a fragrance.

Paint left on window panes by careless painters can be removed by dipping a penny in water and applying it to the spots.

When washing knives never put the handles in water, as it tends to loosen them.

Marble is nicely cleaned by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in turpentine and then polish with a clean, perfectly dry cloth.

Even the most delicately tinted shirt waists may be washed without danger of fading if they are first soaked in a brine of salt and water for about an hour before washing.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spots as often as necessary and wash out in warm suds.

If those who perspire freely would use a little ammonia in the water in which they bath each day it would remove any disagreeable odor and keep the flesh sweet and clean.

Put a tablespoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake, and dry in the sun or by the fire.

For an excellent silver polish that may be kept on hand for every day use, mix a few drops of ammonia with the common whiting used for silver, and add enough water to make of the consistency of cream; bottle this and keep it tightly corked. Drop a little of this mixture on the polishing cloth, rub the silver lightly and rinse in warm water, and the silver will be instantly brightened and cleaned without the hard rubbing necessary when polishing with the dry whiting.

For removing paint and putty marks from window glass this same mixture of ammonia and whiting may be used for stubborn cases, or simply a little ammonia in warm soap suds. If whiting is used, let it become dry on the glass before polishing.

SOME USES OF THE LEMON.

Women particularly would find a more general use of lemons as simple remedies where ordinary doctor's medicines are employed, efficacious and economical.

One of the most pleasing baths is made by slicing three or four lemons into the water, which should be drawn off half an hour before using so that the juice of the fruit may have a chance to permeate it. The sense of freshness it gives and the suppleness and smoothness it imparts to the skin are very luxurious. In the West Indies often the lemon is used instead of soap, and when the natives wash their hands they squeeze the juice over them and rub them briskly in water until they are clean.

The lemon is invaluable in its effect on the complexion. A few drops in the water in which the face is washed removes all greasiness and leaves the skin fresh and velvety. A little lemon juice rubbed on the cheeks before going to bed and allowed to dry there will remove freckles and whiten the skin, besides giving a delightful smoothness, and if the treatment is persisted in, eventually it will carry off all unsightly blemishes that are not caused by internal trouble.

Lemons are very useful in the care of the teeth. A few drops squeezed into a glass of water for rinsing the mouth make a tonic for the gums and render them firm.

In washing the hair, if a lemon is used it will cleanse the scalp and give a soft fluffiness to the hair that women like.

A FEW SIMPLE DESSERTS.

Lemon Souffle: One-half pint boiling milk, 3 rounding tablespoons flour stirred smooth in ¼ pt cold milk, stir into the boiling milk. Boil carefully without scorching until well cooked through, then break the yolks of three eggs lightly and stir into the boiled milk. Cook a minute and add the juice of ½ lemon. Whip the whites of the eggs until very stiff, fold lightly into the boil-milk mixture, put in the oven and bake quickly. Serve immediately in the dish in which it was baked.

Sauce for Lemon Souffle: One-half pint boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 1 rounding tablespoon flour stirred smooth in ¼ pt cold water, stir into the boiling water, cook, and flavor.

Lemon Honey: Three eggs well beaten, 3 cups sugar, 2 cups water, the juice and grated rind of three lemons, and butter the size of a walnut. Mix all together and boil gently 20 minutes stirring carefully to prevent scorching. Serve cold. This is always pronounced delicious. By way of a hint, I will also say that I find this makes a very acceptable filling for cream puffs, which then become lemon puffs.

Chocolate Custard: Grate or shave fine 2 squares chocolate, and melt in a saucer over steam. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add 1 large pt rich milk, ½ cup white sugar (stirred in the melted chocolate). Stir together thoroughly, then whisk in lightly the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and bake. Serve warm or cold.

DARK FRUIT CAKE.

Receipt for a fruit cake: Two cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 5 eggs, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 cup molasses, ½ lb. citron, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, ½ teaspoon soda, flour to make stiff, and all kinds of spice. If a cheaper one is wanted, try this: Two eggs, ½ cup each of brown sugar, butter, molasses and sweet milk, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 lb. raisins cut fine, ½ lb. citron and ½ nutmeg. This will keep a long time.

Take 1 lb each raisins, currants, citron, flour, butter, and sugar, and 1 doz eggs. Flavor with one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and mace, all ground together. Bake slowly in a moderate oven four hours. If liked, can use 1 teaspoon soda. Work all the fruit in the 1 lb flour, cream, butter and sugar. Beat the eggs separately, then together, add butter and eggs, then the fruit worked into the 1 lb flour. Do not add any more flour than the 1 lb. This will make 2 moderate sized cakes.

HERE AND THERE.

Bits of General Information Which You Should Know.

The average life of an elephant is 105 years.

The pay of a Chinese soldier is about 1½d a day.

England uses six million square feet of plate glass a year.

In every locomotive there are about 5,400 different pieces.

Greek ladies are said to have 137 different styles of dressing the hair.

English convicts get 10lb of bread a week, while paupers receive only 7lb.

To be perfectly proportioned a man should weigh 28lb for every foot of his height.

A shipyard at Ominato, Japan, still in operation, was established over 1,900 years ago.

The golden eagle has great strength. It lifts and carries off with ease a weight of 80lb.

Africa has nearly 700 languages, and this fact presents great difficulties to missionary effort.

One inch of rain falling upon one square mile is equivalent to about 17,500,000 gallons of water.

There are 28,894 juvenile temperance societies in the British Islands, with a membership of 2,536,000.

The Bank of England has usually about £25,000,000 to £30,000,000 of its notes in circulation.

The jawbone of the average whale is 25ft. in length. The tongue of such a monster will yield a ton of oil.

Coal is worked so easily in China that in Shansi it sells at less than one shilling per ton at the mines.

In every 1,000 bachelors there are thirty-eight criminals; in every 1,000 married men there are only eighteen criminals.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that at Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been interred.

The largest tobacco factory in the world is that belonging to the French Government at Lille. It turns out 50,000 tons a year.

Some of the scales for weighing diamonds are so accurately adjusted that a speck of dust or an eyelash will affect the balance.

The educational system of Denmark is so perfect and popular that throughout the entire country there is not an illiterate family.

A curious criminal law exists in Greece. A man who is there sentenced to death awaits two years before the execution of the sentence.

At Singapore the post of "Tiger-Slayer-in-Chief for the Straits Settlements" has just been given to a Frenchman, who has a record of 500 killed.

A plant that grows in India, called the philotacea electrica, emits electric sparks. The hand which touches it immediately experiences a shock.

It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to heat or cold.

Of the thirty-eight Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman Empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks thirty-four have died violent deaths.

In some parts of Holland a birth is announced by fastening a silk pincushion on the door-knob. If the pincushion is red the baby is a boy and if white a girl.

In St. Petersburg late hours are the rule. The principal streets are generally crowded at one o'clock in the morning. Many of the theatres do not open before midnight.

In the French navy not more than 8 to 10 per cent. of the men chew tobacco. The smokers number 50 per cent., so not less than 40 per cent. must be total abstainers from the "weed."

A horse can live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water; seventeen days without either eating or drinking, and only five days when eating solid food without drinking.

The average distance travelled by British locomotive engine-drivers is from 30,000 to 50,000 miles every year. There are about 20,000 drivers in the United Kingdom.

People are most liable to fever between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Two hundred and nine out of every 1,000 cases are of that age. There are only ten under five and two over fifty-five.

Swiss steamboat companies, to avoid disputes as to the ages of children, have established measurement rules. Children under two feet in length ride free; children under 4ft. 4in. and dogs pay half fare.

The neatest town in the world is Brock, in Holland. So tidy are the inhabitants that they won't allow horses in the streets. It contains a population of 2,700, and the chief industry is the making of Edam cheese.

ENCIRCLED THE EMPIRE.

THE ROYAL PARTY HAVE TRAVELLED 30,000 MILES.

Six Months Have Elapsed Since the Royal Party Left Portsmouth, England.

Six months almost to a day passed when the Ophir cast her anchors in the harbor of Quebec from that day in March, when she sailed from Portsmouth bearing with her the good wishes of millions of British subjects in her journey round the Empire. It has been a half year filled with unique experiences for all on board. Never before has the heir to a throne made a circuit of the globe without once leaving his own flag. Never before, even in the days of the great Empires of Rome and Greece, was a prince in a position to visit the ends of the earth and receive the homage and tokens of affection of millions of free subjects. All previous Royal progresses sink into insignificance beside this journey of the son of Britain's King, or, as Lord Rosebery would put it, the son of the King of the Britons.

It has been a journey worthy of the great Queen, whose idea it was. Originally planned by Queen Victoria as a mark of her approval of the Confederation of the Australian Colonies, Her Majesty having commissioned her grandson to open the first Parliament of the Commonwealth in her name, it was but a step further when King Edward decided that the tour should be one of the whole Empire. Thus it has come that Canadians participate in the testimony of that loyalty to the Sovereign which is the proud boast and privilege of

ALL BRITISH SUBJECTS.

It may not be inappropriate at this time to review the events that have transpired since the Duke and Duchess left "the tight little island" to visit the outlying portions of the Empire.

Sailing from Portsmouth on March 16, they passed down the British Channel and through the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean. There, where Gibraltar guards the entrance to that historic sea, couched like a lion ever on the watch for its foes, they received the first welcome from one of the outposts of the Empire. Next came Malta, Britain's island fortress in the Mediterranean, and there they came in touch with the first of those mixed populations which live in liberty under the Union Jack. A few days later they were passing through the Suez Canal which British diplomacy has made free to the world, and then on to Aden, the Empire's outpost at the mouth of the Red Sea.

Ceylon, that island of renown, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," gave them a hearty welcome, the native races proving their fidelity to British connection in many tangible ways. At Singapore, their next stopping place, the Royal party had a glimpse of how the Chinese are converted into British citizens. And then they passed on to Australia, the objective point of their tour.

THEIR WELCOME

in the new Commonwealth of the South has now passed into history. The Duke and the Duchess everywhere received the most loyal of greetings, the boasted radicalism of the Australians seeming only to intensify their determination to honor the British Prince, who had come 12,000 miles to assist at the birth of their Confederation. The fact that the first session of the Commonwealth Parliament was held in Melbourne—pending the selection of a national capital—naturally made that marvellous city of the south the central point of the festivities. It is estimated that close upon a million people gathered in the capital of the State of Victoria to share in the rejoicing, representatives of all that is the best in Australia gathering in Melbourne. It is not necessary to go into the details of the days given up to rejoicings; that is now a matter of history.

Owing to the prevalence of the plague in Sydney, N.S.W., it was necessary to change the programme, and so their Royal Highnesses travelled overland to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland. Their reception there was marred by the change of plan, a section of the people resenting the absence of the navy. The welcome was, however, a thoroughly loyal one.

Sydney, the "Queen of the Southern Seas," made up for any shortcoming in Brisbane's greetings, and despite the fact that she held great festivities in January in honor of the birth of the Commonwealth, the capital of New South Wales again manifested how prone she is to enthusiastic holiday making whenever the opportunity offers.

NEW ZEALAND,

that land of contrasts and curiosities, both in nature and in politics, added its meed of devotion to the heir apparent. The political evolution of the islands of the Southern Sea—startling though it has been to more conservative communities—has apparently not lessened by one whit the loyalty of its people to the Throne and Empire. That had been proven on the battlefields of South Africa, New Zealand having sent more soldiers in proportion to population than any other portion of the King's dominions, and was emphasized by the enthusiastic welcome given to the future King and Queen of Britain by the people of Auckland, Wellington, Lyttleton and Dunedin. The demonstration of loyalty on the part of the Maoris, the natives of the islands, was an especially attractive feature of the visit there.

Tasmania, the island paradise, added its welcome when the Royal party called at Hobart, and they again went back to the mainland, visiting in turn Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and Freemantle and Perth, in West Australia. After this farewells were said to the Australian continent, and the Ophir started on the third section of her journey.

After a visit to Mauritius, the British outpost in the Indian Ocean, where the population, largely of French descent, gave their Royal Highnesses a suitable welcome, the Ophir went on to Durban, and there the tour seemed to gather more significance even than in Australia.

SOUTH AFRICA

was still overshadowed by the cloud of war, yet both in Natal and in Cape Colony the welcome of their Royal Highnesses was of the most enthusiastic character. At Durban many of the colonists who had done such good service in the campaign in and around Ladysmith, received their rewards, while at Cape Town others of the soldiers of the first South African Colony were given their medals. Perhaps the most striking feature of the Royal reception in South Africa was the demonstration of loyalty on the part of the blacks, Zulus and Basutos vieing with each other to do honor to the grandson of the great white Queen, whose rule had brought them liberty and love.

The Ophir touched at St. Vincent for coaling operations, and there said farewell to H.M.S. George and Juno which had escorted them all the way to Australia, and so far around the world. At St. Vincent the Ophir received fresh consorts, H.M.S. Diadem and Niobe.

After their trip across Canada from Quebec to Victoria, and back again to Halifax, this truly Imperial tour will be closed by a call at St. John's Newfoundland, Britain's most ancient colony, and then for

Home and Merrie England.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Before the Empress Frederick's coffin was finally closed all the love-letters she received from her late husband, the Emperor Frederick, together with his last written messages inscribed after he lost his power of speech, were placed in the coffin over her heart.

Count Carl Schonborn is the first to ascend Vesuvius in a motor-car. He is secretary of the Austrian Automobile Club, and made the ascent with his wife during the honeymoon. He reached the summit of the cone, 5,700ft. high, in 1½ hours, in spite of stones and lava streams.

Lord Brooke, who returned to South Africa as A.D.C. to Lord Milner, has begun his life-work early, for he is not yet nineteen. He is now in the Life Guards, but he went to the front shortly after the outbreak of the campaign, and was the youngest commissioned man then serving in South Africa.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes preached his first sermon in a tiny seaside cottage in Wales to a congregation of half-a-dozen humble hearers. The sermon, Mr. Hughes recalls with amusement, was punctuated by heart-rending groans from an old crippled sailor; while one of the ladies sustained her patience by taking frequent pinches of snuff.

A charming anecdote is told of Prince Edward of York which shows that his taste in some things is not so widely divergent from that of people of more lowly degree. He was asked on one occasion what he would like to do by way of a special birthday treat. In a moment he replied: "Go for a ride in an omnibus with all the other people."

Mr. William Mather, M.P. for the Rosendale Division of Lancashire, England, who opened the Labor Exhibition at the Crystal Palace recently, is the first employer who has ever performed that duty. Years ago he was one of the first to adopt the eight-hour day in his works, and he can say with truth that he has never regretted the step which he then took. Mr. Mather is also able to say, what few employers can, that he has never had any trouble with a trades union.

The Kaiser's barber is an incorrigible late-comer. Some time ago he kept his royal master waiting several minutes. On his appearance the Kaiser, in a fit of generous irony, presented him with a costly gold chronometer, leaving it to the barber to guess the real reason for the gift. The servant's inability to arrive up to time continued, however, until at last the Kaiser demanded, impatiently: "Have you still got the watch I gave you?" "Yes, your Majesty," was the answer, "here it is." "Well," came the royal reply, "as it doesn't seem to go very well, here is another." And the next moment the stupefied hairdresser had a nickel-plated timekeeper valued at $1.25.

ODD NUMBER UNLUCKY.

During a course of lectures on "Scotland and the Scots" an Oxford professor delivered a feeling tribute to the intrepidity and endurance of the sons of the north.

These hardy men, remarked the professor, think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times before breakfast.

The respectful silence which followed this announcement was broken by a loud guffaw from the middle of the room.

Sir, said the professor, angrily, addressing the culprit, perhaps you will explain what you mean by this outburst?

I was just thinking, sir, replied the offender, that if your story is true, the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes.

HE COULDN'T STAND IT.

An old gentleman was present at the reading of the will of a distant relative. He had hardly expected to find himself remembered in it; but pretty soon a clause was read in which a certain field was bequeathed to him. That was good; but the document went on to bequeath the old gray mare in said field to someone else—a man with whom the old gentleman was not on friendly terms. That was too much for his equanimity; and he interrupted the solemn proceedings and brought a smile to the faces of the company by exclaiming:

Then she's eating my grass.

The Birmingham students are humorists. After saluting Mr. Chamberlain with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," they proceeded to wipe out the compliment with "Poor Old Joe."

WHO SOME MEN PROPOSE

PECULIAR WAYS OF "POPPING THE QUESTION."

Ways of Proposing Will Differ as Widely as the Natures of Proposers.

There is no "royal road to proposals," and the man who carefully arranges the precise conditions and method of "popping the question," and rehearses the very words in which he will put his fate to the test, is very likely to find his painfully erected fabric topple to the ground, while he blurts out his question under conditions which in a sane moment would appear ridiculous.

There is more truth, for example, than fiction in the following account of a proposal taken from a well-known novel: "When Dick, leaning against the pig-sty, had suddenly felt himself compelled, he knew not why, to abruptly interrupt a discussion on the culture of tomatoes with the utterly inconsequent inquiry, 'Daisy, will you be my wife?' Daisy, keeping her eyes steadily fixed the while on an elderly porker, simply answered, 'Yes, Dick.'"

Could any environment be more unromantic or any moment seemingly less opportune? And yet Dick achieved his object as promptly and successfully as if he had proposed while floating on an Italian lake, under the "glorious eye of the moon," and to an accompaniment of music floating gently over the waters.

EVEN ROYAL PERSONAGES

find their courage oozing out of their boots when the critical moment comes. A story is told of Czar Nicholas of Russia (grandfather of the present Emperor), who despaired of ever being able to summon up the necessary courage to propose to the lady whom he wished to make Czarina.

At last one day, when they were dining at the same table, a happy solution of the difficulty occurred to him. Taking a favorite ring off his finger he concealed it in a piece of bread and surreptitiously conveyed the bread to her and awaited developments. A few moments later he was delighted to see the ring on one of the Princess's fingers, and knew that his strange offer had been accepted.

A lover whose story was unfortunately unfolded some time ago in a court of law chose a very novel and poetic method of popping the question. One day he invited the young lady of his choice to accompany him on a tour of his garden, that he might show her a "curious freak of Nature." Leading her to a bed of cress, her eyes fell on these words outlined in the green of the cress: "I Love You." The girl was naturally covered with blushes and confusion at this sudden and unexpected declaration, and the lover took such advantage of the psychical moment that, when the lovers returned to the house, their happiness showed conclusively that the horticulture had not been in vain.

A lover who thought to make music the medium of his proposal did not meet with equal success. Seizing an opportune moment when he was alone with his lady-love, he sat down to the piano and began to play Adams's

"WILT THOU BE MINE?"

looking at her in such a way as to leave no doubt that he intended the question to be personal.

At the conclusion of the song he invited the girl to sing to him, whereupon she sat down and sang, "No, sir," with such spirit that her answer must have been conclusive even to the densest or most sanguine lover.

An excellent example of the peremptory proposal is that of Sir Pitt Crawley to Rebecca Sharp. "I tell you I want you," said Sir Pitt. "Will you come, yes or no?" "I daren't," Becky said, seemingly in great agitation. "I say again I want you!" Sir Pitt said thumping the table. "I can't get on without you. All my accounts have got muddled without you. You must come back. Do come back." "Come as what, sir?" Rebecca gasped out. "Come as Lady Crawley, if you like."

"They say there's going to be a wedding in t' parish next month," blurted out a rustic Yorkshireman to a maid, after they had been sitting in solemn silence side by side for what must have seemed an eternity. "Nay, thou doesn't say so?" she answered, pricking up her ears. "I've heard nowt on't. What's his name?" "They say it's Jack Clapham," the rustic lover hazarded, mentioning his own name. "And who's t' lass?" the girl snapped out in suspicion.

"Why, she's gotten t' same name as thee, Bess," he ventured. "Will ta come and see it?" "Yes, I'll come, Jack," she answered, with a quick flush and a sly look at her diplomatic lover. "It would be a pity to disappoint 'em, wouldn't it?" "They" were not disappointed.

COULDN'T STAND SATIRE.

A burglar, while attempting to rob a bloated bondholder of Marysville, by mistake got into the humble residence of an editor next door. After unsuccessfully fumbling about for suitable assets for some time he was disgusted to observe the tenant of the house sitting up in bed and laughing at him.

Ain't you old Skindersen, the capitalist? inquired the housebreaker.

Nary time, chuckled the journalist; I'm the editor of the screaming Eagle.

Jerusalem! said the burglar, looking at his stem-winder, "and here I've been wasting four precious hours on this branch almshouse. I say, old quill-driver, you never poke fun at your subscribers, do you?

Not the cash ones.

Exactly, said the burglar, taking out his wallet; here's six month's subscription to call things square. If there's one thing on earth I can't stand it's satire.

England has 366 convicts for every 100,000 of population, France 458.

LAST FOR CENTURIES.

ONE LAWSUIT HAS BEEN IN EXISTENCE FOR 300 YEARS.

Cases Where the Enormous Legal Expenses Swallow up the Estates.

One of the most protracted cases in the annals of the law was only decided in 1896 after having been in existence for 300 years. On the 21st of June, 1596, the market community of the Bavarian town of Unterfraken instituted legal proceedings against the Lords of Thungen, from whom they claimed two millions of marks in lieu of the possession of a certain famous forest of oaks and beeches. The trial opened at Speier, but no decision being arrived at, it was agreed to continue the proceedings on the 21st of June annually until the case was concluded. Years passed, and those who began the quarrel died one by one, but others quickly filled their places, and altogether it is calculated that over 100,000 persons were more or less directly concerned in the case until it was settled five years ago to the advantage of both parties, though what the total cost amounted to it is impossible to estimate.

Bishop Demetra's will-case," which concluded in 1890 after a run of 122 years. In 1768 Bishop Demetra died and left estates worth $1,250,000 for distribution among his heirs. A dispute ensued, which, by the time it was settled in the year mentioned, had resulted in the original sum being practically all spent in law costs. The real legatees were, of course, dead, and their descendants were only able to pocket a sovereign each when hostilities eventually

CAME TO AN END.

Mr. Justice Chitty, of England, had a case brought before him in 1894 which had taxed the abilities of judicial magnates for 150 years without their being able to give judgment either way. The contending parties were named Ashton and Mumpesson, and the case was revived to bring about the distribution of the amount of a bond entered into in 1731 to secure the payment of $500 and interest, and which contained a clause to the effect that in default of payment the sum payable should be $2,000. As it happened, the interest worked out at approximately $250,000, but the plaintiffs were only able to recover the $2,000.

Although by no means so long-lived, the Parker v. Dawkins case is worthy of mention because it was the original of Charles Dickens's "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce" dispute in "Bleak House." In 1823 a wealthy West Indian planter named John Parker died, and a lawsuit began among the relatives as to the division of his property. It is said that the enormous legal expenses swallowed up the whole of the estate by 1869, so the case had to be dropped for want of funds and something to fight over.

In 1697 two families named Cascalo and Depic, residing in the Spanish town of Barcelona quarrelled over the possession of

A SMALL FIELD.

The authorities at the time were unable to settle the matter, so the case dragged on, and although more than two centuries have elapsed it is alleged that no decision has yet been arrived at.

During that time the field has increased enormously in value. In 1697 it was worth about $500, but since then it has been built over and upon it stands one of the principal streets in the town, thereby making its present value inestimable. On two occasions the dispute has been brought before the reigning monarch, but Spanish law ordains that a Royal verdict in such a case is not legal. So far something like a million and a quarter has been laid out by the two families on law expenses since the quarrel began, and in all probability as much again will have to be expended before it is settled.

These law suits however, are by no means so hoary as three begun in France in the thirteenth century over forest and pasture rights. In 1210 the Comte de Nevers brought an action against the inhabitants of the town of Donzy, and he was himself long dead and forgotten before a verdict was given in 1848, just 638 years afterwards. The town of Campan instituted legal proceedings against the inhabitants of Bagneres also in connection with pasture rights in 1254, and not until 1892 was the case settled in favor of the former.

NOW THEY NEVER SPEAK.

A coolness, growing out of the following conversation, has sprung up between Jones and Smith.

I had a splendid time last night, said Jones. I spent the evening at a little social gathering at the Goodman mansion.

Are the Goodmans nice people? queried Smith.

Well, I should say so. They are very aristocratic. To get into their circle one must have either a great deal of money or a great deal of genius.

You don't tell me so? And you say you were there?

Yes.

You were invited were you?

Of course.

And to be invited a man has to have plenty of money or a great deal of genius?

Precisely.

Well, Jones, I am very glad to hear you have become rich all of a sudden. Lend me twenty-five dollars.

BEYOND RECALL.

We never remember the faces of those we love most dearly.

That's so. To save me I can't tell what a hundred dollar bill looks like.

England holds the record for missionaries, with a total of 5,136. Next comes the United States with 4,110, and Germany is a bad third with 575.

In Germany people are moving into towns as rapidly as in England. The percentage of persons living in cities of over 100,000 has risen from 7.4 per cent. in 1882 to 10.7 per cent. in 1900.

DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Admirable Traits of His Royal Highness.

By the accession of Edward VII to the Throne of his ancestors, a new and deeper interest naturally attached to His Majesty's second and only surviving son, the Duke of York, who, by the elevation of his father to kingly rank, at once became heir apparent of the Crown, while also succeeding to the title of Duke of Cornwall. But this was much more than a title. It has often happened that there has been a duke without ducats, but the Cornwall title is one not merely of a dukedom, which might conceivably carry with it neither land nor lucre, but of a duchy, with its solid and "delectable" income of £60,000 a year— a sum which has fallen to the heir to the Throne as part only of the income essential to the keeping up of his dignity; and in the case of our last Prince of Wales this income amounted to over £100,000, apart from £10,000 allowed for the separate use of his Consort. Sixty thousand a year alone from the Duchy of Cornwall is a handsome enough revenue, and it may truly be said that it could not have devolved upon a more careful economist than its present possessor, in whom there never was anything of the wild "Prince Hal," still less of the Prodigal Son.

HIS CHARACTER

was formed in the two best schools of our national virtues—the family circle and the fleet. In his messages to the navy and army on succeeding to the Throne, Edward VII. rightly thought he was paying the former the highest compliment in his power when he reminded it that, as her deceased Majesty "had made it the profession of my late lamented brother, so I also chose it for the early education of both my sons."

After two years' training on the Brittania, the Royal brothers were transferred to the steam corvette Bacchante, commanded by Captain (now Admiral) Lord Charles Scott, and as "middies" on board this vessel they made a memorable voyage round the world, visiting among other places, Halifax, N.S., the West Indies, South America, the Cape, Australia, Fiji, Japan, China, Singapore, Ceylon, Egypt, the Holy Land and Greece; a voyage of which the Princes kept a careful diary-record, which was afterwards published as the "cruise of H.M.S. Bacchante," with additions by Mr. Dalton, and was read by the public with the deepest interest.

DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

On returning from the voyage round the world the two brothers went to Lausanne, in Switzerland, for six months to perfect themselves in French, and then their paths for the first time diverged, to their great sorrow—for they had ever been a devoted pair—Prince "Eddy" coming ashore, so to speak, to acquire those graces and accomplishments, indespensable to a prince standing in direct succession to the Throne, which were impossible of attainment on the deck of a ship; and Prince George

STICKING TO THE SEA

as to a scene of future honor and usefulness. As a midshipman on the Canada he served with distinction on the North American and West Indian Stations, which gave him an opportunity of visiting the Dominion, then under the governorship of his uncle by marriage, the Marquis of Lorne. On his nineteenth birthday (June 3, 1884) he passed as sub-lieutenant, obtaining a "first-class" in seamanship; and in little more than a year thereafter, having spent the interval in hard study at the Naval College, Greenwich, and H.M.S. Excellent at Portsmouth—a ship which is not a ship but an island— he obtained his lieutenancy, after taking a "first-class" in five of his subjects— seamanship, navigation, torpedo, gunnery and pilotage; and it is known that his severe examiners were no respecters of persons.

After this his career was as rapid as it could be by dint of honest merit and not of rank, which is not a thing to conjecture with in the British Navy in matters of promotion. First appointed to the Thunderer on the Mediterranean Station, he was transferred to the Dreadnought, and to the Alexandra, flag-ship of his sailor-uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, under whom he remained for three years, during which time he visited

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

It had generally been conferred on the Sovereign's second son; and in three cases at least they had succeeded to the Throne—two of them, Henry VIII. and Charles I., after the death of their elder brothers. The last bearer of the title had been the soldier son of George III., who was our commander-in-chief for many years. Having thus succeeded to his brother's position as heir apparent to the Throne, the new Duke of York after a decorous interval, also stepped into his brother's shoes in respect of his betrothed, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, whose formal engagement to Prince "Eddy" had only been announced a few weeks before he died. This matrimonial arrangement has its analogue in the case of the Czar Alexander, III. of Russia, who had similarly taken over the matrimonial engagement of his elder brother, the Czarevitch deceased, to Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales.

It was said that Prince George had long been an admirer of Princess May, but had stood aside in favor of his elder brother, and had now simply reverted to his old love. This was the first time since James II., who had also been a Duke of York, that an heir to the Throne had chosen an English bride, so the British public were all the more in favor of the marriage, though the blood of Princess May was not exactly a fresh introduction into the Royal family, she and the Prince, among other consanguineous ties, having had a common ancestor in the person of George III. Never was a Royal marriage more popular, and its celebration on July 7th, 1893, will always rank as one of the most splendid and memorable pageants of the Victorian era.

The Duke had once already, if rumor could be trusted, returned to his old love and now he was to go back to an older one still—his

AFFECTION FOR THE SEA.

Before his marriage in 1893, he had been raised to the rank of captain in the Royal Navy, but it was not till 1898 that he was given his first commission. The interval had been sedulously devoted to the learning of all his new ceremonial duties as Heir Apparent—duties which included a semi-state tour in Ireland in company with his wife, when he rendered a real service to the cause of Hibernian pacification and Imperial unity. But the time had now come when he thought he might safely exchange, for a little while, his functions as Sovereign-in-waiting for those of an active sailor on the waves, and in the summer of 1898 he assumed command of the Crescent. This fine vessel he commanded for three months, partly at the manoeuvres, the rest of the time in various Channel ports, and in the solent his vessel was visited by the Queen, who complimented him on its very smart appearance. As the Duchess of York had shared her husband's society during a part of his time on the Crescent, so she is again his devoted companion on the Ophir for his second voyage round the world, commencing with Australia and

ENDING WITH CANADA.

That the Heir Apparent is deeply imbued with the idea of Imperial unity may be inferred, among other things, from the fact that he and his Consort, conferred the significantly additional names of George Andrew Patrick David—those of the patron saints of our four nationalities—on their eldest son, Prince Edward, who now stands in direct succession to the Throne and thus in his own boyish self incorporates the United Kingdom. The Duke of York is now engaged in a mission which is bound to result in the closer unity of the whol Empire. Apart from its purely political aspects, this mission, with its bracing sea-breezes and its healthful changes, will also, as we all hope, have the effect of strengthening the constitution of its illustrious chief, whose illness prevented him from being present at the final scene in the momentous life-drama of his grandmother's reign, as well as the opening scene in the drama of King Edward VII.

BOERS EMIGRATE.

Are Leaving for German South West Africa.

Twenty Boers, who live in Amsterdam, will leave for German South-West Africa shortly, and in December 200 Cape Colonists will leave Cape Town for the same destination. These people have been influenced to emigrate by the favorable reports received from Cape Colonists and Transvaalers who emigrated there last spring. They are, without exception, perfectly sasisfied. Twenty five of the forty who went there have bought land and are very busy cultivating it. They affirm that they have seen nothing of the German bureaucracy, which had been painted to them in such dark colors; on the contrary, the kindness of the Governor and his officials cannot be praised enough. All find the climate very good. Some have started sheep breeding, and, beginning with only a few hundred, they have had a great increase in lambs, which thrive very well.

The plan conceived by the German administration of the Cameroons to penetrate into the country as far north as the River Benue, and to found a settlement at Gama, is now to be carried out. First Lieutenant Dominik will lead an expedition through Adamara, and establish himself at Garna. It will not be a military expedition, but will consist of a caravan of carriers and workmen. A large military expedition cannot be sent owing to the lack of men. The Colonial Administration will, for the present, only gain a footing there. The settlement will establish relations with the natives and accustom them to German rule. The intention is not to advance as far as Lake Chad, which is situated 400 kilometres from Benue, and could only be reached with a great military force. Owing to the disturbances in the coast districts of the Cameroons, the whole garrison must remain there for some time to come.

THAT "OFF" FLAVOR CHEESE

Prof. Harrison Thinks He Has Found the Bacteria.

The difficulty over the ill-flavored cheese from a number of Ontario factories is in a fair way to be cleared up. Hon. Mr. Dryden is in receipt of a letter from Prof. Harrison, bacteriologist at the Ontario Agricultural College, stating that he has found a species of bacteria, which, he thinks, is responsible for the "off" flavor. He is experimenting with it to ascertain, if possible, if it is the same as that found in the milk about which complaint is made.

Prof. Harrison, who is assisted in the investigation by Prof. Dean of the dairy department, has instructions to spare no effort in the attempt to solve a question that for some months has puzzled cheesemakers and farmers alike. It is intended that he should examine the milk cans in which the whey is carried back to the farms, and also possibly the stables. It has been noticed that the "off" flavor is irregular in its appearance, and sometimes is not present for days at a time.

The complaint came first respecting cheese made at the Innerkip factory. The "off" flavor has since been detected at a score or more other factories at irregular intervals, and as it affected the price of the cheese in the English market it was deemed necessary to find the cause and the remedy at once.

Between 1850-1860 one and a half million people emigrated from Ireland.

Duchess of Cornwall and York.

A BRITISH PRINCESS AND A FUTURE QUEEN.

H. R. H. Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, Duchess of Cornwall and York, is a great-granddaughter of King George III. of these realms. King George III. had fourteen children, but of these there were singularly few descendants in the second generation. Several of his sons either did not marry at all, till quite late in life, their marriages were hurried on because it was seen that the line was in danger of failing while others only contracted childless or unrecognized unions. The Duchess of York's grandfather, Prince Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, was one of those who married to oblige the nation, when he had reached the age of forty-two. He then had three children, the Prince now known to us as the Duke of Cambridge (the late Commander-in-Chief of the Army); Princess Augusta, who married the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and Princess Mary Adelaide, who married the Duke of Teck, and became the mother of the present Duchess of Cornwall and York, as well as of three sons.

PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE

was the only young Princess about the Court in the late Queen's younger days, and thence bore something like the relation of a younger sister towards her. But, though thus seen and admired by many, it was not till she was thirty-three years old that she met her fate. Then a young Prince, a few years younger than herself, and almost as handsome as the Queen's husband, appeared on the scene. He was Prince Francis of Teck, the only son of the then Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg. The children of this union, the eldest son being the father of the Duchess of York, were called "Teck," as that is one of the lesser titles of the Kings of Wurtemberg.

The young Prince Francis of Teck went to England in 1866 to visit the Prince of Wales, whom he had met on the Continent. He was present at a dinner at St. James' Palace on the 7th of March, and there met the Princess Mary Adelaide; on April 7th, while walking with her in Kew Gardens, near Kew Cottage, where she lived with her widowed mother, he proposed to the Princess and was accepted, and the wedding took place on July 12th, after some

DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

sixteen weeks' acquaintance. Queen Victoria was present at the wedding in Kew Church.

The Duchess of Cornwall and York was the first child of the young couple, and was born at Kensington Palace at one minute before midnight on May 26th, 1867. The baby was baptized in the long string of names above given, in Kensington Palace, the Queen being one of the sponsors by proxy, and the Prince of Wales, who was present in person, another.

PRINCESS MAY

remained her mother's only girl; three brothers did not take the place of the one daughter, and the tender relation between the Duchess of Teck and her one girl was of the closest and fondest throughout their life.

Between Princess May and her brothers and the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales there was a good deal of intimacy and frequent family visiting. They were much of an age, the Duke of Clarence the Prince of Wales' eldest son, being three years and the Duke of York only two years Princess May's senior. Prince George (now Duke of Cornwall and York), was the "pickie" of his family at the time, full of gaiety and pranks. He had not then hanging over him the responsibility of being heir to the throne, but expected to pass his life in the perhaps really more pleasant comparative obscurity of a younger son. Princess May was very gay and lively too; but perhaps the gentle and more melancholy elder cousin was more attractive to her lively spirit at that time.

Many as are the calls and responsibilities of a Royal housekeeper, and costly as is the education of sons, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, whose income for their station was small, found it necessary in 1883 to give up altogether their London apartments in Kensington Palace, and to close White Lodge and spend some time as economically as possible abroad. The greater part of their period of absence was passed in that home of art — Florence, and there Princess May, now an intelligent maiden in her teens, studied art under the guidance of her mother, and with the willingly-given aid of the authorities on the subject who cluster in Florence, amidst the treasures of the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces and other galleries. Here, too, she perfected her knowledge of foreign languages; and she returned to England with her parents after an absence of some eighteen months to take her place in

LONDON COURT CIRCLES

a more accomplished and cultured young lady than she could possibly have been but for that experience.

Princess May attended her first Royal Drawing-Room in the spring of 1886, and was present at two or three other State functions in that year. She was a constant companion of her mother at all the private gatherings which the Duchess of Teck honored with her presence, as well as at the theatre and other public places, and the bright, self-reliant, almost audacious countenance of the gay and happy young Princess became familiar to many people.

Constantly together as they were, Princess May could not but be inspired with the characteristics of her "English" mother. Of these perhaps the most notable were charity and industry. The Duchess of Teck was very industrious. All her housekeeping was done by herself; she wrote innumerable letters, both friendly and charitable, with her own hand; and she always had some piece of needlework ready to take up to fill unconsidered trifles of time. In a little paper that she once wrote to recommend the "Needlework Guild" to ladies, she observed that both she and her daughter always had a piece of knitting or needlework lying ready to take up at an odd moment, and that the result of these accumulated moments was astonishing. Charity, indeed, took almost the form of a business—at least it was an ever-present duty—with the Duchess, and in this respect, too, Princess May was trained to follow her mother's example.

Such work as all this is not done so whole-heartedly and kindly without winning recognition; and when it was announced in December, 1891, that the then Heir to the Throne, Prince Edward, or, as the public knew him, Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, was betrothed to his pretty cousin May, public satisfaction with the

"ENGLISH PRINCESS,"

the daughter of the beloved Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, was very great. The Queen, who had always felt and shown great kindness to her cousin's family, gave her hearty approval to the match, and preparations for the wedding were immediately begun. Alas! those happy plans were clouded over almost instantly. Only two or three weeks after the betrothal, influenza broke out with great virulence at Sandringham. Prince "Eddy" was taken ill only on January 8, and on January 14 he passed away!

Something more than a year elapsed before it was made known that the Duke of York had offered himself to his cousin, and that after all Princess May was to be the bride of the Heir to the Throne. The same reasons that had made the original marriage with the Heir popular were now added to by public sympathy with the loss that she had sustained, and the marriage was generally approved. The Queen gave it all the distinction in her power by attending in State at the ceremony, which took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James', on July 6, 1893.

Apartments in St. James' Palace called York House, were provided as a town residence, and York Cottage, in Sandringham Park, was enlarged, and became

THE COUNTRY HOME

of the young couple. This marriage has proved fruitful, the Duke and Duchess being already the parents of four children. The Heir Presumptive to the Throne, Prince Edward of York, was born at White Lodge, where the Duchess had gone to have her mother's tender care and support, on June 23. The Duchess of Teck's death in the following year was a great grief to her daughter, who had the melancholy satisfaction of being present at the last, though the demise was very sudden. The Duke of Teck has died since.

Many public functions have been performed by the Duke and Duchess of York. One of the most important events in their history was their State visit to Ireland. But the increased consequence now given them by the accession of the Duke's parents to the Throne will render their public appearances even more numerous and interesting in future, and the journey to Australia, South Africa and Canada has proven that they can fittingly fulfil valuable high ceremonial duties.

THE HERMIT OF CAPE MALEA.

Pathetic Story of An English Sea Captain.

About twenty-five years ago there was a young English sailor who, by dint of hard work, integrity of character and firmness of will, reached at the age of 26 the summit of his ambition—becoming a master of what then would be called a good-sized steamship, some 900 tons register. Upon this accession to good fortune he married the girl of his choice, who had patiently waited for him since as boy and girl sweethearts they parted on his first going to sea. And with rare complacency his owners gave him the inestimable privilege of carrying his young bride to sea with him.

How happy he was! How deep and all-embracing his pride, as steaming down the grimy Thames he explained to the light of his eyes all the wonders that she was now witnessing for the first time, but which he had made familiar to her mind by his oft-repeated sea stories during the few bright days between voyages that it had been able to develop to courtship. The ship was bound to several Mediterranean ports, the time being late autumn, and consequently the most ideal season for a honeymoon that could possibly be imagined. Cadiz, Genoa, Naples, Venice, a delightful tour with not one weary moment wherein to wish for something else. Even a flying visit to old Rome from Naples had been possible, for the two officers, rejoicing in their happy young skipper's joy, saw to it that no unnecessary cares should trouble him, and bore willing testimony, in order that he should get as much delight out of those halcyon days as possible that the entire crew were as docile as could be wished, devoted to their bright commander and his beautiful wife. Then at Venice came orders to proceed to Galatz and load wheat for home. Great was the glee of the girl-wife. She would see Constantinople and the Danube. Life would hardly be long enough to recount all the wonders of this most wonderful of wedding trips. And they sailed, with hearts overbrimming with joy as the blue sky above them seemed welling over with sunlight.

WIND AND WEATHER

favored them, nothing occurred to cast a shadow over their happiness until nearing Cape Malea at that fatal hour of the morning, just before the dawn, when more collisions occur than at any other time, they were run into by a blundering Greek steamer coming the other way, and cut down amidships to the water's edge. To their peaceful sleep or quiet appreciation of the night's silver splendors succeeded the overwhelming flood, the hiss and roar of escaping steam, the suffocating embrace of death. In that dread fight for life all perished but one, he so lately the happiest of men, the skipper. Instinctively clinging to a fragment of wreckage, he had been washed ashore under Cape Malea at the ebbing of the scanty tide, and his strong physique reasserting itself enabled him to reach the plateau. Here he was found gazing seaward by some goat-herds, who, in search of their nimble-footed flocks, had wandered down the precipitous side of the mountain. They endeavored to persuade him to come with them back to the world, but in vain. He would live, gratefully accepting some of their poor provisions but from that watching place he would not go. And those rude peasants, understanding something of his woe, sympathized with him so deeply that without payment or hope of any, they helped him to build his hut, and kept him supplied with such poor morsels of food and drink as sufficed for his stunted needs.

And there, with his gaze fixed during all his waking hours upon that inscrutable depth wherein all his bright hopes had suddenly been quenched, he lived until quite recent years, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," a living monument of constancy and patient, uncomplaining grief. By his humble friends, whose language he never learned, he was regarded as a saint, and when one day they came upon his lifeless body fallen forward upon his knees at the little unglazed window through which he was wont to look out upon the sea where his dear one lay, they felt confirmed in their opinion of the sanctity of the hermit of Cape Malea.

A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.

An excellent building material, resembling pressed brick but harder, is now being made at European gasworks from coke ashes, hitherto a troublesome waste. The ashes are carefully powdered, mixed with a tenth part of slacked lime, formed into a stiff paste with water, and pressed into bricks like ordinary clay. The bricks, protected from rain, harden in the air without the aid of artificial heat.

THE

North Hastings Review

IS PUBLISHED

THURSDAY MORNING

AT THE

REVIEW PRINTING OFFICE, MADOC, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One dollar and a half per year; one dollar per year, if paid in advance, or within thirty days.

No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A post office notice is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made. Subscribers changing their address should immediately notify the publisher, giving old as well as new address. Subscribers outside the limits of the County must pay in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient advertising such as Legal Notices, Public Notices, Public Meetings, Municipal Advertisements, etc., inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line Nonpareil space for the first insertion and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of this class measured from rule to rule and by the scale of solid Nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Condensed advertisements of Estray Stock, Articles Lost, Found, or For Sale, Teachers Wanted, Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, To Let, Business, Chances, and others of a like nature, not exceeding 12 lines Nonpareil, inserted at the rate of 50 cents for first insertion and 25 cents for each week afterwards. Ads. of this class must be paid in advance.

Any notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or corporation is considered an advertisement and must be charged as such.

Accounts will be rendered quarterly and are expected to be paid promptly.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Copy for changes of contract advertisements must be left with us before noon on Monday. If this rule is not observed the change will not be made till the following week.

All copy for advertising, under contract or otherwise, must be acceptable in every way to the editor.

Advertisements without specific instructions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

JOHN R. ORR,
Editor and Proprietor.

The North Hastings Review.

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901.

—THE Dominion Government has definitely fixed on Thursday, November 28th, as a day of general thanksgiving. The date, owing to the lateness of the season, gives very general dissatisfaction to the public.

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—THE experiment of non-party Government in British Columbia does not seem to have happy results. Party warfare has its evils, but they are simply evils resulting from the failings of human nature. Selfish ambition, intrigue, quarrels, will always exist where there are places of honor or emolument to be fought for.

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—THE proposed tunnel between Scotland and Ireland is favored by The Spectator as a solution of the Irish question. The industrial lowlands of Scotland and industrial Ulster would, it says, for all practical ends become physically continuous, and there would be a movement of population which would have important political results.

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—BRITAIN'S recent wars have not blown ill winds towards Canada as may be seen by a perusal of the following facts and figures: The orders given by the War Office to Canada for articles required by the Imperial troops in South Africa, included the following:—Hay 53,700 tons; 1,073 tons of corned beef, 100 tons of oats, 1,600 tons of flour, 280,000 lb. (10 lb. tins) jam, 30,000 greatcoats, 50,000 serge suits, 1,000 cases containing 2lb. cans of baked beans, 1,000 cases containing 12,000 10lb. tins of boneless chicken; also over 8,000 sets of saddlery. For the China expedition of 1900 the following orders were given.—Greatcoats, 33,670; 43,000 pairs of thick stockings, 29,000 pairs moccasins, 1,500 pairs fur-lined gloves, and 2,320 fur caps.

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—A WRITER in Rod and Gun in Canada takes the Temiskaming fire for a text, and asks if there is not some way by which the losses which are yearly sustained in this way could be to a greater extent avoided. He says that the Temiskaming fire started on June 10th, and was not extinguished until rain fell towards the end of July. During that period an area of thirty by forty miles of one of the finest pine districts in Canada was burned over. It is part of the great Ottawa valley forest, has already yielded large quantities of lumber, and has still an immense area of virgin timber, the wealth of which can hardly be calculated. The fire worked through a forest that was ready for cutting, and only a change in wind and its final arrest by the rain prevented its sweeping on eastward over limits of mature timber which probably could not be surpassed anywhere in the present pine regions, and the loss of which would have been a severe economic disaster.

One firm of lumbermen, who were among the heaviest losers, estimate that on their limits there were from twenty-five to thirty million feet of matured pine destroyed, while there was as much more that would have been fit to cut in fifteen or twenty years. The writer says:—"Some of this pine may be saved, but it will be a small portion, and sixty years is a low estimate of the time it will take to place this tract in anything like the same position again. The pine timber was mostly white pine, probably two-thirds, and $300,000 would not be an extravagant estimate of its value.

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—THE trial of Czolgosz for the murder of Mr. McKinley began this week at Buffalo. As he openly admits his crime, it is to be hoped that the world will be spared a repetition of the spectacle presented in the trial of Guiteau. For seventy days that wretched degenerate was permitted to display his consuming vanity and extraordinary cunning. During all those days the columns of the daily press in the United States were filled with the nauseating details of his sayings and doings. His ranting comments on all sorts of subjects, his doggerel rhymes, his efforts to pose as an instrument in the hands of Providence, were all minutely reported. Nor was the disgusting subject allowed to drop till the finals touches were given in a description of the assassin's skeleton on wires. In the case of Czolgosz the facts are plain. Yet, though he seems to have repeatedly admitted his crime and though it was seen of all men the lawyers appointed for the defence by the court have entered a plea of not guilty on his behalf. Whatever course the defence may take, the trial should be a vindication of the law, not an opportunity for glorifying the culprit with more than is necessary of that publicity to attain which many a fool would be willing to die.

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TWEED.

(From the News.)

A. Dunwoody has sold his farm near Napanee, on the South River road, to John H. Snook, of Roslin.

Jack Waters, Tamworth, and Miss R. Card, Enterprise, were married on Wednesday, Sep. 4th.

The annual fair of the Hungerford Agricultural Society will be held at the new Exhibition Park, Tweed, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct 2 & 3.

A number of G. T. R. engines are now running on C. P. R. lines east of Smith's Falls. On account of increasing traffic the C. P. R. has leased a number of them. It takes just three engines to haul a train that one of the giant consolidated C. P. R. engines will pull.

The annual fair of the Addington district fair Association took place at Tamworth on Saturday last and proved to be one of the best in the history of the Association. The weather was perfect, the exhibits were good and the crowd was a large and good-natured one. For the past seven years the officers of the Association have been diligent in their efforts towards making this fair a success, and on Saturday they were rewarded by having the largest crowd—close upon three thousand—that has ever attended the fair.

Mr. James Lunny, of Covington, Indiana, arrived in town last evening the object of his visit being to find a long lost brother, Edward, who some 43 years ago was left by his father with a farmer named Kerr residing west of Thomasburg. He was only four years of age. The brothers have never seen or heard of each other since that time. The Lunny family resided in Tyendinaga.

Mr. Thomas Turcott, of Black Bay was struck by a train and killed while driving near Pembroke.

The election protests in the case of South Ontario and Gernwall and Stormont have been dismissed.

St. Peter's Church, Brockville, was robbed, the contents of the poor box and a quantity of wine being stolen.

The Anarchists under arrest at Chicago in connection with the shooting of President McKinley have all been discharged.

Rev. Principal Grant caught a severe chill on his return voyage from England and is now in the hospital at Kingston seriously ill.

The Lennox and Addington county fair at Napanee on Tuesday and Wednesday was well attended. The exhibits were up to the standard.

Fred Smith, of Toronto, who is visiting at Yorkton, Man., was kicked by a horse, his skull fractured and probably fatal injuries inflicted.

It is announced that Hon. James Sutherland will not take a portfolio for the present, but will temporarily act as Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

John J. Irwin, a fruit grower from the Niagara district, was found dead in his room at the Daly House, Toronto. Death was caused by gas asphyxiation.

At the trial of Czolgosz this week Dr. Mynter gave evidence that after four hours' search for the bullet in the body of President McKinley the family stopped the autopsy.

J. R. Booth, the Ottawa lumberman, says that if the Government continues to prosecute him for dumping sawdust into the Ottawa river he will be forced to close his mills. He says he has asked for a reasonable time in order to erect a burner for the disposition of the sawdust, but that the Government has refused to accede to his request.

Thos. Bulmer was run over and killed by a C. O. R. train at Trenton on Thursday night of last week. A train which was being backed down from the G. T. R. station struck him and knocked him down. Several cars ran over him, almost severing his head from his body. Death was instantaneous. Deceased was about 78 years of age.

BORN

BLACK.—At Marmora, 13th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Black, a son.

SAMPSON.—In Marmora Township, 13th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Sampson, a daughter.

FROST.—At Actinolite, on Aug. 23rd, Mrs. Sherwood Frost, of a son.

MCILROY.—At Flinton, on Aug. 23rd, Mrs. John McIlroy, of a daughter.

LATCHFORD.—In Huntingdon, on Sep. 8th, Mrs. John Latchford, of a daughter.

WALLBRIDGE.—In Madoc, on the 20th inst., the wife of Mr. C. M. Wallbridge, of a daughter, (still-born.)

DIED

WILSON.—In Rawdon, on Sept. 17th, Adam Wilson, aged 82 years.

BOYLE.—In Rawdon, on Sept. 14th, John L. Boyle, aged 35 years.

KYLE.—In Belleville, on Sept. 14th, James Kyle, formerly a resident of Rawdon.

WALLACE.—In Campbellford, on Sept. 13th, Lena Wallace, widow of the late J. Wallace.

TUCKER.—In Rawdon, on Sept. 16th, Sarah Amelia Tucker, wife of Mosher Tucker, aged 85 years and 6 days.

FROST.—In the township of Murray, Sept. 12th, Amelia Frost, wife of John Frost, aged 41 years, 4 months and 27 days.

World Wide.

'World Wide' is a weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres. This remarkable and most readable journal, published by Messrs. John Dougall & Son, of the 'Witness,' has pushed its way, in a few months, beyond all expectation, chiefly owing to the goodwill of its rapidly-growing constituency. 'World Wide' has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers and thinkers generally have hailed it as a new and most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind, 'World Wide' has no peer—at the price, no equal among the journals of the day. Regular readers of 'World Wide' are kept in touch with the world's thinking. Fifteen cents will bring this most interesting and valuable paper to the end of the year. Address all communications direct to the publishers. John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

It is expected that September will be the banner month in the manufacture of cheese.

THE MARKETS.

Wheat	63
Oats	35
Peas	62
Barley	42
Rye	45
Flour per cwt	$1.75 to $2.50
Hay per ton	88
Butter	23
Eggs	11
Hides	4½ to 5
Lamb Skins	35
Shearlings	30
Deacons	40
Hogs, live weight	$6 25 to $7.00
Potatoes, per bag	60
Chickens dry picked	6
Yearling Chickens dry picked	6
Old Fowl dry picked	5

New Advertisements.

IN THE

SURROGATE COURT

Of the County of Hastings.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Jane Coe, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Widow, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129, sec. 38, and amending acts, that all creditors or other persons having claims against the estate of Mary Jane Coe, late of the village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Widow, deceased, who died on or about the 7th day of August, A.D., 1901, are required to deliver or to send by post prepaid, to William Cross, Wood Block, Madoc, Solicitor for Arthur W. Coe, James C. Dale, and William J. Allen, Executors, of the last Will and Testament of the said Mary Jane Coe, deceased, on or before the 24th day of October, A.D., 1901, full particulars of their said claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them, duty verified by affidavit,

And take further notice that on and after the said 24th day of October, 1901, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the proceeds of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have received notice.

WILLIAM CROSS,
36-4 Solicitor for said Executors, Madoc.

Dated at Madoc this 10th day of Sept, 1901.

GO TO

Geo. Wright

FOR

Crockery,

Groceries,

Confectionery,

AND

Provisions.

...SHOT GUNS...

Double and Single Barrel Muzzle and Breech Loading Shot Guns. Hammerless Breech Loading Guns, Loaded Shells, Shot, Caps, Wads and Primers. Dupont's and Hazzards's Smokeless Gun and Rifle Powders.

RIFLES.

Winchester, Martin, and Savage Repeating Rifles, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition. We offer a few Snider Enfield Rifles at very low prices.

M. W. CONNOR & SON.

FALL REQUIREMENTS !

This is the time of year you want

A NEW STOVE,
A FIRST-CLASS RANGE,
A PARLOR HEATER,

or any other kind of Stove for comfort or convenience during the coming cold weather.

We Have All Kinds of the Very Best Makes.

Call and see our Stock and get our prices.

SPORTING GOODS,—Rifles, Shot Guns, Powder, Loaded Shells, etc. A few Military Rifles on hand for sale cheap.

W. H. RICHARDSON & CO.

OUR

DRESS GOODS

Are Worth Seeing.

The Color of Fabric that should be worn for your Fall and Winter Outfit is here.

As for Variety we have provided you with a broad choice never so good as now.

As for Value you can depend on getting the best for your money.

ALEX. MILNE.

DO YOU NEED

A CLOCK,
WATCH, RING,
CHAIN, CHARM,
LOCKET,
or anything in the
JEWELLERY LINE or
SPECTACLES?

IS YOUR WATCH, CLOCK OR JEWELLERY IN NEED OF REPAIR?

Come to me, and I will give you the best of goods and prices.

Rapairing, Engraving, etc,

GEO. F. MAYBEE,
MADOC.

Are You Needing A Sewing Machine?

WE HAVE A NEW STOCK OF

New Williams and White Sewing Machines

At special prices, and in all styles.

Also a large stock of **Single Harness** which we can supply at rock bottom prices. Inspect them.

A few Yearlings and Two-year-old Colts for sale. Call and see them.

T. L. NICKLE.

TRUNKS. TRUNKS. TRUNKS.

The summer vacation is near at hand and you purpose going on a trip. You are in need of a Trunk, and we handle Trunks that are Trunks. We have them of all sorts, sizes and prices. Also in stock a full line of

VALISES and TELESCOPE GRIPS.

MORRICE & SON.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

MANAGEMENT OF HOGS.

If it were possible the food and water should be as clean for the hog as for the human being, writes Mr. C. C. Pervier. A good feeding floor kept clean, is a necessity, and I want to emphasize the fact that it must be clean, or it is little better than the bare ground. Every particle of excrement and filth taken into the stomach along with the food retards and impairs digestion and health, as well as reduces the gain per bushel of grain fed. I once saw a farmer throw his corn into mud so deep that the ears disappeared, when he might have thrown it on dry ground by walking a few steps farther. When I remonstrated with him he said, "Oh, that is a good enough place to feed hogs. They'll find it." They did find it. They had to or starve. But this man found no profit in feeding hogs.

In the fall of the year I feed upon the grass in the pastures, feeding but once in a place and moving about to different parts of the highest ground. I like this way, for it not only insures cleanliness but fertilizes the pastures as well. I have frequently read and heard the assertion that feeding new corn will

PRODUCE CHOLERA.

For over 20 years, excepting one year, I have fed new corn, beginning when it was in roasting ears and feeding stalk and all, continuing with the ears corn alone, after the stalk becomes too dry, and have not had a single case of cholera. Two years ago, having an abundance of old corn, I fed very heavily during the summer and for the first and only time in 22 years lost two-thirds of my hogs with the cholera. And not one single ear or stalk of new corn did they have. It is needless to say that I will not feed that way again, but on the contrary give all the green corn fodder they will eat. I want to sound a note of warning, however, in regard to feeding new corn in the ear. It must be fed lightly at first, with a gradual increase, for, undoubtedly, excessive feeding of new corn, of which the hogs are very fond, produces a disordered condition of the stomach and other organs and thus invites disease.

Excessive feeding of corn in hot weather is, I believe, the primary cause of so much disease in late summer and fall. I have already stated that it is my practice to feed corn but twice a day and only in such quantity as will be cleaned up at each feed, thus leaving a keen appetite for the next meal.

THE FEEDING FLOOR

must be cleaned every day and dusted lightly with slaked lime once or twice a week. Pure drinking water and an abundance of it at all hours of the day and night, is of the utmost importance in promoting health and growth. Well or spring water is to be preferred to flowing streams or ponds, as they are less likely to become contaminated with disease germs. The hog is sadly addicted to the drink habit. He drinks early and often, at midday and midnight, but he has the good taste never to get drunk. Water enters very largely into the animal structure and many farmers fail to make profitable gains in feeding because of insufficient water supply to meet the demands of nature. This is especially true of those farmers who have no accessible water in their hog lots and are thus compelled to carry it to them two or three times a day. Great care must be taken that no stabnant water in low places be allowed to stand in the pasture or about the yards. Such water is dangerous to the health of any animal, especially to the lazy hog that drinks it rather than walk a few steps farther for the purest of spring water. All such places should be filled or tiled out, for they are but breeders of disease germs.

WINTER LAMBS.

Much attention is necessary to raise lambs successfully for the winter and early spring trade. In the first place secure ewes of a good lamb producing strain, preferably belonging to one of the mutton breeds. There is some difficulty in having the lambs come at the right time. They should be dropped from the beginning of October to the middle of November. This gives them an opportunity to get a start before very cold weather sets in. The ewes also give milk much more freely then than later. If the weather is fine the lambs may be allowed to run in the yard or pasture a few hours every day. If some green feed such as rye, rape or mustard, can be provided they will do well. The lambs must not be allowed to remain out in cold or wet weather.

The ewes should be provided with an unlimited supply of good feed, especially when confined in the barn. Silage and clover hay with an occasional feed of shredded cornstalks should comprise the roughage. As a grain ration use a mixture of linseed and cottonseed meal, with whole or cracked corn and bran. Oats are fine feed, but as a rule are too high in price in this part of the country.

I like a basement barn with a southern exposure for sheep, says Mr. Richard Wolley. This can be kept at an even temperature, but must be well ventilated and free from drafts, with a thoroughly dry floor. The floor must be well bedded and kept perfectly clean. The ewes should be divided into small lots of not more than twenty, so they will not crowd at the trough. They should also have plenty of trough and rack room. Those with twins should be placed in a separate inclosure, as they will require more feed than the others. The lambs should have a separate pen where they can go to be fed, and should be given corn, linseed meal, corn meal and beans, with plenty of good clover hay.

Sheep should always have plenty of water and salt. It is best to have this where they can get at it any time. Winter lambs require a great deal of attention, and unless this can be given, do not attempt to raise them. However, they usually sell for high prices and fully pay for all the effort expended.

BRIEF POULTRY NOTES.

The more comfort the less feed is required.

Sitting hens should be dusted once a week with some good insect powder.

Keep the hens at work during the entire day. This is absolutely essential for success.

When the hens run after you it is a sure sign they are fed too much, and are too lazy to work by scratching.

Whitewash adds comfort by making the walls light, and it gives an air of cleanliness which even the fowls enjoy, while at the same time it is an excellent insect destroyer.

The size of the yard depends somewhat upon the breed, and also upon the manner in which the flock is managed. Generally the larger the yard the better the fowls will thrive.

Do not feed more nor less than twice a day. Let the first meal be early in the morning and do not feed too freely. At night or just before roosting time, a full meal should be given—enough to satisfy all wants. Make them scratch for what they get in the interim.

It takes years to get profitable results from a lot of improved sheep or a herd of pedigree cattle, but a flock of pure-bred fowls can be secured at an expense of only a few dollars; all of which, and sometimes more—they will repay the first year; and the fowls like the thoroughbred stock will be a source of pleasure as well as profit.

The fowls should be allowed to run out every day the weather will permit. They will be more healthy then if closely confined, and it is only when the weather is very cold or it is stormy that it is necessary to confine them through the day. It is more for the exercise they will take than for the food they will secure that this freedom is beneficial.

BABY IN THE HOME.

A Joy and Treasure When Good Natured and Healthy.

All children in every home in the country need at some time or other a medicine such as Baby's Own Tablets, and this famous remedy has cured many a serious illness and saved many a little life. Mothers insist upon having it because it contains no opiate or harmful drugs. It is purely vegetable, sweet and pleasant to take and prompt in its effect.

For simple fevers, colic, constipation, disordered stomach, diarrhoea, irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth and indigestion, Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure. In fact in almost any disorder common to children these tablets should be given at once and relief may be promptly looked for.

"Never give the babies so-called soothing medicines which simply put them into an unnatural sleep. These tablets are small, sweet, pleasant to take and prompt in acting. Dissolved in water, they will be taken readily by the smallest infant."

Mrs. John McEwan, Bathurst Village, N.B., writes: , "My baby was almost constantly troubled with colic before I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, but since giving them to him he has not since suffered. Every mother should keep these tablets always at hand."

They cost 25 cents a box. You can find them at your druggist's or, if you do not, forward the money direct to us and we will send the tablets prepaid. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Prof. Matthew Flinders Petrie Sums Up the Latest Evidence.

Prof. Matthew Flinders Petrie, in a lecture in London, summed up in a few sentences of intense interest the latest evidence of the antiquity of the human race.

Antiquarians now have to deal with Egypt alone. There is an unbroken chain of historic record from 5000 B.C., besides actual objects which carry history back 2,000 years further, thus giving 9,000 years to human history; but this is yet far from the beginning.

There were traces which showed that civilization must have come from another country, but where no one has the slightest idea. The earliest graves have figures of a race of bushmen of a type discovered similar to those found in France and Malta, proving that the race extended from Africa into Europe. Then there are figures of women who were captured from still earlier races, which probably were of the palaeolithic age. Beyond this there was a time when the climate of Egypt was totally different from to-day, when a rainfall fertilized what is now a desert, and when animals, of which all trace has been lost, inhabited the country.

Other lands might show the age of man to be more remote by physical evidences but nowhere could we feel more plainly the certainty of the antiquity of man than where 9,000 years' continuous remains did not yet bring us into the vast periods of those climatic and geological changes through which man had kept up the chain of life to the present day.

THEIR SIMPLE MONETARY SYSTEM.

Chicagoan (in London)—How much is this book?

Shop-lady—Three-an'-six, sir.

Chicagoan—Well, that's nine, of course—nine what?

Of 7½ millions' worth of gold dug yearly in Europe Russia produces six millions, Austria and Germany the rest between them.

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth

Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c Large Liquid and Powder 75c All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for postage 2c.

HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL

WORLD'S NOVEL BICYCLE.

IT IS MADE ENTIRELY OF 15-CARAT GOLD.

Owners of Precious Bicycles—Why and Where They Were Made.

To the average man, who, very properly thinks a sum of $50 a sufficient price to pay for his bicycle, there is more than a suggestion of the mythical in the stories of bicycles which cost their owners far more than if they were manufactured in solid gold, says the London Daily Mail.

There is, however, at least one bicycle in existence which is worth four times its own weight and two-thirds of its rider's weight in gold. In its original form, as seen at the Vienna Exhibition, its value was only $500. It was purchased by a South African millionaire, who was so struck by the beauty of its lines that he spent no fewer than $20,000 in adorning it with costly stones—diamonds, rubies, and emeralds—from the handle-bar to spokes and wheel-rims.

An almost equally sumptuous machine is in the possession of an Indian Rajah. This bicycle is literally decorated with "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." Every part of it is thickly plated with pure gold, and every part is encrusted with rubies and turquoises, even the saddle itself being a marvellous mosaic of these precious stones.

A BICYCLE OF GOLD.

The wife of one of the Russian Ambassadors, a man of immense wealth, is said to have a bicycle made entirely of 15-carat gold, while each handle bears her monogram and coat of arms in emeralds and diamonds. The actual value of the metal in this remarkable machine is at least $5,000, and its entire cost was 19,000 roubles.

From bicycles as sumptuous and costly as these to the pet machines of some of our society lady riders is a great drop. Some of these machines are most exquisite productions in silver and ivory, and can be bought for the comparatively modest sum of $500. The frame of such a machine is plated with silver, chased in beautiful designs. The cranks, pedals, and handle-bars are of pure silver, and the handles are of ivory; while the saddle and tool bags are of morocco, with solid silver mounts.

The Sultan of Morocco has a coolie-cycle, which is as remarkable for its size as for its costliness. It is no less than 16ft. long, 6ft. wide, and 7ft. high, and is propelled by coolies. The framework is nickel-plated throughout, and the body of the "cab" is beautifully decorated in green and gold. For this truly remarkable cycle the Sultan paid $1,575.

He also possesses a bicycle thickly plated throughout with gold and studded with precious stones. The value of this beautiful machine is said to be at least $5,000.

GERMAN MUSICAL BICYCLE.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all known machines is the "musical bicycle," which is appropriately "Made in Germany." Attached to the handle-bars is a kind of glorified barrel-organ, which is worked by the front wheel of the machine. When the rider begins to pedal he sets this truly dreadful machine in motion, and his spirits are exhilarated by an endless succession of operatic and dance music, which might well convert a sane rider into a raving lunatic withing the limits of an hour's journey.

The tiniest bicycle in the world is the property of Count Magri, the well-known Italian dwarf, who not only succeeded to the mantle and fame of Tom Thumb, but married his widow. The Count's bicycle has wheels ten inches in diameter, and it "turns the scale" at ten pounds. As the Count is only a short head taller than a two-foot rule, even this lilliputian is quite large enough for comfortable riding.

A very remarkable contrast to this is that of Harry Lyons. While the average rider is content with a gear of from sixty to seventy inches, Mr. Lyons prefers one of two hundred and eighty inches, and finds that he can use it with perfect comfort and ease.

FACTS ABOUT LIGHTNING.

Common Errors as to Its Nature and Destructiveness.

Without doubt lightning was the first electrical phenomenon that was ever observed by human beings. To this day it remains the least known and least understood of natural electrical manifestations, except, perhaps, the aurora, says the Electrical Review.

There is a vast deal of popular misconception concerning the danger of lightning and the nature of it. The lightning flash is a discharge from a cloud at a high potential reference to the earth. When the atmosphere is charged with water, vapor and some oddy or current in its colder upper strata is deflected downward, causing condensation, and exceedingly minute drops of water are formed, each bearing an electrical charge. The consolidation of these into larger drops results in a very great increment of the potential of the charge, since the capacity of the drop varies with its diameter and the volume of the drop with the cube of the diameter.

The consequence of this is that it takes, for example, eight drops consolidated to make one of twice the diameter of the constituent drops, and the charge on the surface of the consolidated drop will be four times as great as that upon the surface of its elements. In this way, as the small water particles unite to form drops which fall as rain, the potential of the charge they carry increases until it attains enormous values and the lightning flash leaps to the earth, which may be regarded simply as a body of very great electrostatic capacity. This discharge, which is called lightning, is apt to be more or less destructive, although the energy of an individual flash is perhaps

NOT VERY GREAT.

Often the conditions are such that the discharge takes an oscillating character, producing violent surgings of current. No very accurate measurements have been made upon the currents involved, but it is taken to be of the order of 1,000 to 5,000 amperes. The electro-motive force necessary to cause a flash a mile long is probably several million volts, and, of course, the power of the flash measured in watts is very great, but its duration is correspondingly short.

Protection of property and life from lightning flashes has been a subject that has entrained the attention of natural philosophers since Franklin sent up his historic kite. The net result of more than a century of attempt to secure protection has been the lightning rod in its more or less inefficient forms, and that the discovery that buildings of modern construction having metallic roofs and often metallic frames as well, are practically immune from attack by lightning. The total number of deaths due to lightning in any given summer is comparatively very small—in the ratio of about one to each 200,000 population in the United States.

In cities the destructive influence of lightning is exceedingly small, although occasional fires are caused by it, especially where gaspipes abound. Protection of electric circuits from lightning has been an interesting subject for research for a number of years, and several highly efficient devices have been constructed for this purpose.

To-day lightning is little feared by the station superintendent, and should be little feared by any one. The time-honored rule that it is wisest to keep in the open and not seek the shelter of trees is one which common prudence dictates. Recourse to the feather bed of our ancestors, however, is no longer necessary, except to quiet the nerves of timorous persons, while the ancient superstitions regarding handling steel instruments and sitting in draught may be utterly disregarded. A modern building in a city is as nearly absolutely lightning proof and those in are as nearly absolutely protected from lightning as is possible.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

OTTAWA MAN WHO WRITES THIS TIME

GRANTS FULL PERMISSION TO USE HIS NAME IN BEHALF OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Was in the Clutch of Bright's Disease—Suffered all the Symptoms of this Fearful Malady—But He Took Dodd's Kidney Pills in Time.

Ottawa, Sept. 16, (Special).—A fortunate young man is Frank Chartrand of this city for by the merest chance he was saved from that modern curse so dreaded by doctors, Bright's Disease, the incurable malady of the Kidneys.

The story of Mr. Chartrand's escape from this dreadful disease is best told in his own words:

"I had been greatly troubled by my Kidneys for two years, since having a dose of the grip. I suffered with backache and I always felt drowsy and very heavy in the limbs, with frequent severe headaches and oftener still severe pains in the top of my head which prevented me from doing my work as I would like to do it. Often my fingers and legs would cramp and occasionally I felt pains in the loins and a very heavy dizzy feeling with shortness of breath, and pain in the left side. Sometimes I would eat very good meals and other times I would take a biscuit and a cup of tea and that would finish my meal. I had tender spots over the back of the spine and felt very tired in the region of the kidneys, with a dragging heavy feeling across the loins, in short there was no doubt I was suffering from Bright's Disease.

"I kept taking the medicines the doctors gave me all this time but they did me no good. A few weeks ago I chanced to tell a friend that I had given up hope.

"Why don't you try Dodd's Kidney Pills?' he told me.

"I went directly to the drug store and got three boxes which I have used and which have so much improved my health that without hesitation I say I am sure it is but a matter of a short time till I become completely and permanently cured."

TO MERCHANTS: If you are not handling

LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea you are leaving off your shelves a custom-drawing line which you cannot afford to be without. In Lead Packages to Retail at 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

If You Want The Dawson Commission Co. best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to Limited, C. P. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Record of Occurrences from the Heart of the British Empire.

People who were boating on the Dee at Chester recently saw the pretty little sight of six little cygnets following the parent swans. Since then five of the youngsters have died from some mysterious cause. At first it was thought they had been stoned by thoughtless visitors, but inquiry showed this suspicion to be unfounded. Mr. R. Newstead, curator of the Grosvenor Museum, Chester, has since dissected one of the dead birds, and found that it had died of suffocation.

While the members of the Second Northumberland (Percy Artillery Volunteers) were at practice, the guns had been taken too far out on the sands, with the result that the tide surrounded the guns and men. Still rising, the tide compelled the men to leave the guns and make for camp. The guns were partially submerged during the night, but next morning were extracted from their position in the shifting sands, and apparently were none the worse for the exposure to the sea water, being used the same day in practice.

Quaint are the results of "crownings in" or mining subsidences in the Black Country. Years ago, a cow, while going along the road at Dudley, disappeared in the chasm of a sudden subsidence. Later a horse and cart went in the same way, and were seen no more. Now, at the Foxyards, Dudley, another horse has gone below, at least all but its head. That is above the ground. The poor thing found practically a living grave. The Foxyards is that portion of the coal field owned by Lord Dudley, where the famous "outcrop" of coal is to be seen, and now practically honeycombed by the old bell-pit system of working the coal.

According to the London correspondent of the Western Daily Mercury, the King's decision to present to the Royal United Service Institution certain Nelson relics which have hitherto been housed in the Guard Chamber at Windsor means more than at first sight appears. It is understood that His Majesty desires to reduce as much as possible the inducements that take large numbers of people to Windsor Castle for the purpose of inspecting its historic treasures. Thus, the gifts that have already been made to the Zoological Society and to the Royal United Service Institution are to be followed by others, and the Victoria and Albert Museum, no less than the British Museum and the National Gallery, will be among the first recipients of these gifts. The desire of his Majesty is to make the Castle as much a private home as possible, and the many changes now in process are all designed to that end.

Gentlemen,—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.

Sherbrooke.

VERY TIRED.

It has remained for a little girl, to nearly, if not quite, equal a famous witticism of Leigh Hunt. Of course, she spoke in childish innocence, where the English essayist and wit used his ripened intellect.

Hunt, in describing an exceedingly warm day, it will be remembered, spoke of it as one which tempted him "to strip off his flesh and sit in his bones."

The little girl had been romping and running all day. Towards nightfall her father met her. Are you not very tired, little one? he asked.

Oh, not so very tired, papa, she replied. Then, in a burst of confidence, she whispered: Only I do feel as though I'd like to take my legs off and carry them awhile."

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

Sydney Lighthouse has the most powerful electric light on any lighthouse—180,000 candle power.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Out of 6,000 steamers in the United States of over 100 tons, 1,200 ply on the great lakes.

"We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne" sang Burns. Thousands of Scotia's bairns now fill that cup with Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS—IF YOU WANT A LINE OF fast-selling goods that give you over half profit, and sell in every house, write us. The F. E. Karn Co., 132 Victoria street, Toronto.

CANADIAN NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC **SONGS**

PRICE 10 CENTS.

British War Songs Price 50c. May be had from all Music Dealers.

MOST UNFASHIONABLE.

Mrs. Oldskule—She's a very cultured girl, is she not?

Mrs. Swellman—O ! No. Very bad form.

Mrs. Oldskule—But she seems to be very musical.

Mrs. Swellman—That's just it. Whenever she attends the opera she insists upon listening to the music.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

I see Jack Ketchem has been married to Miss Goldirox. Yes, and I was sorry to see it. Sorry? For her sake or his? For mine. I wanted her.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

In 1820, 46 people were hanged in England for forgery alone. At present, the total number of executions in the United Kingdom is only 12 to 14 yearly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The United States has the highest proportion of children at school. 18 per cent. of her population are at school, 17 per cent. of Germany's, 15 per cent. of Britain's.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

The richest bed of mineral in the world is the Atacama bed of nitre in Chili. It covers 5,000 acres and contains 25 million tons, worth 300 million pounds sterling.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Between 21 and thirty, a man is ill 5½ days a year on an average, and between 30 and 40 seven days. In the next ten years he loses 11 days annually, and between 50 and 60, twenty days.

W. P. C. 1094

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

ROOFING and Sheet Metal Works ROOFING SLATE, in Black Red or Green. SLATE BLACKBOARDS. We supply Public and High Schools, Toronto). Roofing Felt, Pitch, Coal Tar, etc. ROOFING TILE (See New City Buildings, Toronto, done by our firm). Metal Ceilings, Cornices, etc. Estimates furnished for work complete or for materials shipped to any part of the country. Phone 1835 D. DUTHIE & SONS, Adelaide & Widmer Sts., Toronto

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WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING J. J. JONES ENG. CO. 6-8-10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

LADIES' JACKETS.

We have just opened our new Jackets. They are right up-to-date in style, fit and finish at prices to suit everybody.

CAPERINES.

Already we are showing a lot of new things in Caperines and Neck Furs for the coming cold weather, These promise to be even more popular than ever. We have them at all prices beginning at $1.00

W. A. McMASTER.

HOME NEWS

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901.

—All kinds of nuts are said to be very plentiful this season.

—A few tubs of choice Butter for sale. F. G. LYNDE.

—The Model School Board meets this (Thursday) night at 8 o'clock.

—A man's mind sometimes runs to the contrary—a woman's always does.

—Some people go through life looking as if they were sorry they had ever started.

☞ All sizes in Boys Underwear at McMaster's.

—The Marmora fall fair will be held on Tuesday next, October 1st. Coe Hill fair will be held on the 3rd.

—Wood is being brought into the village now, and as usual at this time of year, commands fancy prices.

—Just about the time you begin to think your cup of happiness is going to run over it springs a leak.

—The potato bug has invaded Great Britain and there is great alarm. Potato patches where it appeared have been destroyed. Another unwelcome Yankee product.

—Mr. Chas. Nix left in this office this week a small branch of a plum tree, taken from his uncle's farm, Jas. Nix, of Little Kingston, Prince Edward county, which contained about 30 specimens of the fruit.

Cash for Eggs and Hides. F. G. LYNDE.

—There will be special S. S. services on Queensboro Circuit, Sunday, at the usual hours, with the exception of Hazzard's which will begin at 2 o'clock. Special collection for S. S. fund at each gathering.

☞ FOR SALE.—About 60 feet of iron fencing with posts, 25c. per foot. G. A. Rollins.

—Mr. William Moore had on exhibition this week a bunch of tomatoes consisting of five large ones in one cluster, the whole weighing over four pounds. It was an evidence of splendid growth.

—Michael O'Connell, one of the best known and oldest resident of the Irish settlement, a few miles from Madoc village, died on Monday and was buried at the R. C. cemetery here on Wednesday. The funeral was a large one.

—Portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, the future King and Queen of Great Britain, who are now touring in Canada, with an interesting history of their lives, will be found on another page of this issue of THE REVIEW.

☞ Cross & Co's. Fall Millinery Opening, Friday and Saturday, October 4th and 5th.

—Carrie Nation, the great female fakir from the other side of the line, was in Ottawa last week and tried to do some saloon smashing by way of advertising her lecture the same evening, which was poorly attended. Carrie is a freak of the worst type.

—Negotations are again going on for the sale of the rolling mills in Belleville, and this time it is Montreal and Toronto capitalists who are interested in the purchase of the mills. There is every reason to believe that a sale will be made.

☞ Men's Fall Overcoats at McMaster's.

—We often see disgraceful drunks in town, but one of the "toughest" sights in a long time was three "boozers" on the steps of the Methodist church on Tuesday evening with a couple of bottles having a glorious time. They enjoyed themselves drinking and swearing without let or hindrance until the supply of liquor ran out,—the supply of "swear" was apparently inexhaustible.

—The fight against consumption in Ontario is at last beginning to tell in the vital statistics. During July of this year municipalities containing 91 per cent. of the population of the province registered only 182 deaths from consumption, as compared with 284 recorded in July, 1900, by municipalities containing 97 per cent. of the population. A small but noteworthy decline has steadily followed in the wake of improved methods of prevention and anti-spitting regulations.

BOY WANTED to learn the printing business. Apply at REVIEW OFFICE.

—It is now expected that the Duke and Duchess will spend the night of October 14th inst. in Belleville.

☞ Cross & Co's. Fall Millinery Opening, Friday and Saturday, October 4th and 5th.

—The adjourned annual shooting matches of No. 4 Co., will be held this (Thursday) afternoon, at 1 o'clock. All members of the Co. are requested to attend.

—A quarter paid in now will save the necessity for borrowing your neighbor's REVIEW till the end of this year. Get it for yourself and be independent.

Excursions North.

A big Forester's demonstration will be held at Bancroft on Wednesday next, October 2nd, and the Coe Hill fair will be held on the 3rd. The Central Ontario Railway are running special excursions north for these events, the fare from Marmora, Malone, Eldorado, Bannockburn and Millbridge being only 75c. for return trip. Posters are out giving full particulars.

High Court Sittings.

The fall sittings of the High Court of Justice opened at Belleville on Tuesday. There are no criminal cases on the docket, and the list of civil cases is not large, there being only nine cases to come up before his Lordship Judge Osler.

Mr. J. Rupert, of Madoc, and W. Greatrix, of Elzevir, are members of the Grand Jury.

Among the cases are the following of local interest :—

Bacon vs. The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company.

Manley vs. Cordova Exploration Company.

Bancroft Lawyer Dead.

The Ontario of Monday says :—"Mr. P. J. M. Anderson, County Crown Attorney, received a telegram to-day containing the sad intelligence of the death of his brother, Mr. Geo. Anderson, of Bancroft, which took place last evening at his home there. On Friday evening he had a stroke of paralysis and death resulted last evening. He was born in Stirling 42 years ago, and after being admitted to the bar practiced law with his brother, Mr. P. J. M. Anderson, in this city. He had resided in Bancroft for the past few years, and enjoyed an extensive practice there. He was unmarried. His many friends in this city will regret to hear of his death. Mr. Anderson left to-day for Bancroft to attend the funeral.

Welcoming the Model Students.

On Thursday night of the 12th inst. a reception was given by the Epworth League of Madoc Methodist church to the Model school staff and the teachers in training at the school. A good attendance, a good programme including musical selections, recitations, and inspiring addresses, along with an especially enjoyable social interim, not to mention the good things that we ate, combined to make the evening a pronounced success. We hear that there is to be another reception on Thursday evening of this week given by the young people of the Presbyterian church. We hope that the young people who have come to our village for the fall may feel themselves quite at home in their respective churches.

Tennis Tournament.

The ladies of Madoc held a tennis tournament on Wednesday and Thursday last to decide the championship of the village. The games were played on the courts of Mrs. F. E. Seymour and Mrs. W. H. O'Flynn.

Miss Alice Wood won the championship in ladies' singles, Miss Mina Lynde and Mrs. F. E. Seymour the championship in doubles.

The score was as follows :—

SINGLES.

Miss Geen beat Mrs. MacKay 6-2 6-2.
Miss Lynde beat Mrs. O'Flynn 6-06-2.
Miss Lynde beat Miss Geen 6-2, 6-2.
Miss Wood beat Miss O'Flyan 6-3 6-1.
Mrs. Seymour beat Miss Sutton 7-5, 6-3.
Miss Wood beat Mrs. Seymour 6-4, 4-6, 7-5.
Miss Wood beat Miss Lynde 6-1, 9-7.

DOUBLES.

Mrs. Seymour and Miss Lynde beat Miss Wood and Miss Geen 6-4, 6-3.

Wife Wanted Too Much.

Intelligencer :—The charge of non-support preferred by Mrs. W. H. Shaw, of Stirling, against her husband was investigated by the Magistrate yesterday afternoon, and resulted in the charges being dismissed. It was proven that the defendant had not the means to give his wife what she claimed.

A Growing Tendency.

There seems to be a growing tendency among the people to dispense with funeral displays, and this change promises to become popular. It is common to append to death notices the words, "The funeral will be private." There is no necessity of people going to great expense when, in many cases, they cannot afford it, in order to have a big turnout at the funeral of a relative or friend.—Kingston News.

Cows Locked Horns.

The Lyndhurst correspondent of the Intelligencer writes: "On Monday last Mr. Wm. D. Griffin, of the Longue Point Road (near here), lost a cow. On Wednesday she was found, with a cow belonging to Mr. Fred Tye, in a new clearing. The two cows had their horns locked together, and could not be separated till Mr. Griffin cut off about two inches of Mr. Tye's cow's horns. The cows were pretty well exhausted. They could not have lasted much longer."

Model School Professional Library.

A new collection of books has been sent recently from the Education department to supplement the professional library which has from tigge to time been supplied by the department to the Madoc Model school. The books are a very attractive set, are all of recent publication and consequently treat of Education subjects of living interest at present. These books ought to serve a useful purpose in aid to the teachers of the school as well as the students in training.

Potency of Fairs.

One of the fruits of our autumn fairs is a higher grade of farm products through the communities where they are located. The farmer is enabled to observe the choicest specimens exhibited by progressive agriculturists, and uses the knowledge he gains to promote his own crops. New varieties become adopted and new ideas disseminated. It is undoubtedly true that the fairs have been the most potent factor of progressive husbandry, and they will continue to be so as long as they are so patronised that they can be kept up to a proper standard. Get out and help the local fairs.

Cheese Inspection.

A despatch from Brockville says :—Discussing the present system of inspecting and weighing cheese at Montreal, a prominent Brockville representative of a Montreal exportation house stated that his firm was seriously considering the advisability next season of putting an experienced man in charge of the inspection and weighing of cheese at the factories, and he would also be empowered with authority to make full and complete settlements. For several years an agitation in this respect has been going on at the Brockville cheese board and consensus of opinion seems to be in favor of a change from the present system.

Cheese Trade Disappointing.

A late issue of "Bradstreet" has the following :—

The cheese export trade has been disappointing to a good many firms this season. The exporters, while reporting steadier markets, admit that the demand shows but little inquiry although the season is at hand when larger exports are naturally looked for. Owing to the slow demand, some cheese factories have taken to buttermaking, expecting better returns in that way. The prices of cheese a year ago ranged from 1 1-2c to 2c higher than they are at present

May Be Widely Adopted.

Here is a pointer for some of our readers who may be afflicted with "that tired feeling" on Sunday mornings :—

A Flesherton man through some physical ailment was unable to attend church, and to help him out his neighbors chipped in and got a telephone put in, connecting his house with the church. It works so well that he has written to one of the Durham papers as follows : "The telephone connection given to me with the Methodist church was completed on Saturday last, and on Sabbath it was our privilege to enjoy the morning and evening services comfortably, and distinctly heard from beginning to end. The transmitter, which is an ornament to the pulpit, will receive the speaker's voice anywhere on the platform, from six to eight feet distant, and even at a test of ten feet was heard distinctly."

Wedding Bells.

A happy event took place at the home of Mr. J. Chambers, Empey, on September 18th, at 7 o'clock, when his eldest daughter, Jennie B., was united in marriage to Mr. John W. Chambers, of Ivanhoe. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. White, of Eldorado. The bride was charmingly attired in a white dimity gown and carried white carnations. The bridesmaid, Miss Agnes Leonard, of Madoc, was also dressed in white dimity and carried white carnations. The groom was supported by Mr. T. McNair, of Madoc. Many handsome presents testified to the popularity of the young couple. The groom's present to the bride was a beautiful set of fruit dishes, and to the bridesmaid a gold pin set with emeralds and pearls. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Chambers received the good wishes of those present, after which all repaired to the dining-room where a wedding supper was served. The newly-married couple then left for Campbellford and other places.

☞ Dry picked poultry wanted. Call and get prices. F. G. LYNDE.

Methodist Sabbath School.

On Sunday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, instead of the regular Sabbath school there will be an open meeting held in the body of the church, to which all parents and friends are cordially invited. Short addresses and special singing will be features of the gathering.

Surrogate Court.

Estate of James Bradshaw, late of the village of Actinolite, probate of will granted to Charlotte Amelia Bradshaw and Levi Bradshaw, executors. D. E. K. Stewart, solicitor.

Estate of Thomas Stokes, late of the township of Hungerford, Letters of Guardianship issued to John Stokes for estate of infant, John Foster Stokes. D. E. K. Stewart, solicitor.

Late "Reviews."

Last week many of our readers received their copy of THE REVIEW some days late. The trouble was the electric attachments to the engine running our press "went wrong," when about half the edition was printed, and it was Friday evening before sufficient battery power was obtained to give us the necessary power to finish the edition. A new electric battery has been installed this week and we hope there will be more delays.

For the Winter Evenings.

We understand Mr. Wood has been making an effort to have a series of entertainments such as "readings," etc., inaugurated in this village for the coming winter evenings, but the parties he expected to take hold of the matter have their time otherwise engaged. We notice that in Tweed the Reeve of the village has called a public meeting with the same object in view. How would it do for the public to be invited to discuss this question in Madoc ?

To Organize an Association.

The Marmora Herald says : — In reference to the matter of organizing a mining association for North Hastings, as mentioned in our last issue, it has been decided to proceed at once to lay the matter before the mining men of the district. A meeting will be held, likely in Madoc, about the middle of next month.

The question of a government bonus on arsenical ore will be the most important matter under discussion. Other matters of interest will be dealt with. It is greatly to be desired that such an undertaking meet with the hearty support of everyone interested in mining, which should include every ratepayer in North Hastings. Do not leave this important matter for others to attend to but help it along yourself. The organization will be strictly nonpolitical.

Served the Drunk Right.

Tuesday evening a man named Alexander was found by Rev. Mr MacKay "dead drunk" in his waggon about a mile from the village, and the horses in the fence corner. The rev. gentleman undertook to straighten the man up and get him safely on the road towards his home, but was rewarded for his kind intentions by foul-mouthed abuse. Mr. MacKay has a practical mind in matters of this kind, and believes that "toughs" should be treated as toughs, and so he proceeded to "cuff" and "boot" a little common sence, sobriety, and respect for others into the foul-mouthed drunk, being evidently not afraid to administer a dose of both law and justice to such characters if the authorities are not equal to the occasion. We commend Mr. MacKay's vigorous method of dealing with an abusive drunk to the local authorities of the village, and this same method would soon clear out towns of such disgraceful characters.

THE REVIEW

to the end of the year

for

20 cents.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND Women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure 25c. E W Grove's signature is on each box.

FOR SALE.

Valuable building Lots on St. Lawrence, Durham, Prince Albert and Davidson streets, in the Village of Madoc. A To RENT, — Large Brick House, modern improvements.

Apply to D. E. K. STEWART.

Dr. Perry G. Goldsmith

Belleville, late Senior Registrar and House Surgeon, Central London Nose, Throat and Ear Hospital, and Clinical Assistant Royal London Opthalmic, Moorfield's Eye Hospital, London, England, will be in Madoc the second Monday in each month at St. Lawrence Hall for consultation on diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat.

NOTICE.

CHAS. JOSE, V. S.
FOXBORO, ONT.,

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, member of the Ontario Veterinary Association of Toronto, will be at the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, the first and third Saturday of every month, for consultation in the diseases of the domesticated animals.

MILLINERY OPENING....

OUR FALL & WINTER MILLINERY OPENING

—WILL BE HELD ON—

Friday and Saturday, October 4th and 5th.

We want all our friends to know what is going to be fashionable in head-wear this fall. Those who are guided by what they see in our show-rooms will be making no mistake. Our showing is well worth seeing. Bring your friends with you as no thoughtful, up-to-date dresser can get too closely in touch with our display. As we will send out no special invitations you are all cordially invited to be present.

B. O'HARA.

WORTH SEEING...

We have put into stock this week the following lines of Flannelettes, and no better value can be found between the north and the south poles. Take particular notice of the following low prices :—

Lot 1, 25 in. wide Striped Flannelette, 5c. a yd.
Lot 2, 33 in. wide Striped Flannelette, 8c. a yd.
Lot 3, 36 in, wide Striped Flannelette, 10c. a yd.
Special Cream Flannelette, very heavy, 33 in. wide, worth 15c. a yd., for 11c. a yd.
See the Toweling we are slaughtering at 5c. a yd.

FRUIT JARS.—If you are in need of any Jars we have the best make at the lowest price. Jar Rubbers 5c. per dozen.

Cold Blast Lanterns 75c. each.
Boot Blacking, 2 boxes for 5c.
30 sheets Writing Paper for 5c.
50 Envelopes for 5c.
Tubs, Wash Boards, and everything to furnish the kitchen at lowest prices at

THE BEE-HIVE,
4 doors south of Moon's Hotel.

ALEX. MACGREGOR, Mgr. CASH OR EGGS.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Where can I get a Good Suit of Clothes ?
At the Big 4.
Are they Well Made ?
Yes, they are.
What can I get a Good Suit for ?
He has Men's from $3.75 to $12.50.
Has he Black Suits, Long and Short Coats ?
Yes, sir, and good ones too.
Where can I get a Good Hat ?
At the Big 4.
What price will I have to pay ?
He sells Christie's Fedoras for $1.00. They keep the shape and color and wears just as well as a $2.00 Hat.
What else does he sell ?
Oh, everything.
TOP SHIRTS, OVERALLS, ODD PANTS, SOX, BOYS' CLOTHES, RUBBER COATS, AND DRY GOODS. All very cheap and good.
Who keeps the Big 4 ?
Why

THOS. McNAMARA.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

Countless Thousands Greet Them On Their Tour Through Canada.

A despatch from Montreal says:—The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York accomplished the first stage of their journey through Canada on Wednesday, making a fast run of five hours from Quebec to Montreal. The morning was ideal for traveling, a sunny, cool September day, but when Montreal was reached the rain clouds which seem to be hovering ominously in the wake of the Duke burst once more, and for a while threatened the success of the Montreal visit as they had depressed that at Quebec. The misfortune was temporary, however, and there can be no question of the success of the Roya, tournee, so far as Montreal is concerned.

ARRIVED IN MONTREAL.

Not less than twenty thousand people had gathered in Montreal for a sight of the Duke, and practically the whole population turned out for the occasion. As the train pulled in to the Place Viger Station thousands of faces could be seen, some thronging the bridge outside the station, others clustered on the housetops, and many thousands on Notre Dame street, which lies on an elevation of land and overlooks the scene. It was, moreover, a decorated city which they entered. Flags were flying everywhere. As in Quebec, the crowds, though unquestionably warm and enthusiastic, did not cheer or make as much noise as an English-speaking populace would have done. To the Englishmen who have been half around the world and back again with the Ophir, this was a matter of surprise. At Cape Town and at the Australian cities the cheering was stentorous, but the French-Canadian is not a lusty shouter on occasions of this kind.

A SEA OF SIGHTSEERS.

When the party emerged from the depot a wonderful sight met their eyes. The gardens of the Place Viger with their beautiful trees lay before them covered with thousands of citizens. A line of soldiers fringed the crowd and left the avenues of approach clear. "Notre Futur Roi" was emblazoned above the entrance of the station. A decorated stand was erected in the centre of the place and when it was reached the Duke found that every approach so far as the eye could reach, every roof and window commanding a view, however distant, every tree that afforded a point of vantage was thronged with human beings. Some distance away a human flag made up of hundreds of little girls in red, white and blue dress, arranged in the lines of the Union Jack sang patriotic songs. This feature was particularly attractive to the Duchess, who smiled on the children from the distance while the public address was being read, and remarked on it to her ladies-in-waiting. The civic address of Montreal was read by Mayor Prefontaine in French only.

EVENING CELEBRATIONS.

In the evening a state dinner was given, while the city of Montreal celebrated with magnificent illuminations and fireworks. The merchants came forward with intense local patriotism to make the reception a great success. Half the buildings in the business district were beautiful with incandescent lights. Fireworks of the most brilliant character were used with a free hand. The corporation had selected several points around the city as centres for the spectacle, and thus every citizen had a chance to see something in comfort. The sight of the magnificent shower of fireworks on Mount Royal, as seen from the Champ de Mars, proved unforgetable. The lookout far up on the brow of the rock was used as the firing point, and to the naked eye that section of Mount Royal appeared like a living volcano belching forth showers of fire. The rockets were sent up from all sections of the city in dazzling profusion. The people thronged the streets, and you would say that a great festival was in progress.

The cancellation of the civic reception was an immense disappointment to scores of ladies who had spent their pin money in an effort to look well when they were presented to the Duchess.

Thursday the Duke paid several visits to local institutions, and his most important excursion was his visit to the Anglican synod which was in session. Thursday afternoon he left for Ottawa, where the Royal train for the west was put together on a somewhat different basis than it had been.

DEPARTURE FROM MONTREAL.

Montreal, Sept. 20.—A sharp frost through the night left the streets wet and slippery this morning, but by nine o'clock things were in fair shape for the departure of the Duke and Duchess. Dorchester street residents, from the Strathcona mansion to Windsor street, were up early, putting the last touches to their house fronts and seeing after the decorations, which had become limp in the night. The royal train had been brought round from the Place Viger to the Windsor street station; special constables guarding it all morning, and nobody was allowed to approach it. The route of the procession was short, and the crowds consequently much more dense than on previous occasions.

THE WINDSOR STREET STATION was decorated unsparingly with red, white and blue bunting, flags, banners and bannerettes of all kinds, sizes and shapes. The approach to the royal train was covered by a parti-colored canopy extending to the edge of the street, and the walk was laid with a bright red carpet.

Police soldiers and detectives kept a clear space from Windsor street to the entrance on Osborne street, and only a limited number, of ticket holders were allowed inside.

Mayor Prefontaine was one of the first at the station and soon after came Lord and Lady Strathcona, whose appearance was the signal for much hand-clapping.

Mounted police came next and after them the Hussars closely followed by the royal carriage. A bugler blew and the Duke and Duchess were cheered long and heartily. Both bowed and smiled, the Duke repeatedly taking off his silk hat to his future subjects. The pair left the carriage rather hurriedly and entered the station, the Duchess leaning on the arm of Lord Strathcona. The embarkation and departure was without incident, the royal pair taking kindly leave of those who were to remain behind and the train steamed out at nine o'clock and was soon speeding towards the Canadian Capital.

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 20.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrived in Ottawa a few minutes before noon to-day. The welcome extended the future King and Queen of the British Empire was of the most enthusiastic character. While the royal train steamed into the Elgin street depot of the Canadian Atlantic Railway, the band of the 43rd Regiment supplied the music and the guns of the Ottawa Field Battery belched forth a welcome in the form of

A ROYAL SALUTE.

The headquarters staff of the Canadian militia, a royal escort from the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, the Governor General's escort of Royal Canadian Dragoons, the 43rd Regiment and the Ottawa Field Battery were at the station.

The Royal party was received by Lord Minto, General O'Grady Haly, the headquarters staff of the Canadian militia, and a delegation from the Ottawa Civic Reception Committee. Their Royal Highnesses rode in their own carriages, which they brought along with them.

The Royal procession, starting from the station, proceeded along Elgin to McLeod thence to Metcalf, Sparks, Bank and Wellington to Parliament Hill.

ALL ALONG THE ROUTE.

thousands of people tried to get a glimpse of the Royal pair in their carriage as the procession passed at different points en route.

The decorations along the procession line from the station to the grounds were deserving of the words of approval that had been expressed concerning them, but, coming to the grounds, they were of the most elaborate character. If there was a fault at all, they were too elaborate.

Over three thousand school children sang "God Save the King" when the Duke, and Duchess arrived on Parliament Square. The Mayor of Ottawa led the way to receive them, followed by Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and all the Cabinet Ministers except Dr. Borden and Mr. Tarte, who were prevented from being present on account of injuries from the accident on the steamer Frontenac at Quebec.

His Royal Highness, in replying to Ottawa addresses, referred to the expressions of loyalty which they contained. He touched on the visit which the King, his father, paid to Ottawa, when he laid the corner stone of the Parliament buildings in 1860, of the bringing about of Confederation, and the great progress made by Canada since that time. The mutual toleration shown by both races helped materially to bring about these good results. He spoke of the city of Hull having recovered from the great fire which overtook it and concluded by saying that at no time in the history of the British Empire were the ties of union more closely drawn together than at the present time.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other Cabinet Ministers accompanied the Royal party from the pavilion to their carriage, and they drove to Rideau Hall among the cheers of the assembled multitude. Ottawa has given the best reception to the royal party which they have yet received.

DUCHESS' KINDLY ACT.

The group of Cabinet Ministers, special guests, officers, and newspaper men on the knoll was so large as to shut off the general public gathered in myriads below from a view of the spectacle. The Duchess was, perhaps, the only one of the group to note this fact. She sent a equerry to Sir Wilfrid Laurier to ask that the group take different positions in order that every one should see. This was easily arranged, and though the spectators could not know by whose agency the thing was effected, they obtained a sight of the ceremonies from a distance at least.

MR. M'KINLEY'S INSURANCE.

His Wife's Income Will Be About $13,000 a Year.

A despatch from New York says:—In view of the exaggerated reports of the amount of the insurance policies on President McKinley's life an authoritative statement was made on Saturday by one of the late President's closest friends in New York City. He said:—"The exact amount of President McKinley's policies is $67,000, and not a penny more. Up to 1897 his life insurance policies aggregated about $12,000. Mrs. McKinley's income from the insurance policies, the pension of $5,000 a year which Congress will grant, and the money saved by the President will be about $13,000 a ye

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Sept. 24.—Wheat — There is fair demand for home milling and the market is steady to firm. New red and white sold east to-day at 66½c to 67c for 59 to 60 lb wheat and old at 68c, and old red and white sold at 68c and new was quoted at 66c middle freights. No. 1 spring wheat is quoted at 68c east. Manitoba wheat is steady at 81c for No. 1 hard and 79c for No. 2 Northern grinding in transit, and 79c for No. 1 hard and 77c for No. 2 northern local delivery Toronto and west.

Flour—The market is rather easier. Local exporters are quoting $2.60 for cars of 90 per cent. patents in their bags middle freights and holders ask 2½c to 5c more. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at $4 for Hungarian patents and $3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots, bags included, Toronto.

Millfeed—Is firmer at $14.50 to $15.50 for shorts and $12.50 to $13 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—Is firm at 48c for No. 2, 47c for No. 3 extra and 43c for feed middle freights.

Corn—The market is steady at 54c for Canada mixed and 54½c for yellow west. American No. 3 yellow is nominal at 63c Toronto.

Rye—Is steady at 50c east and 49c middle freights.

Oats—Are in fair demand and steady. Purchases were made to-day of 20,000 bushels of No. 2 white at 34½c to 35c on a low freight to New York. They are quoted at 34½c east.

Oatmeal—Is steady at $3.85 for cars of barrels and $3.75 for bags Toronto, and 30c more for smaller lots.

Peas—Are steady at 70c north and west and 70½c to 71c middle freights.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The offerings are plentiful and demand is fair. Prices are steady at 16c to 16½c for best dairy packed tubs and pails, with 12c to 14c for low grade and medium tubs. Dairy pound rolls are in good demand, the best ones bringing 17c to 18c. Creamery is steady at 21c to 21½c for prints. Inferior tubs are selling down to 18½c to 20c.

Eggs—The market is steady for the best at 13c to 13½c, and ordinary stock brings 12c to 12½c.

Potatoes—The demand is moderate and the market is steady at 75c to 80c.

Poultry—The market is quiet. Prices are steady at 40c to 50c for live and dressed chickens, 12c for choice young turkeys and 9c to 10c for old gobblers.

Beans.—Foreign varieties are showing extreme weakness. Pea beans are dull and lower. Choice in barrels are quoted at $2.50 per bushel.

Baled Hay—Is steady. Cars on the track here selling at $8.50 to $9.

Baled Straw—Is steady. Prices are unchanged at $5 to $5.25 for cars on the track here.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Receipts of grain on the street market to-day were fair. Prices generally were easier.

Wheat—Was easier, 400 bushels of white and 300 bushels of red selling at 61c to 73½c per bu. The cheaper lots were very poor stuff; 400 bushels of goose sold 1c to 1c off at 66c to 67½c.

Barley—Was steady, 2000 bushels selling at 48c to 55c per bushel.

Oats—Were 1c easier, 700 bushels selling at 38c to 39c per bu.

Rye—Was unchanged, 100 bushels selling at 54c per bu.

Butter was unchanged and steady with large offerings. Choice pound rolls are selling at 18c to 20c.

Poultry—Was steady; live chickens are selling at 40c to 65c a pair, and 45c to 70c for spring.

Hay—Receipts were only fair and prices unchanged, 20 loads selling at $10.50 to $12.

Straw—One load sold at $10.50.

Wheat, white	$0.61	$0.73½
do red	.61	.73½
do goose	.66	.67½
do spring	.69	.70
Rye	.54	.00
Barley	.48	.55
Oats, old	.40	.41
do new	.38	.39
Peas	.70	.00
Hay	10.50	12.00
Straw	10.50	0.00
Butter lb rolls	.18	.20
do crocks	.16	.19
Eggs, new laid	.15	.16
Chickens, live, pair	.40	.65
do spring, pair	.45	.70
Ducks, per pair	.60	.75
Turkeys, per lb	.14	.15
Apples, basket	.25	.40
Beets, per doz	.10	.15
Cabbages, per doz	.30	.40
Carrots, per bag	.50	.60
Corn, green, doz	.07	.10
Cucumbers, long	.75	.90
do small, per basket	.15	.20
Egg plant, each	.05	.10
Lettuce, per doz	.20	.30
Onions, per bush	.65	.75
Parsley, per doz	.10	.15
Parsnips, per doz	.25	.30
Potatoes, per bush	.60	.70
do per peck	.20	.25
Squash, each	.15	.20
Tomatoes, per basket	.15	.20
Turnips, per doz	.20	.25
do per bag	.40	.00
Vegetable marrow, doz	.50	.75
Dressed hogs, per cwt	9.00	9.60
Beef, hindquarters	7.00	9.00
do forequarters	4.50	6.00
do carcases, choice	6.50	7.25
do common	4.50	5.00
Lambs, per lb	.07½	.08½
Mutton, per cwt	6.00	7.50
Veal calves, light, lb	.07	.08
do choice, per lb	.08	.09

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 24.—The total receipts to-day at the Western cattle market amounted to 76 carloads of live stock, including 1,300 cattle, 1,822 sheep and lambs, 800 hogs, and about 50 calves and milch cows.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.

Shippers, per cwt	$4.25	$4.75
Butchers, choice	4.00	4.50
Butchers, ordinary to good	3.50	4.00
Butchers, inferior	2.75	3.25

Sheep and Lambs.

Choice ewes, per cwt	3.50	3.75
Butchers' sheep, each	2.00	3.00
Lambs, each	2.50	3.50
Do., per cwt	3.75	4.25
Bucks, per cwt	2.50	3.00

Milkers and Calves.

Cows, each	30.00	45.00
Calves, each	2.00	10.00

Hogs.

Choice hogs, per cwt	7.25	7.37½
Light hogs, per cwt	0.00	7.00
Heavy hogs, per cwt	3.50	4.00
Sows, per cwt	3.50	4.00
Stags, per cwt	0.00	2.00

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKET.

Buffalo, Sept. 24.—Flour firm, spring wheat, good demand; No. 1 northern old, 76½c; new, 74½c. Winter wheat, nothing doing; No. 2 red, 75½c; No. 1 white, 76½c. Corn dull; No. 2 yellow, 62½c; No. 3 do, 62c; No. 2 corn, 61½c; No. 3 do, 61½c. Oats steady; No. 2 white, 39½c; No. 3 do, 39½c; No. 2 mixed, 37½c; No. 3 mixed, 37c. Barley, western fancy 64 to 65c. Rye, No. 2 55½c. Canal freights higher; wheat 3½c, corn, 3½c; oats, 2½c, to New York.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, Sept. 24.—Opening—Wheat on passage steadier. Maize on passage rather firmer. Weather in England, fine; in France, cloudy. English country markets of yesterday, quiet; French quiet but steady.

London—Close—Mark Lane—Wheat, foreign and English, firm and rather dearer; corn, American strong at an advance of 9d., Danubian firm; flour, American firm at an advance of 6d; English steady.

Liverpool, Sept. 24.—Close—Spot wheat quiet; No. 1 standard California, 5s 9½d to 5s 10d; No. 2 red winter, 5s 6½d to 5s 7½d; No. 1 northern spring, 5s 7½d to 5s 6½d; futures dull; September 5s 6½d. December 5s 8d. Spot corn steady; new, 5s 4d to 5s 1d; futures easy; October 4s, November 5s. Flour, 17s 3d to 18s 6d.

Paris, Sept. 24—Opening—Wheat steady; September 21f 45c, January and April 22f 70c. Flour steady; September 27f 55c, January and April 28f 85c.

Paris—Close—Wheat quiet; September, 21f 40c, January and April 22f 65c. Flour quiet; September 27f 45c, January and April 28f 75c.

Antwerp, Sept 24.—Wheat, spot steady; No. 2 red winter, 15¾f.

PROOFS OF SYMPATHY.

Optimists Rejoice at Britain's Homage to McKinley.

I. N. Ford, cabling to the New York Tribune from London, says:—"Political moralists, while exasperated by the series of humiliating defeats in South Africa, find grounds for optimism respecting England's relations with the world. There have been signal proofs this week of the cohesive clannishness of the Anglo-Saxon race. The spontaneous manifestations of homage for the martyred President throughout the English-speaking world have offered convincing evidence of the impact of race sympathy. 'Lest we forget,' was not the refrain from the recessional from Westminster Abbey, as the strains of Beethoven epical march for the death of a hero rang out in triumph. That service was the sign of the essential unity of the English-speaking world, and so long as the Anglo-Saxon race stands together the burdens and responsibilities of the future may be faced with courage and faith, whether in Washington or in London.

"Englishmen have received fresh proofs also of the loyalty of the Empire in the hearty reception of the Duke of Cornwall and York in Canada; and these have been timely, since the unexpected reverses in South Africa have created a feeling of discouragement, albeit not dismay."

PLAGUE AT MARSEILLES.

Steamer With Scientists Forced to Return to Port.

A despatch from Marseilles says:—The Steamer Senegal, which was conveying a party of scientists on a tour of the East, has been forced to return here, owing to an outbreak of bubonic plague aboard. The vessel was detained in quarantine at Freyoul. One person has died from the disease, and another is sick. The microbe of the plague was detected in a rat, that is supposed to have been picked up at Alexandria.

NO POISON ON BULLETS.

Chemical Tests Applied to Weapons of McKinley's Assassin.

A despatch from Buffalo, N.Y., says:—The most important development in the Czolgosz case on Saturday was the announcement that no poison had been found on the bullet or revolver with which the Anarchist assassinated President McKinley. Chemical and bacteriological examinations were made, and both revealed the fact that no poison was used by the murderer.

BOERS LEFT 18 DEAD.

Col. Munro's Engagement With Fouche's Commando.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—Col. Munro's column engaged Gen. Fouche's commando, estimated at 400, at Penhoek, twelve miles east of Sterkstroom, on Sept. 14. Previous to this Col. Munro had driven Gen. Fouche from the vicinity of Jamestown. The fight resulted in the Boers retreating in an easterly direction. They left eighteen dead on the field.

Gen. O'Grady-Haly is pleased at the turn-out made by the militia at Quebec and Montreal.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

McKinley's Remains Borne to Their Last Resting Place.

A despatch from Canton, Ohio, says:—The streets of the little city of Canton on Monday morning were filled with waving plumes, prancing horses and densely packed bodies of moving men assembled here for the procession which was to escort the remains of the late President from the church to West Lawn Cemetery in the afternoon. All night long civil, military, fraternal, social, and commercial organizations from the four quarters of the compass had been pouring in, and so fast did the trains arrive that there appeared to be one continuous string of cars unloading their human freight through the station into the congested streets beyond. Thirty special trains in addition to the regular trains had arrived before noon.

The people overflowed the sidewalks and literally packed the streets from side to side. The awe-stricken crowds upon their arrival all moved as by a common impulse toward the old familiar McKinley cottage, where the remains were lying. Military guards stationed at the four corners of the lawn paced their beats, but there was no other sign of life about the house of death. The window shades were down. A long border of black, which had been put in place after the body was removed to the house on Wednesday night, fringed the roof of the porch from which President McKinley had spoken to delegations from every state in the union, and where he had met and talked with all the chieftains of his party.

No badge of conventional mourning was on the door. Instead there was a simple wreath of palms bisected by a beautiful band of wide purple satin ribbon.

Sorrowfully the throngs turned away, the people to take up their positions at the church, the representatives to seek their places in the imposing procession which was to follow the remains to the cemetery. The two sections of the train bearing the Senate and the House of Representatives and other Government officials from Washington arrived during the morning.

SIMPLE SERVICES.

The services in the church were simple. They began with the rendition of an organ prelude, Beethoven's funeral march, played by Miss Florence Douds. As the last notes of the prelude were stilled the Euterpean ladies' quartet of Canton sang "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Canton, delivered the invocation.

The Nineteenth Psalm was read by Dr. John A. Hall of the Trinity Lutheran Church of Canton, and that portion of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians included between the 41st and 58th verses was read by Rev. E. P. Herbreuck of the Trinity Reformed Church of Canton. The favorite hymn of President McKinley, "Lead, Kindly Light," was then rendered by a mixed quartette.

When this hymn had been finished Dr. C. E. Manchester, pastor of the First Methodist church, delivered an address.

At the conclusion of Dr. Manchester's discourse Bishop I. W. Joyce of Minneapolis delivered a short prayer.

The hymn "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung by the entire congregation. The people remained standing after the close of the hymn, while the benediction was pronounced by Monsignor T. P. Thorpe of Cleveland.

The casket was then borne from the church to the funeral car, and the march of the procession to the cemetery began.

TWO MILLION BIRDS.

Order of One Dealer for the English Market.

A despatch from Toronto says:—High prices for fowl will probably rule in Canada this winter. This is because Canadian birds have become popular in Great Britain. Last week Mr. James Ruddin, ex-Mayor of Liverpool, was in Toronto, opening a depot for the purchase and shipment of fowl and game birds of all kinds, and appointed Mr. M. P. Mallon his Canadian manager. Mr. Ruddin's modest order is for two million birds. That means he wants all he can get. He is stated to have several million pounns of capital behind him. Another enterprise, it is said, has been launched, the purpose of which is to take advantage of the high prices for fowl on the English market in spring. A company has been formed which will purchase a large quantity of fowl and keep it here over winter in cold storage, shipping it in the suring.

WILL NOT GO TO COAST.

Lord Minto Will Join Duke for Duck-Shooting.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—It is definitely settled that His Excellency the Governor-General will not go west with their Royal Highnesses. It is Lord Minto's intention to join the Duke to take part in the duck shooting expedition in Manitoba, organized by Senator Kirchhoffer, and then return to Toronto with the Duke. His Excellency will also visit Halifax on the occasion of the good-bye to their Royal Highnesses.

IT STOPPED THE CLOCKS.

Earthquake Shock in Various Parts of Scotland.

A despatch from Glasgow says:—An earthquake shock which lasted for three seconds, was felt at Aberdeen, Inverness, and other districts in the northern part of Scotland at 1.30 Wednesday morning. Buildings were damaged and clocks stopped. The shock was preceded by a wind and rainstorm.

NEWS BRIEFLY TO

The Very Latest Items From Parts of the Globe.

DOMINION.

Inland revenue returns for Aug show a total of $919,209.

The Duke will visit London for hour, October 12.

Charles Maher had his thumb c off by a machine in the car shops London.

The London Medical School has re opened with the largest class in th history of the school.

The liabilities of the insolven firm of Merritt Bros., St. Joh N.B., will reach half a million.

The Dominion Iron & Steel Co pany has declared a divident o per cent. on its preferred stock.

The north shore fisheries of Labra dor have been very good, instead of a total failure, as at first reported.

P. X. Vary, aged 50, fell while cleaning the high windows of a bank building at Montreal and was killed.

The Dominion Iron and Steel Company, of Montreal, has declar a dividend of 3½ per cent. on preferred stock.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornw and York will arrive at Halifax October 19th, at 10 o'clock, and w leave on October 21st, at 5 p. m.

Albert Geiser, contractor, has b fined $550, or three years imprisonment, at Rossland, for violation the Alien Labor Act.

Forty mounted police will be sen from Calgary to do duty as an escort for the Duke and Governor-General in Victoria and Vancouver.

The cable between Chateau Bay, on the Labrador coast, and Belle Isle has been successfully laid. The Marconi wireless telegraph system is al so to be installed.

F. H. Clergue and eastern capitalists are forming a company for the manufacture of steel tubes. The factory will adjoin the Clergue steel plant at the Soo and will employ 500 men.

Le Roi, Centre Star and the Rossland Great Western Mining Companies have entered suits against the Rossland Miners' Union for $100,000 "for bringing about strikes" at Rossland and Northport.

The recent assessment of the city of Hamilton, it is expected, will increase the total of last year by a million and a half dollars. The annex has been rated the same as all other sections for the first time.

FOREIGN.

Russia will introduce balloon service into its armies.

It is said that the Sultan greatly fears a European combination against him.

The great statue of King Alfred was unveiled by Lord Rosebery at Winchester.

The President has made W. B. Ridgeley, of Illinois, controller of the currency.

The Bank of Hammond, Wisconsin, was recently robbed of all its cash and valuable papers.

France is trying to persuade the Powers to insist upon international control of the Turkish finances.

Premier Salisbury, looking very well, has gone to the south of France for a five weeks' vacation.

Count Carl Schonborn has just ascended Vesuvius in a motor car, being the first person to do so.

At Yokohama the murder of the ex-Minister, M. Hoshitoru, was sentenced to imprisonment for life with hard labor.

The body of George Clair, a prominent farmer living near Oswego, N.Y., was found in a potato field riddled with bullets.

Four chilhren were bitten by a mad dog in Jersey City seven weeks ago, and one boy of eight years has just died of hydrophobia.

The Polish provinces of Russia are suffering from bad harvests, and, as a result, many peasants are selling their cattle and horses.

At an old graveyard in Quakertown, N.J., the groundhogs have dug down into the graves and dragged forth portions of coffins.

At Indianapolis the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Oddfellows decided that State jurisdiction may admit men of mixed Indian and white blood as full members of the order.

The directors of Ogden's limited, tobacco and cigarette manufacturers of Liverpool, England, have decided to sell out to the American Tobacco Company.

The American Ambassador in London has issued a public card, in which he thanks the people of Great Britain for their unusually cordial and generous sympathy.

Charles Warren Spalding must serve the maximum time of his sentence, ten years, for irregular banking as president of the Globe Savings Bank of Chicago.

Alfred Danschlall, a Dane, aged 52 years, was sent to jail yesterday at Plainfield, N.J., for 60 days, in default of a fine of $60 imposed upon him for abusive language directed against the late President McKinley.

It is announced that in consequence of the time made by the trains carrying the mail across the United States en route from Australia to London, this mail will in future go by the United States route instead of by the Suez Canal.

The Kaiser is reported as being disappointed by the German military manoeuvres. A London correspondent expresses the opinion that the German soldier proved himself much more ornamental on the parade ground than useful on the battlefield.

PUNISHING TREASON.

Dutch Clergyman Heavily Sentenced.

A despatch from Kimberley says: In the Treason Court Mr. Ackermann, a Dutch minister, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £250, or in default another six months' imprisonment.

Mr. Perold, a Predikant of Warrenton, was sentenced to eighteen months and a fine of £500, or in fault another year's, imprisonm

THE CHURCH ATTRACTIVE.

[illegible]e Will Want Twice As Many As We Have At The Present Time.

tch from Washington says: Talmage preached from the text:—Hebrews x, 25, "Nct the assembling of ourselves "

ing statements have been many of the pulpits and in the relig ous newspapers. It d over and over again that attendance in America is in e. I deny the statements nting some hard facts. No dispute the fact that there e churches in America than fore, one denomination aver- two new churches every day year. The law of demand supply is inexorable in the m of God as it is in the More churches supplied argues church privileges demanded. banks, more bankers; more fac- more manufacturers; more more importers; more churches, attendants.

are not to argue adversely be- here and there a church is de- Churches have their day. imes merchandise will entirely a neighborhood and crowd e churches and families ordin- attendant upon them. Some- church perishes through in- e strife. But there are no overthrow the statement have, made in regard to the ing attendance upon the f God. Now, I am ready to that there are churches which

AVE BEEN DEPLETED.

is high time that a sermon be d for the benefit of young ho are just entering the gospel ry and for the warning of pros- churches as to what are the of decline in any case. If andise crowd out a church, cannot be helped, but under all circumstances decadence in h attendance is the fault either e church or the pastor.

trouble begins away back in theological seminaries. It is ame that larger provision is not for ministers of religion, for sick and the aged and the in- who have worn themselves out e service of God. We have na- asylums and soldiers' asylums men who fought on land and sea our country when these men become aged or crippled, and a shame that larger provision ot made for the good soldiers Jesus Christ who have worn elves out in battling for the But lack of provision in that makes a tendency to turn ological seminaries into hos- or sick and aged and infirm ers. When a man begins to own, they give him the title of , by way of resuscitation. If fails, then the tendency is to him to a professorate in some ological seminary. There are ad exceptions to this rule, but it often the case that the profes- ate in a theological seminary is upied by some minister of the pel, who, not being able to ach, is set to teach others

HOW TO PREACH.

n more cases than one the poorest aker in the faculty is the pro- or of elocution. We want more e awake, more able-bodied, able- nded men, more enthusiastic men our theological seminaries and the professorates—men like Addi- Alexander, who could during week teach men the theory of aching and then on Sunday go the pulpit, and with the thun- and lightning of Christian elo- nce show them how. What would think of a faculty of unsuccess- merchants to train young mer- ants or a faculty of unsuccessful yers to train young lawyers? It often the case that theological inaries cut a man and clip him square him and mold him and him and twist him until all the ividual is gone out of him and is only a poor copy of a man who elected to a professorate be- se he could not preach. We t less deadwood in the theologi- seminaries and more flaming ngels. I declare that a man who not preach himself cannot teach ers how to preach.

oung ministers are told they must ach Christ and Him Crucified. Yes not as an abstraction. Many a nister has preached Christ and Him cified in such a way that he eached an audience of five hundred wn to two hundred, and from two ndred to one hundred, and from e hundred to fifty, and from fifty twenty, and on down until there s little left

SAVE THE SEXTON

o was paid to stay there until the vice was over and lock up. There great deal of cant about Christ Him crucified. It is not Christ d Him crucified as an abstraction, t as an omnipotent sympathy ap- ed to all the wants and woes of immortal nature—a Christ who help us in every domestic, social, cial, political, national struggle Christ for the parlor, a Christ the nursery, a Christ for the kit- en, a Christ for the barn, a Christ r the street, a Christ for the store, Christ for the banking house, a rist for the factory, a Christ for ngressional assembly, a Christ for ry trial and every emergency and ry pertubation.

I think that ministerial laziness ten empties the church of auditors. earers, who are intelligent through ading newspapers and by active as- ciation in business circles will not the Sabbath sit and listen to itudes. Hearers will not come ermons which have in them no tant facts, no information, no power, no adaptation, no will not listen to the pulpit knows more isterial laziness ches. Still ministers saunter around from parlor to parlor under the name of pastoral visitation and go gadding about through the village or the city on errands of complete nothingness and wrap their brains around a cigar and smoke them up, and then on Saturday afternoon put a few crude thoughts together and on Sunday morning wonder that the theme of Christ and Him crucified does not bring a large audience, and on Monday sit down and write jeremaids for the religious newspapers about the decadence of

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

People will not go to church merely as a matter of duty. There will not next Sabbath be a thousand people in any city who will get up in the morning and say: "The Bible says I must go to church. It is my duty to go to church, therefore I will go to church." The vast multitude of people who go to church, go to church because they like it, and the multitude of people who stay away from church stay away because they do not like it. I am not speaking about the way the world ought to be, I am speaking about the way the world is. Taking things as they are, we must mave the centripetal force of the church mightier than the centrifugal.

I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, we must put on more force, more energy, and into our religious services more vivacity if we want the people to come. You look into a church court of any denomination of Christians. First, you will find the men of large common sense and earnest look. The education of their minds, the piety of their hearts, the holiness of their lives, qualify them for their work. Then you will find in every church court of every denomination a group of men who utterly amaze you with the fact that sucn semi-imbecility can get any pulpits to preach in! Those are the men who give forlorn statistics about church decadence. Frogs never croak in running water;

ALWAYS IN STAGNANT.

But I can say to all Christian workers, to all Sunday-school teachers, to all evangelists, to all ministers of the gospel, if we want our Sunday-schools and our prayer meetings and our churches to gather the people we must freshen up. The simple fact is, the people are tired of the humdrum is the worst of all humdrum. You say over and over again, "Come to Jesus," until the phrase means absolutely nothing. Why do you not tell them a story which will make them come to Jesus in five minutes?

It is high time that the church of God stopped writing apologies for the church. Let the men who are on the outside, who despise religion, write the apologies. If any people do not want the church they need not have it. It is a free country. If any man does not want the gospel he need not have it. It is a free country. But you go out, O people of God, and give the Gospel to the millions of America who do not want it! It is high time to stop skirmishing and bring on a general engagement. I want to live to see the Armageddon, all the armies of heaven and hell in battle array, for I know our Conqueror on the white horse will gain the day. Let the church of God be devoted to nothing else, but go right on to this conquest.

ing to conquer the Ethiopians pro-
When Moses and his army were try-
fane history says, it was expected that he would go in a roundabout way and come by the banks of the river, as other armies had done, because the straight route was infested with snakes, and no army and no man had dared go across this serpent-infested region. But

MOSES SURPRISED THEM.

He sent his men out to gather up Ibises. The ibis is a bird celebrated for serpent slaying, and these ibises were gathered into crates and into baskets, and they were carried at the head of the army of Moses, and, coming up to the serpent-infested region, the crates were opened, and the ibises flew forth, and the way was cleared, and the army of Moses marched right on and came so unexpectedly on the Ethiopians that they flew in wild dismay. O church of God, you are not to march in a roundabout way, but to go straight forward, depending upon winged influences to clear the way. Hosts of the living God, march on, march on! Church attendance, large now, is going to be larger yet. The sky is brightening in every direction. I am glad for the boy and girl five years old. I think they may see the millennium. The wheel of Christian progress has never made one revolution backward. The world moves, the kingdom advances. All nations will yet salute the standards of Prince Immanuel. To Him be glory in the church throughout all ages! Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON
Sept. 29.

Text of the Lesson.—Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Ps. ciii,17.

Lesson I.—God, the Creator of all things (Gen. i, 1; ii, 3). Golden Text, Gen. i, 1, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." To my mind one of the greatest and most precious truths in the first two chapters in the Bible is that of God working unhindered; God the Creator of all things in heaven and on earth, to whom nothing is too wonderful (Jer. xxxii, 17). When He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness shines in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ (II Cor. iv, 6), we are from that time on earth for and in partnership with Him that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ (I Pet iv, 11).

Lesson II.—Beginning of sin and redemption (Gen. iii, 1-15. Golden Text, Rom. v, 20, "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." Here is the entrance of the great enemy, the devil, the adversary of God and man, who continues as such all through the Bible story to Rev. xx, where he goes to his own place forever. In verse 15 we have the promise of a Deliverer who, though He shall suffer at the hands of the adversary, shall finally conquer him. In verse 21 we have the most simple illustration of the way of redemption, and in verse 24 the glory of the redeemed in paradise restored is taught by the cherubim.

Lesson III.—Noah saved in the ark (Gen. viii, 1-22). Golden Text, Gen. vi, 8, "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." Chapter iv tells of the division among those who worshipped God as set forth in Cain and Abel, the one refusing God's way and the other accepting it. As years passed on the increase was on the side of those against God till all flesh became so corrupt that God destroyed all with a deluge, sparing only Noah and his family, through whom to people the new earth. The great practical question is, Am I in the ark, the true ark, Christ Jesus, in whom alone is redemption?

Lesson IV.—God calls Abram (Gen. xii, 1-9). Golden Text, Gen. xii, 2, "I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing." Hatred of God is again specially manifest at the tower of Babel, where God stopped them in their rebellion by the confusion of tongues. Notwithstanding this, men fall away into idolatry, and from the mass of idolators God calls Abram to be a man wholly for Himself and the father of a people whom He can separate from all other people and bless them that through them He may bless others (Ex. xix, 5, 6; xxxiii, 16).

Lesson V.—Abram and Lot (Gen. xiii, 1-18). Golden Text, Math. vii, 12, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." It became necessary because of the wealth of these two men in flocks and herds that they should separate. Their men who kept the flocks were striving among themselves in the presence of the heathen, and this was a dishonor to God; so Abram, to whom God had given all this land, magnanimously gives Lot his choice.

Lesson VI.—God's promise to Abram (Gen. xv, 1-18). Golden Text, Gen. xv, 1, "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." This is the chapter in which so many words are used for the first time, such as "fear not," believe," righteousness," etc., and here is the first promise of the seed as the stars of heaven. Abram is becoming increasingly separated unto God, and God is becoming increasingly real to him. The adversary is ever suggesting doubts and fears and seeking to turn his eyes to the circumstances, but "I am thy shield" should dispel all fear.

Lesson VII.—Abraham's intercession (Gen. xviii, 16-33). Golden Text, Jas. v, 16, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." He who had dined with Abraham and now talked with him was none other than He whom we know as our great High Priest who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and the ministry of intercession, as set forth in Rev. Andrew Murray's book with that title, is one of our greatest privileges.

Lesson VIII.—Abraham and Isaac (Gen. xxii, 1-14). Golden Text, Heb. xi, 17, "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac." This is the most remarkable type of the sacrifice of Christ in the Scriptures. Abraham and his only son are so suggestive of God and His only begotten Son. Isaac submissively bearing the wood on which he was to be offered, and the father, with the fire and the knife, making the picture complete in every detail. The ram suffering in Isaac's stead, taking his place on the altar, reminds us of Christ as our substitute, dying in our place.

Lesson IX.—Isaac the peacemaker (Gen. xxvi, 12-25). Golden Text, Math. v, 9, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." Abraham would not strive for that which was rightfully his, but rather yielded to Lot that God might be glorified. Isaac in like manner yielded to the Philistines property that was rightfully his, and God was glorified in him, and the Philistines said, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee" (xxvi, 28). By meekness and submission and yieldedness God is glorified; not by asserting ourselves and our rights.

Lesson X.—Jacob at Bethel (Gen. xxviii, 10-22). Golden Text, Gen. xxviii, 16, "Surely the Lord is in this place.". Great was the grace of God to this penitent but unworthy man, opening heaven to him and giving him the most precious assurances of forgiveness and constant care and future blessing. All the promises of God shall surely be kept and performed (II Cor. i, 20; Jer. xxi, 29), for He is faithful. He cannot deny Himself.

Lesson XI.— Jacob a prince with God (Gen. xxxii, 1-32). Golden Text Luke xviii, 1, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." Our heavenly Father is ever longing to do great things for His people that His power may be seen, that He may be glorified, but we are not to be so full of ourselves thet we hinder Him by our planning and striving and doing.

Lesson XII.—Temperance lesson (Prov. xxiii, 29-35). Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." There is no salvation from the sin of strong drink or any other sin except in Him who was made sin for us, who bore our sorrows and carried our griefs, who for us was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

HAPPINESS BOUGHT - - WITH A LIFE.

It was a wild night on the Banffshire coast. A furious gale from the northwest was sending the spray dashing over the cliffs which gird the shore.

Round the harbor of the small fishing town of Portsoy the entire population stood huddled together. Anxious faces, tear-streaked faces, and a few grim, stern-set faces might be seen amid the throng. Sometimes the crowd was hushed and still; sometimes the silence gave place to an excited babble of voices, or was broken by the hysterical wail of an overstrung woman. Above all sounded the wild shrieking of the wind and the thundering roar of the billows as they dashed upon the outer harbor wall or upon the rocks around.

The fishing fleet was returning home. On such a night it was impossible for the smacks to live at sea; there were but two alternatives—to be wrecked upon the rocks, or to "run the harbor," that is to say, to let the boat run freely before the storm and steer straight in through the harbor mouth. A cool head and a steady hand, with perhaps a little luck, meant safety; a trifling error of judgment, the miscalculation of a few feet means almost certain death. It was little wonder that on such a night mothers, wives, sisters, and brothers strained their anxious eyes to pierce the twilight which was closing in upon the tossing sea.

On the top of the outer wall, close by the harbor mouth, a girl was crouching. It was a wild spot for anyone to choose. Often the spray dashed over her; her hands, with which she clung to the outer edge of the wall, were blue and numb with cold. The wind had shaken free her hair, and it streamed wildly behind her. Yet the look in her eyes showed that she felt neither the cold nor the wet, nor the wind; her whole soul went forth eagerly, anxiously, into the darkness.

Two boats had already arrived in safety, and now a third sail hove in sight. For a few moments the girl's heart beat madly, but soon she recognized that it was not the one she looked for. Still she watched it, with a curious interest as, borne on the crest of a gigantic wave, it came rushing swiftly on. Ere long she could distinguish the aged fisherman, Robert Braymond standing calm and collected at the wheel. His keen eye was fixed on the harbor mouth, and his hands held the spokes with a grip of iron. On rushed the boat with breathless speed. The crowds on the shore quivered with excitement as they saw it dart towards the harbor mouth. Then a cheer rang through the air as the wheel was whirled round and the boat swung safely into the haven. Ropes were quickly flung out and made fast, and ere one could realize it the danger was over.

A strange little scene followed. Old Braymond, as he left the wheel, paused for a moment, doffed his great sou'-wester, and raising his eyes to heaven, muttered a few words of thanks to God. The watching crowd was awed into an impressive silence, which, however, soon gave place to shouts of welcome and congratulation.

There were two persons by whom this incident passed unnoticed. The one was the girl on the outer wall, who was already staring out again over the water; the other was a young fisherman from the boat which had just arrived. As soon as the boat was safely moored he had leapt ashore, and having avoided his relatives and friends, was already making his way round the outer harbor. In a few minutes he had clambered up beside the girl.

"Jean," he shouted in her ear. "Jean, what are you doing here?"

The girl started and looked around "Oh, it's you, Andrew," she said, carelessly.

"Yes," he replied, "it's me. But what on earth are you doing out here on such a night? Why, you might be swept off at any minute."

"Oh, I'm all right," she answered. "I've been here for an hour already, and I mean to stay until the Daredevil comes home."

"It's madness," he shouted back; "you're doin' no good to anyone and doin' a lot o' harm to yourself. Why, you must be drenched to the skin. Look here, Jean," he cried, almost angrily as the words appeared to have no effect, "I've come out here to take you back, and you must come."

"I must come, must I?" and even over the roaring of the storm her voice sounded scornfully and indignant; "and pray, Andrew Fairweather, what right have you to talk to me like that?"

For a little Andrew was silent. His voice was hoarse and trembling when he spoke again, with his mouth close to her ear.

"Jean," he said, "it's a strange, wild place to talk love, but you know I would give all I have in the world to gain the right of taking care of you."

The earnest passion in his tone made the girl's face soften a little, but her reply was firm.

"I know that you love me, Andrew and I wish—I do wish it wasn't so. I have told you often—far too often—that it can never be."

Andrew was silent for a long time, and a look of gloomy despair settled on his face. At last, however, he roused himself.

"Anyway, Jean," he persisted, "I don't see what good you're doin' out here. The Daredevil will come in all right. You know your father's the best steersman in the town."

"My father?" said Jean. "My father's not out to-night."

"Not out? Then who——" He stopped short suddenly, staring as though someone had struck him a blow. Gradually he realized what it meant.

"Jean," he shouted, hoarsely, "is it [illegible] you're watching for?"

[illegible] a strange wistfulness, [illegible] appeal, in the girl's voice as she replied so quietly that Andrew scarcely heard the words.

"Yes, Andrew, it is Jim that I'm watching for."

There was a long pause; both hearts were too full to speak, though with far different emotions. Andrew's frank, weather-beaten countenance was hard set as he stared vacantly before him.

"Jean," he said, at last, "I know Jim's a good sort, and I promise you if he comes home safe to-night Ijll never bother you again as long as I live."

The tears in the girl's eyes were not all due to the wind and salt water as she replied in a trembling voice:

"Thank you, Andrew. You're a good sort, too, and—and—I'm sorry."

"At least, you'll let me watch with you to-night till he comes?" he asked, trying to speak cheerfully, though his heart was aching.

"If you wish, Andrew," she replied, and the two sat silent, straining their eyes to pierce the darkness which was every moment becoming deeper.

For half an hour they sat waiting, and often the hardy fisherman wondered how Jean could endure the wind and the icy spray which over and anon dashed up. He dared not, however, raise his voice again to protest.

As he glanced at the girl so close to his side he realized with pain how far she was removed from him. Though he had often been rebuffed he had never until to-night given up hoping that a love so strong as his would one day be rewarded. As he looked back on the last few years of his life and remembered how he had always been toiling, toiling, with the single aim of earning enough to give Jean a comfortable home, he felt that there was now a great blank which could never be filled up.

At last their vigil was rewarded. Out of the darkness there suddenly loomed the figure of the ship. On it came with the white foam washing over the deck, and at times hiding it almost from their view It was some minutes before Andrew recognized the outlines, and shouted to Jean:

"It's the Daredevil this time."

Jean did not answer. Her heart was beating wildly now, and her temples throbbed with anxious excitement. As the boat drew near the two, reckless of the danger, rose up to their feet and despite the buffeting of the wind, stood watching its approach.

"Jim's at the wheel," shouted Andrew a little later.

Jean nodded without speaking.

As the Daredevil swept on it seemed evident that the steersman had her under wonderful control. Jim's quick eye darted from the harbor mouth to the waves at his side; often a quick turn at the wheel to right or left evaded the onslaught of an angry breaker, and kept the boat directed towards the goal.

Suddenly, when the boat was only about thirty yards from the harbor mouth, the two figures on the outer wall caught Jim's eye. He looked at them keenly; then started violently as he recognized who they were. For a moment the wheel slipped from his hand, and that moment's distraction spelt ruin. Ere he could recover the Daredevil had pitched, crashing into the harbor wall.

With a horrified scream Jean rushed down the shore steps which led to the quay below, Andrew following close at her heels. As they ran they saw Jim thrown forward by the shock. As he tried to regain his feet the boom swung round, and, striking him on the head, swept him over into the water.

"O, Andrew, save him! save him! he's drowning," cried the girl, her eyes starting in terror and her face ashy pale.

For a moment Jim's head was visible above the troubled waters, then he sank beneath the foam.

"Save him! For God's sake, save him!" cried Jean again in agony, clutching at Andrew's arm.

Andrew looked down at the seething cauldron beneath him and hesitated. Then, suddenly gripping Jean by both hands, he shouted in her ear. "For your sake, Jean!" and the next instant he had flung aside the sou'wester and leaped off the quay.

As the girl watched she saw Andrew's head rise again above the surface. He was swimming on his back, and held the unconscious Jim by the shoulders. It was soon evident that the fight was to be a hard one. Utterly worn out by twenty-four hours' constant work at sea, and weighed down by his sodden clothes, Andrew could hardly keep Jim's head and his own above water; Jim, stunned by the blow from the boom, lay a helpless weight in his arms. Yet he struggled on desperately, and inch by inch won his way to the quayside. Jean, seeing how matters stood, hastily climbed down the perpendicular ladder to the water's edge.

"Here, Andrew. here," she called in a high, clear voice.

Andrew heard and redoubled his efforts. In a few minutes he had almost reached the ladder, but his strength was now exhausted. With a last violent struggle he thrust Jim's body towards the girl. Leaning out as far as she could she caught Jim by the collar of his jersey. Then Andrew's hold gave way, and with a choking gasp he sank beneath the water

"Help! Help! Help!" shrieked Jean, but the help came too late. She herself was powerless. With one hand she clung to the iron rung of the ladder; with the other she held fast to Jim's collar. When help arrived Jim was soon lifted up. Warm drinks and a warm bed brought him back to life again; but it was not until the morning that Andrew's body was recovered.

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Every Sunday afternoon a young fisherman and his wife stroll arm in arm through the quiet streets of Portsoy. The villagers nudge one another and smile in a kindly fashion as they see th[illegible]ead to th[illegible]he back [illegible] entering the cemetery, invariably pause before a certain grave. The girl (for she is little more) stoops to place a wreath of fresh flowers on the mound. The fisherman's eye is moist as he turns away, and, clasping the hand which lies on his arm, he mutters half to himself, half to the girl by his side—

"Poor old Andrew, he was a good sort, and it was for your sake, Jean that he died."

WORLD'S CAPITAL CITIES.

SOME OF THEM SAID TO BE IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Manchester, for Instance, Should be the Capital of England.

Cities are so usually born, not made, that the manufacture of a capital and seat of Government for the Commonwealth of Australia invites attention. One of the three hitherto unknown places—Orange, Yass or Bombala—in New South Wales is to be turned into the Federal capital.

On a site of 100 square miles a model city is to be built and this will be the national centre of Australia. How many countries would change their capitals if they could start afresh with a clear field and no favor?

To start with, Manchester is the true geographical and social centre of England. It is central, which London is not. It is likewise free from fear of invasion, while a sudden dash across the ninety miles from France would strike the Empire at its heart. The position of Woolwich, too, is terribly exposed. Manchester, on the other hand is nicely inland, yet within hail of Liverpool, while it has now its ship canal. It is the converging point of the arterial railways and for $5 you can go to any part of the Kingdom. Emphatically, London should be at Manchester.

Equally ill-placed is St. Petersburg. It is at the very edge and end of Russia. As for the value of its position on the sea, the Neva is frozen up six months out of the twelve.

It was a vast mistake of Peter the Great to transport his capital from Moscow to the northern morass. Moscow is central, and the building of railways has in no sense made it more open to attack. The Russian lines are of a different gauge to all others and so would be useless to an invader, while Russia would concentrate troops upon them. The Muscovite's dissatisfaction with St. Petersburg is shown by his constant glances at Constantinople, and his determination to establish his capital on the sunny Bosphorus some day.

Paris is almost an ideal capital, only the war with Germany showed its openness to

ATTACK AND CAPTURE.

Orleans would be better, being on a river like Paris, and rather more inland and central. It would be impossible to suggest a better capital for Germany than Berlin. Neither could Vienna be improved upon for situation.

Rome, too, is good. Its weakness is defensive. Of all European capitals it has been most often in the hands of an enemy. In its long history Rome has been besieged and captured over thirty times. But for the matter of that, London and St. Petersburg are the only two capital cities of Europe that have never been occupied by a foreign foe.

When the Commonwealth of South Africa comes into being it is safe to bet that Cape Town will not be the capital. It is the John o' Groats of the land. Bloemfontein or Johannesburg, both central and handy to the rest of the country, will be made the seat of Federal Government.

In fixing up the United States, the Americans located the head of the Republic inland, and established Washington. There is a great deal to be said for having the capital away from the enthusiasms and wild fancies of the mob of big cities. In France, for instance, Paris is so clamorous in a crisis that the Government falls before the sober and solid rest of the country can get a word in.

Calcutta, again, is a painfully lobsided centre of Indian life. The Mogul Emperors arranged things better when they fixed their throne at Delhi.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA

realized the disadvantages of a capital within touch of the sea last year. So much so that he took himself and his court to Suchan in the middle of China, whither the allies dare not follow. It is said that the Powers contemplate requiring the removal of the Chinese Government from Pekin to Nankin, the old capital, which is within easy reach of Shanghai.

A map of the world shows the awkward position of London as the centre of the British Empire. For her world-domain Alexandria or Cairo is the ideal capital. Situated between East and West, North and South; holding the key to the lock of Asia in the Suez canal; a glorious climate; the magnificent Mediterranean before and all Africa behind down to the Cape, which is the back-door to Asia, Alexandria is the natural capital of the world.

If ever the Gulf Stream should chill or be diverted, converting Britain into an Arctic land, or her coal supply should give out, Britons might accept the invitation that Disraeli put into the mouth of an Arab sheik, and, taking ship and treasure, transport the whole nation bodily to establish the capital of Anglo-Saxondom at Alexandria.

NO APPEARANCES TO KEEP UP.

Didn't you go away at all, Mrs. Dash?

No; Mr. Dash said he was so well fixed now that we could afford to stay at home if we wanted to—so we

Oh yes, our home is complete in every respect, said Mr. Proudpa. Here is our bawl-room, he continued, opening the door of the nursery.

Earthquake waves from a recent shock in Japan crossed the Pacific in 10 hours and 34 mi[illegible]tes, an average velocity of [illegible] a s[illegible]

WOMEN IN THE KLONDIKE

GETTING RICH OUT OF ORDINARY EMPLOYMENTS.

Nowhere Else Can So Much Money be Made in a Short Time as in Dawson.

"Talk about new occupations for women," said Mrs. Katherine Morrell "there is no demand for them at Dawson. The women there find that there are fortunes to be made at the old occupations, and they are making them and making them fast. The stories one reads and hears told seems like fairy tales until you visit the country and see for yourself. Women make money there in various ways. Some of them take up claims and work them themselves. One woman, the wife of a New York traveling man, filed upon a claim, and in five weeks before her husband joined her washed out $17,000 worth of gold. Another woman conceived the idea of searching for pearls along the Yukon, and her finds amounted to $80,000. Such work is not really difficult, and the hardships have been reduced to a minimum. It is a fact," she added, "that one can travel to Dawson, now that the railway has been constructed, quite luxuriously, provided you have the money.

"At Dawson it is almost impossible to hire a washerwoman. Women who do the most ordinary work receive wages which seem incredible. A laundry has recently been started there by a woman, and although the plant cost several thousand dollars, its owner expected to pay for her entire outlay with the first

TWO MONTHS' BUSINESS.

"Any woman is supposed to be able to do plain cooking, and a woman who cooks for a camp of six in the Klondike receives $150 per month. All that is required of her is that she get the meals for six men keep the camp clean and maintain her self-respect. A school-teacher who had saved but little after years of teaching went into the Klondike and cooked for such a camp. She went in on the first boat and came out on the last, staying seven months, and she brought out $1,000 net profit. If a woman hasn't the means to reach the Klondike she can engage as a cook with a camping outfit and have her way paid in. All that is really necessary is pluck. men may not always succeed in locating paying claims, but a woman can find lucrative employment always.

"There is a big demand for nurses at Dawson at present. A nurse in the hospital is paid $300 a month and her board. Dressmaking is another line of work which is well paid. The women of Dawson dress well, and are willing to spend money freely for what they want. Really, money is the most common commodity they have there, and if I were to tell you of the way in which the gold dust and nuggets are handled you would be incredulous. The women think little of paying $200 or $300 for a gown, and novel articles of wearing apparel bring fabulous prices. It would pay a woman well to buy up pretty pieces of China silk and make it up into soft, fluffy garments, to supply herself with handsome silk skirts and with various novelties and striking garments and to take them to Dawson. She could dispose of them at an enormous advance in price. Jewelry, too, finds a ready market and if the tourist happens to possess fine diamonds which she is willing to dispose of she can more than make the expenses of her trip and replace the diamonds upon her return.

"The excess to which the wearing of silks and diamonds is carried in this mining region is something remarkable, and it reaches its culminating point where it becomes a caricature.

IN THE CANNERIES.

"Do you know what a klutch is? No? Well, klutch is the Indian name up there for women, and those who work in the salmon canneries are all called klutches. The men catch the salmon and do all the river work, but the actual canning is done by klutches, and they actually wear while at work silk dresses, diamonds in the ears and on the fingers, and high-heeled French shoes for which they paid $6 and $8 a pair, and which they never lace up! If you suggest the propriety of gingham or print dresses for such work they will tell you in plain English that their dress is their own affair.

"The salmon canneries are among the most interesting industries of the region. The men who work in the river driving the fish receive $40 and $50 a day. On the docks the salmon lie tub deep, and it is one of the sights of a life-time. The men work throughout the season, but the actual canning occupies but a few weeks of each year.

Mrs. Morrell made the trip on the City of Seattle. Five meals were served daily on account of the long days. No one thought of spending much time in sleep, fearing that they might lose some of the sights of the voyage.

"I visited Bennett at the summit of the Chilkoot Pass, where the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes wave together. The British and Americans are said to have buried the hatchet there, but I stayed long enough to discover that the hatchet still sticks out."

"One of our unique experiences," continued Mrs. Morrell, "was witnessing the 'all day,' as it was called up there. They told us on the boat going up that at that season the chickens actually walked themselves to death, and that people erected shelters for them which could be darkened during the night hours. But we found that the people were almost as as bad as the chickens for there was so much for the tourist to see that was new, and the experience was so unusual, that we, too, nearly walked ourselves to death.

"Of late people have heard less of Dawson City than of Cape Nome, but I believe Dawson to be the best camp of the entire gold country. The people there believe the same and they do not attempt to advertise it to the outside world, since they are content with their present population and are all making money. The business men know that it is a high-priced camp and want to see it such. But as a field for women of pluck who want to make money and are not afraid to work for it I consider it the best place on the continent."

MADE A FORTUNE.

New Messiah Extorted $80,000 From His Dupes.

Though he began life as a waiter in a Paris hotel, though five years ago he was only a working upholsterer, and though he cannot spell an easy sentence correctly, an individual calling himself the "New Messiah" has found the means to amass considerable wealth and live in a luxurious abode.

The methods by which he accomplished this are interesting. He announced that he could cure all maladies, foretell the future and interpret dreams. His was no ordinary power, for by his magical gifts, his incantations and his spells, he declared that he had in two hours cured a patient in the last stages of cancer. A certain section of the public believed the self-appointed Messiah, and $80,000 is the sum he is said to have extorted from his gullible dupes.

His operations were carried on in the Clichy quarter, where he lived in a flat, the staircase of which was covered with a magnificent carpet and lined with palms and other costly plants. Servants in livery received the callers, and at the door there was a constant stream of cabs and carriages, putting down those who came to consult the magician.

PERFORMED ON ALTAR.

In the sanctum of the "New Messiah" was a huge representation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and a life-size portrait of the Czar Alexander III., and in the corner of the room stood a flamboyant altar, on which, while the seer performed his incantations, four domestics held a metal image of the Virgin. A coffin also figured in the magician's ceremonial.

The "New Messiah" says he carried on his incantations between midnight and 3 a. m., when his patients, or, rather his dupes were in their first sleep, which condition was favorable to his influence. He admitted having received as much as $8,000 at a time from his patients. One lady is even said to have parted with $2,000.

Unfortunately for this wonderful magician, the police got wind of his lucrative calling, and he was arrested; and as their views of what is proper to the role of the "New Messiah" are slightly different from those of the Clichy charlatan, they are pursuing enquiries which may have some awkward results for the magician. The affair has created a deep sensation in the quarter where he lives.

DETECTIVES REMOVED.

Guards Have Been Taken From the Hampton Court Palace.

The eight private detectives who for so many years past have been familiar figures at Hampton Court Palace, London, have lately been removed. There are now no detectives at the palace, neither in the apartments nor in the gardens.

Every one who visited the palace ever had any notion that the plainly habited man of passive countenance who perpetually traversed the galleries was anything more than a painstaking admirer of tapestry and canvas. Nevertheless he was a detective. Week in, week out, during all the hours that the public was admitted to the galleries he made his patrol. He was placed there at the time of the dynamite scare. The fear of dynamite passed, but he remained. For sixteen years those old halls echoed his footfall. They will not again.

Gone, too, are the men who have been sitting on chairs for years, growing stouter every day as some say, once at the King's staircase entrance to the galleries, just where you would leave your stick or umbrella, the other at the Queen's staircase exit. How many of the thousands upon thousands who have passed this way ever dreamed that out of these quiet faces lynx eyes peered at them and at everybody? So it was, and so it will no longer be.

There is a story that in a particular spot of a royal garden a sentry was once set to guard from damage a favorite flower of a young princess. The flower bloomed and died, the the princess grew up, lived out her life and passed to her rest. A hundred and fifty years afterwards a sentry still stood at the same spot: nobody knew why. When they searched the records they found out.

OXYGEN FOR INDUSTRIES.

Inventor Can Get Supplies From the Atmosphere.

It was recently announced that the new Swiss method of producing oxygen for industrial purposes had been taken up by a powerful English syndicate. The inventor, M. Raoul Pictet, claims that his process enables him to obtain unlimited supplies of the gas from the atmosphere at nominal cost.

It took the inventor twenty-one years of experiments to find out that the usual method of extracting oxygen from the air by chemical means was impracticable for commercial purposes on account of the enormous cost of the chemical process.

M. Pictet claims that the results of the application of this system to metallurgical work will be extraordinary. He maintains that the enormous waste of coal in the working of metals will be done away with, and that immensely great temperatures will be obtainable by the use of "industrial oxygen."

Soldering large masses of iron and steel will be an easy matter, and riveting will be done away with. The plates of vessels, the beams of bridges, railway lines, etc., etc., may be constructed in future in one piece.

"Industrial oxygen" will reduce [illegible] as quarts, to a liquid state in a short time, and the mining industry will be revolutionized, and crushing superseded by melting.

BENEFIT CHEMISTRY.

The practice of chemistry will be immensely benefited, says M. Pictet. The cost of innumerable chemical products will be greatly reduced. One of the chief instances of this will be the water gas, so much used in chemical industries, which will be obtainable at a cost of a tenth of a penny per cubic yard. The result of this for lighting purposes will be tremendous.

It is only a question of time, says the inventor, before every public building will be supplied with oxygen pipes, and "stuffiness" in theatres, schools and other public buildings will be unknown.

For hospitals, and especially in the operating room, oxygen, which on account of its prohibitive price could not be put into general use, will be employed more freely. Every town will have its oxygen manufactory in a few years, M. Pictet adds, and coal will be superseded by oxygen.

A large oxygen manufactory is being built at Manchester under the superintendence of Messrs. Galloway, in which it will be possible to produce 5,000 cubic feet of "industrial oxygen" per day.

LIME WATER FOR STREETS.

Its Use Might Be Productive of Sanitary Comforts.

Dr. A. Eddowes, writing to a medical journal, suggests that the use of lime water, prepared fresh, for watering the streets in hot weather, would prove to be a practice productive of sanitary comfort. The advantages claimed for the practice are said to be those, first of aggregating together loose particles of manure, and thus to prevent them from being diffused by the wind; second, of exercising a certain antiseptic action; third, of preserving wood paving, and, fourth, of rendering wood less slippery. The idea should be worth considering by the local authorities entrusted with the care of the streets, and an energetic surveyor might make trial of Dr. Eddowes' plan on an experimental basis. Lime, we are told, is employed near Vienna for the disinfection of sewage. Collected in one of three tanks a day's sewage is mixed with fresh milk of lime in the proportion of from 1 to 2 per cent. The mixture settles for 48 hours, then the clear effluent water is drained off. The sediment remaining is used as manure. Its value in this latter direction is alleged to be great. The effluent is said to be clearer than the water is adjoining mountain streams. We may remark that lime has long been used for purifying sewage. From six to twelve grains of lime are employed per gallon of sewage. The objection to this method is the rapid putrefaction of the sewage if too much lime is added, while it is said that as the organic matters in suspension are alone affected, purification is defective, and the manure of no value.

PROVING HIS DEVOTION.

A dentist received a call the other morning from a couple whom he soon had reason to believe were lovers. The girl had an aching tooth, and as they entered the inner room the young man said:—

Now, darling, the worst is over; just take a seat and it will be out in a minute.

Oh, darling, she gasped, I can't

But it really won't hurt you, you know.

I'm afraid it will.

It can't; I'd have one pulled in a minute if it ached.

I don't believe it.

Oh yes, I would.

Has she got a bad tooth? asked the dentist.

Yes, sir; it has ached for a week, and I've just succeeded in getting her down here. Come, darling, have it out.

Oh, I can't.

But you must.

I can't stand the pain.

Pain? Now, then, I'll have one pulled out just to show you that it doesn't hurt.

He took a seat, leaned back, opened his mouth, and the dentist seemed to be selecting a tooth to seize with his forceps, when the girl protested.

Hold on; the test is sufficient; he has proved his devotion. Get up, Harry, and I'll have it pulled out.

She took the chair, had the tooth drawn without a groan, and as she went out she was saying to the young man:—

HE GOT IN.

At the time of the last exhibition in Edinburgh a student made a bet that he could get into the grounds by simply walking in. The bet was taken up by his companions, so securing a tape line and a piece of chalk he went to one of the entrance gates and began [illegible] and mark various distances.

Whenever the policemen saw him they thought he was a big man, and pushed the gathering crowd back to give him room to work.

After he made a few measurements and taken a note of them, he walked boldly through the gate into the exhibition without any opposition.

He won his wager, but he kept as far away from that gate as he possibly could after he got in.

Gilbert—I believe in a man being the master of the house. He should have the say in everything. Mason: How about the naming of that baby of yours? Gilbert: My wife gave way to me in a very proper and wifely manner. She said she didn't care what name I gave the little fellow so long as it was Henry. So that's the name I gave him. You know, I felt, after the hearty manner in which she deferred to me, I ought to yield a point out of appreciation of her humility.

FACTS ABOUT OLD LONDON

HOW THE PEOPLE GET IN AND OUT OF THE METROPOLIS.

The Great Rush Begins in the Morning—Some Facts as to Its Wealth.

The exact day population says the St. James Gazette, of the city of London in 1891, when the last day census was taken was 301,384; of these no less than 29,520 were employers. Is there anywhere else in the world so much capital confined in so small a space. Over 200,000 of the workers in the city were males 50,000 were females and nearly 20,000 more were boys and girls under 15. There are not so many poor people in the city. The last census showed that there was only one pawnbroker for this population of over 300,000. There was, too, but one dealer in old clothes, and only one perfumer, which suggests that there is not so much vanity in the city as some of us have supposed. It is not surprising perhaps to find only one manufacturer of fishing tackle, but it is hardly creditable that ten years ago there was only one typewriting office in the city, and only one maker of needles and pins.

The great rush to the city begins, of course, after eight in the morning. The crowd is growing all hour after midnight on May 4, 1891, a typical day, 2,698 persons entered the Lord Mayor's Kingdom, and up to five o'clock in the morning the number was, roughly, 12,000. It is surprising to know that between 6,000 and 7,000 people begin work in the city between four and five o'clock in the morning. At 6 a. m., the ordinary population of the city, judging by the last day census, is about 14,000; at nine o'clock, if you could count the people in the streets they would number a

QUARTER OF A MILLION.

By ten o'clock more than 100,000 more are added to the number, and it is estimated that at lunch time nearly 700,000 people have crossed the city bounds. Six hours later, by eight in the evening, the people in the city have reached a round million. Every twenty-four hours, it is calculated 1,200,000 people enter the city.

How do they come in? Many of them cross over London Bridge. A hundred thousand men, women and children walk or ride into the city every 24 hours over the bridge on which the New Zealander is—according to Macaulay—to sit one day to survey the ruins of London. Within the 24 hours also, 44,000 vehicles cross the bridge. Blackfriars bridge is the only rival to its older neighbor; its passengers number 70,000 a day, who either walk or ride in some of the 8,306 vehicles which carry passengers and traffic this way into the city. Temple Bar and Holborn Bars are rivals for the distinction of being the second most popular entrance into the city; Blackfriars Bridge falls much below them. On the last census day 81,672 passengers and 6,172 vehicles entered Temple Bar, and 82,367 passengers and 9,069 vehicles by Holborn. There are also other entrances.

It must not be imagined that all these people walked. Thousands of them were carried by 18,000 cabs and 10,000 buses, and the city streets were crowded on census day with 42,366 other four-wheeled and 21,597 two-wheeled vehicles. In all

OVER 90,000 VEHICLES

passed through the city on this one day. The railways have a tale to tell, too, each morning in the city. Liverpool street is the most popular station—over 50,000 people coming to it every day in 1891. Broad street runs it close with something like 44,000 people, giving nearly a round 100,000 for these two stations. Cannon street and Fenchurch street each brought in just over 27,000 passengers on census day in 1891, and 16,733 people risked their health and their necks by coming to Ludgate Hill station. The other principal stations had the following figures to their credit—Moorgate street, 15,050; Aldersgate street, 14,903; Bishopsgate, 13,180; Mansion House, 9,453.

The city is rich—nobody needs to be told that. But the day census reveals almost incredible facts as to its wealth. Its contribution to the Income tax is amazing. When the day census was taken the profits assessed to Income tax in all England and Wales were £230,000,000, and of this the city of one square mile contributed over £70,000,000, or nearly one-third of the whole. All the rest of Middlesex contributed but £41,000,000, while Lancashire's contribution was less than half of the city, and Yorkshire's was under 20 millions.

DID NOT KNOW HOW.

Lord Kitchener has sent King Edward, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordon Highlanders, an account of an incident that strongly recalls the storming of Dargai Heights by that regiment. Lord Kitchener says that after surrendering, Commandant De Villiers informed him that during the Boer attack of July 4 on Watsonspruit the Highlanders behaved with the utmost gallantry. The last two men, though completely surrounded and without cover, continued to fire until three were killed and the fourth was wounded. On the Boers asking the survivor the reason why they had not surrendered, he replied: "Why, man, we are the Gordon Highlanders."

A CAUTIOUS STATISTICIAN.

How large a permanent population has Crimson Gulch? inquired the tourist.

Well, answered Bronco Bob; we've got about 407 living here. But with so much hoss-stealin' and brace faro goin' on, I wouldn't allude to anybody as bein' particular permanent.

THEIRS BY RIGHT.

I wonder why there are dog days but no cat days, said Mrs Darley.

The nights belong to the cats, you know, Mr. Darley explained.

IN STOPPERED BOTTLES.

CRIMES THAT ARE UNRAVELLED IN THE LABORATORY.

Mysterious Murder Cases Solved By the Skill of the Medical Analyst.

It is a little unjust, said a well-known medical expert in crime, that nearly all the popular credit for unravelling the mysteries of crime should go to the detectives, when one considers that their best work is really child's play compared with the miracles of detective work done in the laboratory. In fact, I have no hesitation in saying that scores of the most mysterious murder-cases would remain unsolved to this day if it had not been for the skill of the medical analyst; and, on the other hand, many a suspected man would have been wrongly sent to his death. There is no work more difficult and delicate than this detective work of the laboratory; but laborious and intricate as it is, it is remorseless in the certainty with which it brings home guilt to a criminal. Let us suppose, for instance, that the principal evidence against a man suspected of murder is a single dark stain on his clothing. All the detectives in the world could not say whether this is a stain of blood, of paint, jam, cochineal, or, in fact, anything else that would leave a mark; or, assuming that it is blood, whether it is the blood of a human being or an animal. But this tiny stain is all the medical analyst wants. His first step is to dissolve it in a little distilled water and place the solution in a glass-tube for testing by the spectroscope. As you know, ordinary sunlight, when it passes through a prism, is split up into a series of rainbow colors, which follow each other in invariable order. If, however, before reaching the prism the light is made to pass through our solution, if there is any blood in the solution

TWO DARK LINES

will always be found at a certain part of the spectrum. The presence of these two bands practically proves that the stain was that of blood; whether the blood was human or not, the spectroscope will not tell you. We must now call in the microscope and examine the solution through it.

We shall find then that the solution (if blood) is full of minute corpuscles (so tiny that from 3,000 to 4,000 of them, if placed side by side, would only cover an inch, while a man's body would contain something like 150,000,000 of them); if these corpuscles are of a certain shape, round and with a depressed centre, we know that the blood in the stain is that of a human being.

We can tell, too, from the spectrum, which changes with the age of the stain, roughly how long it is since the crime was committed. There is practically no limit to this test of blood, for stains a hundred years old and more have been identified beyond any doubt by the methods I have described.

The detection of poisons is a much more prolonged and intricate business; although it may be simplified by symptoms observed before death. For instance, if the pupils of the dying man's eyes are very much contracted and he is very drowsy, the poison is probably opium; if there is sickness accompanied by considerable pain, it may be arsenic or antimony; if there are cramp and colic with great thirst, lead is suspected, and so on.

But let us imagine a case of arsenic poisoning, and let us suppose even that the victim has died many months ago, we can still bring conviction home with the most absolute certainty, and

THIS IS HOW IT IS DONE.

What is technically called a "brew" is made of the parts of the body submitted for analysis, and a little of this is placed in a test-tube. To the solution are then added a little hydrochloric acid and a piece of copper. This piece of copper is an infallible detective; for, as if by magic, it draws to it every particle of arsenic in the solution, the arsenic being deposited on it in the form of a grey coat. We then take out the copper, thoroughly wash and dry it, and put it in another special glass-tube, coming almost to a point at one end, and heat it. Now the copper, which before had attracted the arsenic, drives it away, and it takes refuge from its fickle lover on the sides of the tube in the form of crystals, which from their peculiar shape can be identified under the microscope as those of arsenic. By this means the tiniest particle of arsenic can be detected in the body long after it has been the means of causing death.

Of course, the real difficulty comes where there is no clue whatever to the nature of the poison which has caused death, and then the process of detection is long and difficult, although absolutely certain. For our laboratory has a detective concealed in almost every bottle. Thus hydrochloric acid will reduce mercury or lead in a test-solution to a white powder; sulphuretted hydrogen will betray the presence of another group of poisons, including arsenic, bismuth, and tin; while further processes will separate one of a group from another, until the actual poison that did the deed stands convicted.

Thus, even from this very brief description, you can see that there is no detective so infallible as that which is hidden away in a stoppered bottle, although it is doomed to blush unseen, while others appropriate the credit.

A RECORD IN MILEAGE.

The famous No. 1 Great Northern engine, stationed at Peterborough, has just completed a total run of 4,000,000 miles, which is believed to be the longest distance covered by any locomotive in England. It was built at Doncaster in 1870, and was the first to be fitted with outside-cylinders and a single driving-wheel. For over thirty years the engine has been employed regularly, almost daily, on express work, and is still able to hold its own with most of the recent "fliers."

THE WAY JACK L

DODGES PRACTICED LARGE POR

The Sailor is Beset tions and Thieves Long Voyage

It is doubtful if in the breadth of the universe t spot that holds so many the seaman as the neighbo the London docks. The Trade is well aware of this incoming vessel, British or is carefully watched, and possible done to prevent ing sailors falling into the the land-sharks awaiting val.

Salt on being dismissed erally worth robbing, and scrupulous know this only t He may have in his pocket between $25 and $200, accor the length of the voyage, chief aim seems to be to get every penny before he is requ rejoin his ship. In a few ca official accounts are not made til some time after the vessel h tered port, and in consequence men are unable to draw their a ulated pay.

The Board of Trade then st and finds them lodgings on sho til the money is forthcoming, which such lunds as have bee vanced are deducted. This sys a blessing in disguise, though men are the last to acknowle little thinking that without they have escaped running int ger.

Sailors, however, are inv born spendthrifts, and view t rangement with such ill-grace is rarely practised. They are by even their pay and are fre where they like and spend wh like until the time fixed for t appearance at the docks. majority endeavor to go ho when they set foot on ter employ one of the "runners" their luggage to the station they themselves go in search sents for their relatives.

Careless they pay the "r and think no more of the matt til they arrive at the station find

THE LUGGAGE MISSING

Then they realize that they hav len into the hands of a shark, will either retain the property pays for keeping, or rifle it, an ter extracting all valuables se to the station at his leisure.

But this is only one of the m methods of robbery. No one form a reliable estimate of bel ber of crimes that take place i vicinity of the docks in the cou the year, chiefly attributable to lessness on the part of the sa Many go at once to a public house, tavern and spend hours treating and being treated by at the bar who have to followed in unnoticed.

The liquor is drugged, and long the benevolent salt is helpless in the hands of thieves not only relieve him of his valu but, it may be, save his life as in order that there shall be no dence against them. If they c murder they will remove the inse ble man to some alley under cover darkness, and either leave him on doorstep or in some yard to reco or be run over as chance may serv

There are hundreds of men loaf about the docks who make a livin and a good one, too, by robbing sa ors, especially foreigners who c not talk English. The nautical ho day makers are only too glad

WHEN A MAN ACCOSTS THEM

and offers to show them the way the station or some other place for shilling, being of course ignor that the guide is in league wit gang of thieves into whose clut he will lead them and receive handsome commission for his pa Many of these men can speak sev foreign languages, which is, course, advantageous to them in suading those to whom London is vast unknown.

Even if the sailor escapes falling victim to robbers of this kind, he perhaps more liable to be spoiled his hard-earned savings in another direction. He wishes to buy presents for his sisters and sweethear and does not go far from the docks to make the purchases. He looks in the window of a jeweller's, and see ing attractive articles—which are i variably unpriced for obvious rea sons—steps boldly into the shop. Th man behind the counter takes in h character at a glance and know that sort of a bargain to expect. H accordingly has priced the goods at twice or thrice the figure he would to a civilian, and never fails to do business.

A MORE INGENIOUS METHOD

of swindling the unwary sailor is carried out by many lodging-house keepers within a mile radius of the docks, and is known as "crimping." A man on permanently leaving his ship will take up his abode at one of these houses, and pay for his board and lodgings at the rate of a week. The landlord is generally in touch with shipowners, who are always on the lookout for new men, and from them he receives $1 for every sailor he supplies. Jack accepts the offer of a job through the medium of his landlord, and signs the usual articles, receiving in exchange an advance note for a month's salary, payable as soon as he joins the vessel.

The landlord now demands a commission from his lodger, who, unable to withdraw from the contract he has signed, must either pay the sum asked or submit to such of his goods as are in the house being seized. He generally selects the former course, and hands over the advance note indorsed to the landlord, which means that he will have to pay in a month's work at sea for nothing, and, in addition, has no money wherewith to purchase such necessities as he may need before setting sail.

Mahogany, oak and other heavier than water, are ly sink.

News From The District...

Interesting Jottings from our own Correspondents and Culled from Exchanges for Review Readers.—All the Happenings of the District.

STIRLING.

News—Argus.

Mr. Jesse Charles has a second crop of ripe strawberries, and black raspberries nearly ripe in his garden.

The North Hastings Fair held on Tuesday and Wednesday was one of the most successful exhibitions ever held here, and in some respects perhaps better than any previous one.

Mr. A. Hubble, of Foxboro, has the honor of supplying the Royal party with eggs while in Montreal. Mr. Hubble has a large poultry yard, keeping over 200 thoroughbred fowls, and ships a large number of eggs to the Montreal market every week.

MOON—GREEN.

The home of Mrs. E. Green, Stirling, was the scene of a pretty wedding, on Wednesday afternoon last, when the marriage of Miss Dolly A., youngest daughter, and Mr. Lyman F. Moon, of Peterboro, was celebrated. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. S. Burns, B.A., of St. Andrew's Church, in the presence of only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bride, gowned in white organdie, and carrying a shower bouquet of white roses, was given away by her brother. The bridesmaid was Miss Bessie Parker, wearing a gown similar to that of the bride, and carrying a shower bouquet of pink roses. The groom was ably supported by Mr. W. A. Parker, of Stirling. After the ceremony, luncheon was served in the very prettily decorated dining-room. The wedding gifts were beautiful and costly, testifying to the popularity of both the young people. Mr. and Mrs. Moon left on the evening train for the West, to visit before returning to their home in Peterboro, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Rochester.

MARMORA.

From the Herald.

Mr. R. W. Thompson, of Spring Brook, secured two prizes on cheese at the industrial.

Mr. James McCoy left Tuesday for Rainy River District, to locate claims for himself and Dr. Jones, veterans of 1866.

There were 3 births, 10 marriages and 3 deaths registered for Marmora Village during the first half of 1901.

Mr. F. Vansickle has left at our office a cornstalk measuring 13 feet 5 inches and a tomato vine 8 feet 8 inches in length.

Some of our neighbors are wasting unnecessary sympathy for Marmora having a tax rate of 29 mills. This is 4 mills lower than we had under the old regime. While 29 mills sounds big, yet with a very low assessment, the rate is not heavy.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the production of arsenic at Deloro is steadily on the increase. Last month the output reached 85 tons.

Mrs. Pringle, who lives alone on Forsythe St. met with a very painful accident Tuesday. The man who was engaged putting garden produce in the cellar left the cellar door open. Mrs. Pringle fell through this door down about eight feet and received very severe injuries about the head. Her little nephew was in the house at the time and notified the neighbors.

One has such respect for the administration of Justice in this country that to criticize seems sacreligious. The sentence of the Sanfords, however seems worthy of note to a layman, at least and met with astonishment by everybody. Some asked why the sentence was not made a little shorter so that they could get out to the Fair. It looks strange to see letters carry such influence and also the fact that a married man should have a shorter sentence. In a case of this kind one would think the opposite would be the rule. Just to think that one man gets two years for defrauding a bank here of $20 while on a spree and two big fellows get three months for criminally assaulting a poor little innocent girl of fifteen. Evidently $10 must be estimated eight times as important as the character, reputation and virtue of our young daughters.

QUEENSBORO.

From Our Correspondent.

Mrs. Cooper, of Belleville is visiting relatives in our village and vicinity.

Mr. J. Murphy and family are moving to a farm near Hastings which they have purchased.

Mr. T. Nicol has bought Mr. Murphy's house here.

Mrs. W. Wiggins is visiting her daughter in Prince Edward.

Mr. D. Thompson, of Toronto paid his parents a short visit last week.

Miss H. Allan, of Bannockburn, is visiting at Mr. A. Howe's.

Miss Nailon went last week to Centreville to attend the funeral of her sister.

Mrs. Jeffs, of Dresden, spent a few days last week visiting friends here.

Mrs. McLennan, of Gunter, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Cox.

Miss M. Nicol, of Campbellford, who is attending Madoc Model school, spent Saturday and Sunday with her cousin, Miss Maggie Nicol.

BANCROFT.

From the Times.

Messrs. Haryett and Lumb, of Fort Stewart, shipped three car loads of cattle from here on Wednesday.

The annual fall fair of the Dungannon and Faraday Agricultural Society will be held at L'Amable on Tuesday, Oct. 1st.

The Cheese Board met on Monday. Seven factories were represented, and McCaragar cleared the board at 9c. for August and 9½ for Sept. make.

John Grimason, of Sydenham, while out hunting recently, wounded a large crane so that he was able to capture it. Its afterwards attacked him, attempting to pick his eyes out. One eye was badly injured and required a physician's care.

When Mr. J. Kelusky left town last week he did not intimate to his bachelor friends that he was about to forsake their ranks. But this is exactly what he did. He was married on Saturday to Miss Hannah of Tamworth, sister of Mrs. W. E. Davy of this village. Mr. and Mrs. Kelusky are spending the honey moon at the Pan-American, and are expected home on Tuesday next. Congratulations.

Our readers will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Alex. McGibbon, which took place on Sunday at his home in the township of Dungannon. Mr. McGibbon was one of the pioneers of the township, and was very popular with those who knew him intimately. He had been a member of the township council for several years, and was re-elected last January, but owing to ill health was unable to take his seat at the Board.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

Choice Lots for Sale....

On reasonable terms, and when required, assistance given to erect residences on conditions that will be within the reach of Small Capitalists.

The undersigned has made arrangements for the above named purpose, and anyone wishing to purchase lots on easy terms ... themselves of the conditions of building, can get ... by application to the undersigned or to

A. F. WOOD, ESQ.

... of Lots range from $75 up, according to location. ... and Lots can be arranged for from $400 to $2,000.

E. E. SEYMOUR.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

W. J. ATKINS.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND Women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Pine's Medicines.

The demand for Pine's Medicines has so increased that the proprietor has decided to place them in convenient places for the public. Below are the places where they will be found:—

F. C. Sherwin, Crookston.
Elizabeth Tanner, Ivanhoe.
A. Adams, West Huntingdon.
Geo. W. Collins, Plainfield.
Hewitt & Cornish, Roslin.
J. H. Roberts, Actinolite.
Hawley Stone, Elinton.
Wm. Both, North Brook.
James Murphy, Bogart.
Patrick Murphy, Stoco.
F. O. Diamond, Queensboro.
Lewis Kellar, Remington.
C. Miller, Eldorado.
Israel McEwen, Bannockburn.
Wm. Lumb, Millbridge.
W. D. Nickle, Malone.
R. R. Hannah, Cooper.

T.. Hinchliff, Gunter.
N.. Green, Gilmour.

JAMES M. DIXON.

Elliston, July 20, 1900.

To whom it may concern:—

This is to certify that having had occasion to use some of Adams S. Pine's medicines or prescriptions I can safely say that I believe they are the best remedies for suffering humanity (that is for diseases for which those remedies are advertised) that are in the market to-day, and I have no hesitation in recommending them to anyone.

Village Property for Sale.

We have a number of good building lots which we offer for sale very cheap. They will be sold in single lots or in blocks to suit the purchaser. For further particulars apply to

FRED. ROLLINS, Madoc.

.....BATHS.....

Why not have a bath with every accommodation when it is within your reach?

EACH 25c., OR SIX FOR $1.00.

Special attention paid to

SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING

AT

VANDERVOORT'S BARBER SHOP,

Next Wilson's Dru Store.

ALEX. BELAIR

Merchant Tailor.

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

MADOC.

My stock consists of Canadian, English and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings, Blue and Black Serges, fine Black Venetians, Overcoatings and Pantings. All new Goods.

YOUR PATRONAGE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

You'll Be Happy

when you see these delightful cloths for summer use. The manufacturers have provided for coat comfort these silken textured materials. Order your coat cut from some of these cool and elegant cloths, and order it early, for they are greatly in demand by fashionable dressers who want to keep cool.

R. E. COLLING.

LIFE.....

A question of great interest for intending insurers is: Which Canadian Life Company is in highest favor with the insuring Canadian public? The following table is a good indicator:

Name of Company.	Commenced Business in Canada.	Canadian Business. Written in 1899.
North American,	1881,	$4,834,505
Sun Life,	1871,	3,966,859
Ontario Mutual,	1870,	3,935,505
Confederation,	1871,	3,839,469
Canada Life,	1847,	3,800,917

The above are the five leading Canadian Companies and although the North American is much the youngest in years, she is outstripping all her rivals in the Canadian field.

J. R. ORR, Agent, Madoc. J. W. GARVIN, B.A., Man. Con Peterboro, Ont.

Business Men,
Professional Men,
School Teachers,
Clergymen, Etc.

Use Printed Stationery

It costs little more than the plain—gives caste to your business or profession. We have several qualities of Letter Heads, Note Heads and Envelopes, as well as a full line of Commercial Stationery.

Some Spring or Summer Announcement is wanted—a circular, booklet or dodger—perhaps some Billheads or Statements—Labels or Tags,

Your Printing is what we are asking for—and we can ask for it with good grace, for we do the kind of Printing that pleases fastidious people.

The Review Job Department,
MADOC, ONT.

Let us Figure on Your Requirements

Farmers

CALL AT

JOHN R. BROWN'S

and see his special lines of Spring Goods, consisting of

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Steel Rollers, Seeders, - also - Buggies, Wagons, &c.

Agent for the celebrated

DEERING HARVESTING MACHINE

— also the —

Handy Truck

The Great Home Pap...
Hastings County 24 Ye...
Before the Public

The Madoc Revie...

TWELVE PAGES

Subscription Price $1.00 Per Yea...

This Great Home Paper of the County is noted for being filled with instructive intelligence.

ALL DEPARTMENTS ENGAG...
CAREFUL ATTENTION

The Home, Talmage's Sermons, Stories, Sunday School, Miscellaneous, Farm, Markets of the World, Local and General News of special interest.

Every Line of Interest t... Somebody.

FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM

As a means of reaching the people of the North Riding of Hastings it has no superior. It carries the advertiser's announcement into the best homes of this section of the county.

The JOB DEPARTMENT

Is being kept up to the highest state of efficiency. We guarantee to turn out work equal to that of the cities and at city prices. Samples shown on application.

J. R. ORR,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIE...

...aida's ...cret......

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

...OF PRECEDING ...—Maida Carringford the ... child of Sir Richard ...eets her half-sister Con... stage-coach in America. ... attacked and Constance ... Maida leaves her for ...oes to impersonate her in ... Caryl Wilton, who knew ... famous actress, meets her ...amateur theatricals in her ...e and visits the portrait ...t Hartleigh Hall. He is ...igly fond of her and to be ... her presence asks leave to ...er portrait. Guy, a nephew ...Richard, to avoid seeing Wil... admiration for the girl he ...e loves, rides off and calls on ...er-mother, Dame Chester.

CHAPTER XX.

...Mildred, this is Mr. Guy, ...heard me speak of so often. ..., this is my new lodger, my ...sip,' you know."

...irl bowed, with a heightened ...and a smile of inquiry at the ...ossip."

...dn't know you had a visitor, ..." she said, taking up the hat ...at her entrance she had flung ...chair revealing a beautifully ...head, and a clustering coil of ...own hair. "I'm in no hurry ...tea," and with another little ...on of the head, she was glid... ...the room, when Guy said, ... quickness:

...will not go because I ...don't know that I can ...

...now!" exclaimed the dame, ... her arm on the girl's. "I ...ose you both I see. Come Miss Mildred, or he'll go; I ...im of old. Come, do, my ...ed, I shall go," said Guy. "I could not think of turn... ...out of the room."

...hesitated a moment, and then, ...a smile as faint as his own, ...d an acquiescence, as she said: ...ase do not go; I will be back ...inute, if you wish it," and dis...ed.

... looked after her with a lively ...y.

...y, dame," he said, in a low "what a beautiful young crea... Where did she come from? ... she?"

...e Chester laughed.

...ere did she come from? Who ...?" she echoed. "There, now, ... Guy, you've posed me. Sit ...nd be comfortable again, or ... put out; for she is only a ...ing, and shy. I don't know ... comes from—London, I think ... is Mildred Thorpe, and she ...the organ at the church."

...," said Guy, "is it possible ...it could have been that young ... whom I heard playing just ...

...hat was she," and the dame ...ed her head, smilingly. "And ...it beautiful to hear her? Lor'! ...ever knew wha... ...n music in these par... ...he came, ... her!" ... It ...ould ... Master ... all. ... clever ... play in ...hes, and ...singular ... has she ...h, only a ... anything ...brought her here ...ked if I'd let her ...nd live with me, ...en with her face ... the chance."

...s, of course," assented Guy, as ...thing could be more natural ... liking the face. "And the par...—"

...nows no more than anybody He sent to a big church organ... ...n London an' he sent her, say... ...she was a prize, and—that's all ...know. And she is a prize any ... you take her. Oh, I do know ... an orphan, poor thing! And ... heard her say she hasn't a friend ...e world."

...oor thing!"

...ut she may have one friend, ... if Dame Chester be worth cal... one."

...y nodded with marked approval, ...g, with uncalled-for emphasis: ...he couldn't have a truer or bet... friend, dame. But I say, I hope ...will come back."

...he'll come back if she said so, ...er Guy. And, Master Guy, ...t you take no notice of her if ... a bit shy, but let her alone. ...s but a young thing."

...oung, indeed," said Guy, more ...imself than to the dame, "and so ...tiful, and all alone in the world! ...r little thing!"

... light step caught his ear, and he ...ed up with a pleasant smile. ...she was beautiful, very beauti... ...as he looked a strange sort ...ing came over him. He seem... ...remember having seen her be... ...or was it that he fancied that ...etected a likeness to some one? ...th a vague sensation of surprise ...ound a name for that some one. ...as Constance Hartleigh.

...e turned to him her full face, ... her cup of tea, and the resem... ...ce was not to Constance, but to ... one else whom he could not ... And yet she was like Con... ...ce too.

Pshaw! What a fanciful beggar I ..." he said to himself.

...ou have just been practising?" ... the dame to her lodger.

...es, dame."

...nd I owe you an apology," said ... "You were not playing when I ...ed the church, and I am afraid ...asleep when you commenced." ...it you whom I saw going up by the side of the church? I did not know I had had a listener until I saw you going down the path."

"Yes," answered Guy, "and I owe you thanks as well as an apology, for I never heard sweeter music."

She blushed divinely, but said nothing, as if willing to drop the subject; and Guy, following the dame's advice, left her alone. Meanwhile he drank his tea, and attacked the toast. But though he did not talk, he could not help looking; and the sweet face, with the soft brown eyes, seemed to throw a kind of soothing spell over him.

"And now I'm going to clear the things away," said Dame Chester, after a few moments of chat. "You'll wait till I come back, Master Guy. Miss Mildred, you come and sit in the chair by the window out of my way."

"Let me help you," was the cheery answer; but the old lady would have none of her help, and pushed her gently aside.

"No, my dear, keep him here till I come back; I shan't be a moment," and she bustled out.

The young girl walked to the window and looked out for a moment, then sat down and drew a little basket of needlework toward her and got out her needle and thread as quietly and naturally as if she were alone.

"Forgive me," said Guy, looking at her curiously. "I don't want to be impertinent, but don't you think that such a gift as yours, such talent is rather thrown away in this remote corner of the world?"

She looked up and laughed—a laugh that rang like subdued music through the room.

"Is that a compliment?" she lightly asked. "No, I don't think I am wasting any very valuable gift."

"Remember," he said, "I have heard you sing and play."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a little uplifting of her eyebrows, "you mean that. I don't think that is wasted here. I didn't know what you meant," and she laughed again softly.

"Oh, but come," protested Guy. "I'm no musician, but I know when I hear one; and I am sure you play splendidly. How you must startle the good, simple people!"

"I don't know about startling them," she said thoughtfully, "but I try to please them; and they are so very good and kind. I had always heard that the English people were very good hearted, but——"

"But you are English!" exclaimed Guy.

"Oh, yes," she said, smiling at his tone; "but I have been a good deal abroad, and——" She stopped suddenly and asked, almost abruptly: "Did you ride over from Hartleigh Hall? It must be a beautiful ride?"

"Yes," answered Guy, slowly, for he was wondering at her sudden change of subject, "I rode over. It is a very beautiful ride. May I hope——" He paused, and then continued as he saw the soft eyes raised questioningly, "I was going to say that I hoped we might have the pleasure of seeing you at the Hall. My cousin does not know—indeed, none of us knew—that you were here, or she would have called on you."

"No, no," she cried, with a positively frightened look in her soft brown eyes; "I would rather Miss Hartleigh did not call. I—I suppose that I—I don't mean to be rude——"

"Please don't say another word," said Guy, quietly. "I don't understand the reason of your desire for seclusion, but I can respect that desire, nevertheless," and with a grave smile he arose, and put out his hand for his hat.

She stretched out her hand with a swift look of pain and dismay.

"Oh, don't go until the dame comes back — please do not! She would feel so badly. I did not mean to offend you," and, to Guy's horror, the brown eyes suddenly glistened with unshed tears. "Please sit down again, Mr. Hartleigh."

He sat down instantly.

"And please," she went on, "don't think I am quite foolish. I—I live so quietly, that a very little thing excites me. And—oh, I must speak out and risk being misunderstood—Mr. Hartleigh?"

Guy leaned forward.

"You—you won't take any notice of my stupidity, will you? I mean you won't keep away from the cottage because I am here, will you? If you come every day in the week it is very likely that we shall not meet, for I am out all day. The dear old lady looks forward so longingly to seeing you, or any one from the Hall, that I should never forgive myself if any foolish words of mine were the cause of keeping you away, and robbing her of her chief pleasure in life."

She spoke quickly and earnestly, and with a pretty flush coming and going in her round cheeks. Guy watched her with a singular pleasure.

"All right; I understand," he said. "Don't be afraid. I'm not over sensitive; and, upon my word, what you say wakes up my conscience. It's a great shame that I have not been to see the old dame oftener. You know she nursed me through a long illness when I was a boy—saved my life, in fact."

She nodded and smiled happily.

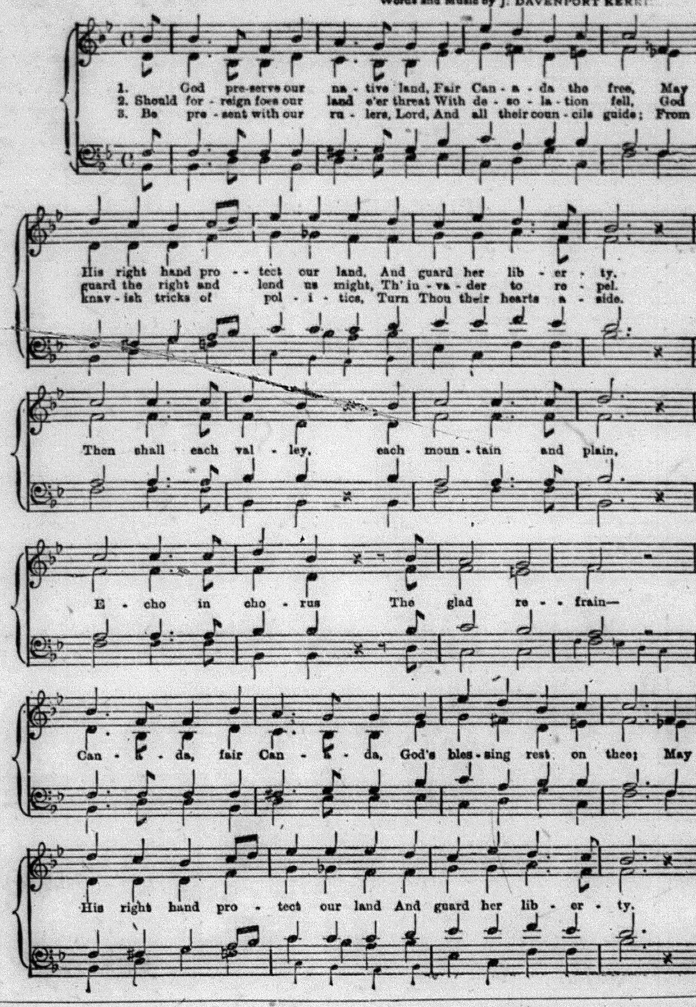
"And the least I can do," he went on, "is to run over and see her, especially if she likes to see m... Poor old dame! Oh, don't yo... ...afraid that I shall stop away... ...are here—that is," he a... "if you'll promise ... drive you away."

"You shall not dri... she answered, with h... "Indeed, it is not ... will be any occasio... ten have my tea ... room."

"We understand... said Guy, with...

GOD PRESERVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

Words and Music by J. DAVENPORT KERR...



"Quite," and for some reason, she blushed a rosy red, and concealed the fact only by bending very low over her sewing, which she attacked with sudden vigor.

During the silence which followed the dame bustled in.

"Well, Master Guy, tired of waiting? I've been as quick as I could. Now, don't look at your watch. You must wait a bit longer and tell me the news. Perhaps Miss Mildred will be so kind as to play and sing for us. Ah, Master Guy, it's a treat. You didn't notice the piano, did you? Not you, I'll be bound."

"Yes, I did," said Guy, and he went and opened it and looked at the graceful, quiet figure. "Will you be so kind?"

She rose instantly, and, without a word, sat down at the piano. She ran her fingers over the keys, and, then, seeing that Guy still lingered by the instrument, looked up and said:

"You must go and tell the dame all the news, Mr. Hartleigh."

Guy turned away reluctantly, and went back to his chair, and was instantly assailed with eager questions put in a hushed whisper. He, with more than half his attention fixed on the slender figure at the piano, answered in the same tone, but very soon sank back, and gave himself up to enjoyment.

"Ask her to sing," he whispered, and the dame did.

There was a moment's pause, then the exquisite voice rose softly into an old English ballad. Guy covered his eyes with his hands and listened with all his heart. There was a silence after she had finished. Guy could think of nothing to say; but if the dame had taken any note of his face she might have seen that the look of weariness of which she had complained had gone away as completely as if it had never been there.

"I am afraid I must go," he said at last. "I had no idea it was so late. Good-night dame," and with that unaffected simplicity, which so well becomes a strong man, he bent his handsome face and kissed her, with his arms around her waist.

"Good-night, Master Guy," responded the old lady. "And when will you come again, dear?"

"When? Oh, soon, dame—quite soon."

The dame sank into a chair with a sigh, as the gate clicked to after him.

"Well, dame, he has gone?"

"Ay," sighed the old lady, "and that's the worst of it; he's no sooner here than he's away again, and who can tell when he'll come again? Not that I complain—don't think that, my dear. It's very kind and good-hearted of him to come to see an old woman at all. But he was always a sweet-tempered, open-hearted boy. Bless him! But he don't look well. I'm quick to see and I noticed that he was paler than he used to be, and looked tired."

"It's a long ride," was the softly whispered suggestion.

The dame laughed with gentle scorn.

"Bless your simple soul! A long ...! I've known him to ride from ... to dark—ay, and dance at a ...terward till the next dawn, ... just got out of bed. A ...wasn't that, my dear. ...upset my boy. I ... so quiet would have been the use? He'd put me off with a light word and a saucy one."

"He did not seem unhappy," said the quiet, musical voice, softly. "Why should he be? He is young, handsome——"

"Handsome? Ay, that he be—my Guy."

"And rich, with the best of friends——"

"And a Hartleigh," said the dame, summing up; "that's enough to make a man happy. What was it he said about Miss Constance, dear? Ah, I want you to see her. Talk about handsome—now, there's a beauty, bless her heart!"

"Tell me about her. Is she very beautiful? What is she like?"

"Like? Oh, she's lovely, dear! Ah, how can an old woman like me put it into words? She's an angel."

"Is she dark or fair" and after the question came a soft, floating melody, as if the girl were looking back along the path of her life.

"Dark, my dear; but not one of your black women—oh, no! Dark, with the loveliest hair and eyes that shine like diamonds one moment, and the next look soft and smooth as a fawn's. And such a beautiful mouth. Not small, like a doll's, but with the reddest lips and the prettiest curves! Ah," and the old dame paused musingly, "I've seen some beauties in my day, but none so beautiful as Miss Constance."

"She ought to be very happy," murmured the listener, in scarcely audible words.

"Happy? Yes, so she should, bless her heart—with everything to make her happy, and with a handsome husband waiting for her to name the day. What a pair they will make!"

The soft floating strains died away and the girl arose from the piano and glided across the room, and sank on the rug at the feet of the old woman.

"And does he—does she love him?" she whispered.

"Love him?" echoed the dame, almost indignantly. "How could she help it? Who could help loving my handsome Guy? He that fetched her back to her home too. But, there; I've told you about that until you must know it by heart, and be tired of it."

"No, no," murmured the girl at her feet, with a sad look in her soft eyes, and throwing one arm over the dame's knees that she might rest her head on it. "I am not tired of hearing it. She loves him of course, and—and—he loves her, does he?"

"Of course. Why, half the country is in love with her; and small blame to them, I say."

"And does he talk about her? Has he—has he said so to you, dame?"

"Well, no. Not in so many words. No, he hasn't. But then, Master Guy is not the sort to do much talking about such matters."

"I wonder when they will be married."

"Soon. Sir Richard has set his heart on it, and it won't be long before it's done. It's the hope of his life, don't you see? He wants the Hartleigh land and the Hartleigh money to go together. Oh, it'll be soon, no doubt. She'll make a beautiful bride, with all the Hartleigh diamonds shining on her. The diamonds haven't seen the light of day since poor Lady Hartleigh went, poor soul!"

"Poor lady! It is a sad story. Ah, if she might only have lived!"

"Ah!" sighed the dame. "The ...tlest creature you ever saw, and so timid and frightened of Sir Richard. Not one of us servants as didn't understand him better than she. Poor soul! Well, well, that dreadful time is all forgotten now, and her child has come to her own again."

"Her child!" whispered the voice at her knee.

To be Continued.

PROVIDING WORK.

Men Who Have Invented Great Industries.

It is a great thing to be a millionaire philanthropist, able to extend a helping hand to hundreds of fellow-creatures, but it is something greater to have invented an industry which provides thousands of men and their families with daily bread.

It is computed that nearly 2,000,000 men, women, and children depend for their daily bread upon making typewriting machines, and all these people are therefore living on the ingenuity of one man, Sir Charles Wheatstone, for it was he who, fifty years ago, produced the first real writing-machine, of which the modern typewriter is but an elaboration. Tens of millions of dollars have been made by mechanics who have developed the idea from which the Wheatstone typewriter evolved, and the machines produced have saved thousands of years of the world's time and affected commerce in all parts of the trading world. Yet the Wheatstone was a very unhappy-looking machine, and failed to put a cent into the pocket of its inventor.

A somewhat similar industry is the sewing-machine trade. There are hundreds of thousands of families supported by this trade, and gigantic fortunes have been made by men who have succeeded in producing improvements of the machine. Wilson, the father of the sewing-machine, invented it more than a hundred years ago.

The sewing-machine is generally supposed to be an American invention, but, like the typewriter, the reaping-machine, and a host of other labor-saving appliances, it is only American by improvement, being the invention of an Englishman. One of the biggest fortunes in the United States is due to the idea Wilson had in mind when he contrived his unwieldy stitching-machine; and to Howe, who about fifty years later improved upon Wilson's idea and produced a lock-stitch machine. It is said that the trade of which Wilson's crude machine was the germ is represented by an aggregate capital of about $100,000,000! Whereas Wilson never benefited to the extent of five cents by his machine, Howe reaped a fortune of $2,500,000 by practically forming the huge industry with his lock-stitch improvement.

Half a million workers owe their existence to a man named Warren, who conceived and carried out the idea of running a line of trams in Manchester, England. The tramway industry, with its many branches, is one of the biggest in the world, for it affects a hundred callings: the steel trade, coach-builders, brass-workers, horse-breeders, and farmers, to enumerate only a few of those most directly benefited.

Thirty-five per cent of the Swi... have savings-bank accou... 10 per cent. English p...

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Items of Interest About Some Famous Folk.

King Edward needs a No. 7 hat; the Kaiser is fitted with a 6¼ size; and the Duke of Cornwall wears one measuring 6¾.

The Czar of Russia is described as having been a bright but rather shy little boy of thirteen when his father Alexander III., was crowned. His schoolroom at the Anitchkoff Palace, on the Nevski Prospekt in St. Petersburg, was an uncarpeted and very barely furnished room, with desks and forms running round it, like a room in an English village school. The only decorations on the wall were those which had been put up by the Imperial children themselves, and consisted chiefly of pictures of the Russo-Turkish war from English papers.

In Scotland the Duchess of Fife's daylight hours are devoted to walking, cycling, and fishing, and she is an expert in the last-mentioned amusement. She lands big salmon scientifically and has herself invented several dainty, deadly flies, one of which is named the "Mar Lodge." The Duchess of Fife has from her earliest childhood given evidence of a quiet and retiring disposition. Her young brothers and sisters bestowed upon her the nickname of "Her Royal Shyness." Always simple in dress, she gowns herself, when in Scotland, in short skirts of serge and homespun edged with leather, and wears a neat cap to correspond.

Lord Cromer's life in Egypt is a very simple and regular one. An early riser, after a light breakfast he works steadily in his office till 12:30, when he makes his midday meal, to which the staff of the agency are usually invited. In the afternoon Lord Cromer, wearing an irreproachable grey frock-coat and a white top hat, which has become his traditional headgear, proceeds in his carriage to the Gezirah, the public park of Cairo, and plays lawn tennis for a couple of hours with the agility and vigor of a youth. After his return he dines; and in the evening usually plays a game or two of picquet or bridge, at both of which he is a great proficient.

One of the most notable of the Maori chiefs, who were presented to the Duke and Duchess of York in New Zealand was Te Heuheu, who presented to the Colony the splendid national park that includes the volcanoes of Ngarahoe and Ruapehu. He is the grandson of a famous cannibal chief who, fifty years ago was buried alive while defying the elements during a destructive landslip. Te Heuheu, in all the glory of war-paint, and wearing little more than the primitive flax mat around his loins, took part in the exciting martial dance of his tribe before their Royal Highnesses. A little later, when he came to receive his medal from the Duke, he was no longer the wild warrior, but a sedate, courtly gentleman, attired in silk hat and faultless frock-coat.

Many years ago Sir Edwin Arnold was plain Mr. Arnold, a pedagogue at King Edward's School, Birmingham. In those days there used to be placed on the master's desk an inkstand, a roll-book and a stick. The story tells how the future poet and journalist abolished the stick. It was a sweltering day, and the subject of the lesson was "De Amicitia." With an inattentive pupil the master lost his temper. The stick descended, and he struck hard. The culprit protested that it was the unprovoked assault of a next-door neighbor which had caused his thoughts to stray. The next-door neighbor confessed, and the victim's assailant was chilled with remorse. Calling the boy out, he handed him the stick and ordered the boy to strike him—the master. Imperatively commanded, the boy obeyed, and the stick was never more used thenceforward.

The "father" of the House of Lords is Earl Nelson, who is in his seventy-ninth year. He is far from being the oldest peer—Lord Norton, for instance, is his senior by nine years—but he has enjoyed his title for a longer period than any other member of the gilded chamber. He succeeded his father, the second Earl Nelson, sixty-six years ago—that is to say, two years before Queen Victoria came to the throne. He lives on his Trafalgar House estate, near Salisbury, an estate which a grateful country bought and presented to the "shaker of the Baltic and the Nile." The great admiral, however, died childless, and the present Earl is a grandson of a sister of the hero of Trafalgar, whose pension he still enjoys.

Mr. Thomas Brock, who is to carve the statue of Queen Victoria which will stand for posterity as the national memorial of the Victorian Era, has a link with fame which everybody may not know. He designed the last Victorian coinage, and every coin issued from the mint for years past has borne tribute to his skill. It is odd to remember that every coin bears his initials—odd because perhaps not one person in a hundred has ever noticed it. Ask ten of your friends if they have ever seen the initials "T.B." on a penny, and they will all, if they are average men, say "No." Yet Mr. Brock, to stretch a phrase, signs every penny, every sixpence, every sovereign. Most of the coins issued from the Mint in the nineties bear his initials.

The veteran artist, Mr. Sydney Cooper, R.A., who has just received the Victorian Order at the hands of His Majesty, is certainly a remarkable man. Although h... within a year or two of his h... birthday, he made a journ... on a hot day in sum... attend at Marlborou... mental vigor is equal t... strength, and he still ... characteristic pictures ... eagerly sought for at hi... Mr. Cooper, who can now ... he has lived in five reigns, ... in time to have seen Nelson, ... a well-grown lad when Water... wen.

Italy holds the European reco... 505 men per 1,000 inhabitants ...ngland, 515 of every 1,00... ...omen.